

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1914

THE HIDDEN TREASURE OF RISHMEY-YEH

I

BY ABRAHAM MITRIE RIBBANY

I

ELSEWHERE¹ I have stated that my father was a stone mason, a contractor and builder, who carried on a large business. As an apprentice to his trade I enjoyed such exceptional privileges that at the age of sixteen I was classed and paid wages as a 'master.'

From our home town, Betater, which is situated on the western slopes of Mount Lebanon, Syria, in the province which bears the name of that historic mountain, our building enterprises radiated for many miles around. Not being able to give personal attention to all of the many applications which came to him, my father often placed me in charge of less extensive undertakings, such as the erection of ordinary dwellings, which, in so poor a country as the interior of Syria, involved no complicated architectural designs. In fact, in that part of the world we had never even heard of an architect in

connection with our trade. The stone mason exercised the functions of architect, builder, and inspector.

So it happened, when I was about seventeen years old, that a man named Abu-'Azar (father of Lazarus), from a town called Rishmey-yeh, situated in a deep, picturesque valley not quite two hours' journey on foot from Betater, besought my father to build for him a dwelling house, which was to consist of one lower and two upper rooms. Not being able to go to Rishmey-yeh himself, my father, with the consent of Abu-'Azar, assigned the task to me. My assistant, another master mason called Abu-Nezhim, was more than double my age, but he had never distinguished himself in his trade; and as my father's fame was wide, the work was given in charge to me.

It was early autumn when my partner and I arrived in Rishmey-yeh, wearing the commanding airs of enterprise and wisdom. With dignified, patriarchal generosity Abu-'Azar received us into his hospitable home, declaring to us that he felt unworthy of the honor of having us come under his roof. Turning to me, our host said, —

'I have no doubt your respected

¹ See the author's *A Far Journey*, chapter v. That autobiography, as *Atlantic* readers know, is the story of a continuous spiritual development, and its sequence would have been interrupted by the narration of the romantic adventure here described. — THE EDITORS.

father sent you and your companion to me as his personal representatives, because he believes you to be wise master-builders. Therefore I honor you both, for your father's sake, and because, even from ancient times, it has always been considered seemly to honor wise minds and skilled hands. You are exceedingly welcome to my humble dwelling and to eat my bread and salt.'

A bounteous supper was put before us, after which Abu-'Azar acquainted us with the plans for the house he had in mind.

'I want a three-room house,' he said, — 'the two upper rooms to be large enough to accommodate my crop of silk cocoons, and to provide space for the yield of my vines and fig trees and a comfortable shelter for me and my family. The lower room I shall use for wood, charcoal and like necessities, leaving enough room for the stabling of a cow, and an enclosure for a brood or two of chickens. Furthermore I beg you to proceed with all speed to construct the house before the winter season overtakes us.'

To us, Abu-'Azar's instructions seemed most concise and explicit, and his keen desire to have the house built before the winter season set in, perfectly justifiable. Therefore, Abu-Nezhim and I soon put our heads together, hitched our mental faculties to Wisdom's star, and in a very short time informed Abu-'Azar that such a house as he contemplated building should be so many cubits long, so many high and so many wide; the walls should be one cubit thick, and the foundations, like those of the house of the 'wise man' of the Sermon on the Mount, were to rest on solid rock. The estimated cost was also respectfully submitted, and the delightful result was that Abu-'Azar pronounced our architectural plans faultless and the price most reasonable,

and bade us proceed to make the new house a tangible reality.

We did proceed with dispatch. Early on the following morning our employer conducted us to the 'parcel of ground' on which the house was to be built. It was at the southwest corner of the town, some distance from the outermost fringe of houses, and just below a rocky elevation on which stood an ancient convent of Saint Elias. We drove the stakes for the house in a spot where a rock ledge seemed nearest to the surface, located our stone quarry, and on the next morning the actual work began.

When a sufficient quantity of stone had been secured, the men were set to digging the foundation, which proved to be 'near,' — that is, the solid rock was soon reached; except that at the northeast corner the diggers discovered, in an area of 'permanent' natural rock, a round hole about five feet in diameter, apparently cut by human hands in some bygone generation. Upon inspecting the rather strange opening, I ordered the men to dig a little deeper, with the expectation that the rock-bottom would soon be reached. They therefore dug to the depth of about five feet, but no rock appeared; they found, however, mingled with the soil, small quantities of mortar and fragments of pottery, which, together with the marks of the ancient workman's tools on the sides of the opening, awakened in us no little interest. But in order not to allow our curiosity to impede our progress, my partner, Abu-Nezhim, and I concluded to have the round hole filled up with stones and — that we might secure a firm foundation for that corner of the house — to bridge it over with a small arch. The men were notified to this effect and in a short time the interesting opening was filled up to a level with the surrounding rock.

But at the close of that day, after our helpers, the 'laborers,' had gone, Abu-'Azar, Abu-Nezhim, and I, undesignedly and by a common irresistible impulse, found ourselves standing together around the curious hole, and saying to each other, 'What might this thing be?'

'It may be that we have stumbled upon a *mekhbaiah*' (hidden treasure), suggested Abu-Nezhim.

With a restrained but deeply significant smile Abu-'Azar remarked, 'I am not easily disturbed by such things, but of a truth, masters, I have had such a suspicion all this afternoon; certainly this hole is a strange thing, inasmuch as it is the work of the tool.'

My youthful mind was filled with excitement; I had had that suspicion too, and now that my elders had so expressed themselves, my hope was suddenly transformed almost into a certainty.

Nor is it strange that we were all strongly predisposed to believe that we had stumbled upon a *mekhbaiah*. In Syria it is universally believed that hidden treasures may be found anywhere in the land, and especially among ancient ruins. This belief rests on the simple truth that the tribes and clans of Syria, having from time immemorial lived in a state of warfare, have hidden their treasures in the ground, especially on the eve of battles. Furthermore, the wars of the past being wars of extermination, the vanquished could not return to reclaim their hidden wealth; therefore the ground is the keeper of vast riches. The tales of the digging and finding of such treasures fill the country. There are thrilling tales of treasures in various localities. Gold and other valuables are said to have been dug up in sealed earthen jars, often by the merest accident, in the ground, in the walls of houses, under enchanted trees, and in sepulchres.

From earliest childhood the people's minds are fed on these tales, and they grow up with all their senses alert to the remotest suggestion of such possibilities.

This mode of thinking is clearly reflected in that short parable in the thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew, in which it is said: 'The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field.' It was most natural therefore for us to suspect that the round hole might be the doorway to a vast treasure hidden somewhere in the heart of the surrounding rock, and to decide to follow up our enchanting clew.

II

At sundown we assembled at Abu-'Azar's house to take counsel together. Through mental germination, under the spell of all that we had been taught with regard to hidden treasure, 'the will to believe' grew steadily stronger; therefore the chief problem which presented itself to us was how to devise the best and safest method of finding the precious pots of gold.

But this problem was no simple one. In the first place the treasure might be guarded by a *Russed* — a dread, deathless spirit which knew neither slumber nor sleep. For was it not told often of persons who presumed to possess themselves of an enchanted treasure, that they were smitten mercilessly by the *Russed* with incurable physical and mental afflictions? There was Yusuf Abu-Hatim, who had recently died, and who was still remembered by many in our community chiefly because of a horrible deformity from which he suffered as a result of an encounter with a spirit treasure-guard. For years Yusuf's lower jaw had been so twisted

that his tongue touched his ear whenever he attempted to speak. Another unfortunate was Makhaul Asaad, who under similar circumstances was smitten with a perpetual hunger which made of him a howling beast. Other men suffered other punishments for their intrusion upon the domains of the mysterious powers.

In the second place, we had always known that the Turkish government prohibited secret digging for treasures, under severe penalty. Such operations could be safely carried on only after a government permit had been procured; but it was well-nigh impossible to obtain these permits, and moreover they stipulated (according to the popular and in all probability inaccurate understanding) that one third of the treasure should go to the finder or finders, one third to the owner of the land in which the treasure was found, and one third to the government. In Turkey, especially in the days of Abdul-Hamid, we were ruled not by laws but by men. What the past had taught us with regard to such cases was that, in administering the 'law,' the government usually took all that was found, and rewarded the digger by throwing him into prison on the charge that he must have found much more than he had made known to the officials. It was for the serious consideration of these and kindred, though less weighty, matters that we assembled at Abu-'Azar's house on that memorable evening.

The company included Abu-'Azar, his wife, his daughter-in-law, his two sons, Jurjus¹ and Jubbur, Abu-Nezhim, and myself. After the Oriental fashion, we all sat on the floor, which was covered with straw mats, cushions, and sheepskins. The men formed a semicircle which terminated at either side of the *maukedah*, — fireplace, — sitting 'knee upon knee.' The women, who

¹ Pronounced Zhurzhus.

were not supposed to take a conspicuous part in the deliberations, sat at one side, behind us. The elder lady, like the 'virtuous woman' in the book of Proverbs, 'laid her hand to the spindle' and spun thread; the younger lady was making an *arkiah*, the white muslin skull-cap, closely stitched, which is worn under the *tarboosh*, projecting slightly around the forehead, and is to the tarboosh what the cuff is to the sleeve. Those good women, however, were not altogether detached mentally from the subject in hand, for as we progressed in our serious deliberations they gave pious sighs and cast upward looks which signified a profound imploring of the higher powers.

Of course, profound secrecy was the first prerequisite, and to this all of us pledged ourselves without the slightest mental reservation. Abu-'Azar, being the oldest man among us, as well as the owner of the land, occupied the seat of honor. He was a man of dignified but stern appearance, reserved in speech, of a fiery temperament when crossed; and although of a stubborn will he was paradoxically capable of startlingly sudden mental changes. On this occasion, however, he was very tractable, even amiable, and spoke in a wise and happy manner.

Our first decision was that we would not notify the authorities of our intentions. The prize we were seeking seemed to us great enough to justify our running the risk of being 'caught in the act,' rather than expose ourselves voluntarily to Turkish injustice and cruelty. The affair was wholly our own. Furthermore, Abu-Nezhim and I realized instinctively that if the authorities were notified, and, in the event of our success, took one third of the treasure, and if Abu-'Azar took one third as the owner of the land, and then he, his wife, his sons, and his daughter-in-law took their shares, as 'diggers,' of what was

left, our portions would be indeed very small. Consequently Abu-Nezhim and I were decidedly opposed to the ruinous legal method of procedure.

The mystery of the Russed next claimed our attention. It was barely possible that the treasure we were seeking was not 'guarded.' But what if it were? Which one of us was so foolhardy as to presume to run such an awful risk? In due time a great *Mûghreby* (magician) must be sought, to neutralize the mysterious power for us before we should venture to possess ourselves of the discovered gold. But such a necessity was as yet remote; much work must be done, and stronger evidences of the existence of the treasure secured, before the aid of a *Mûghreby* was absolutely needed. Russeds had often been known not to molest treasure-diggers until they presumed to carry the gold away. Some spirits had even been known to give warning, in rattlesnake fashion, thus affording intruders an opportunity to escape before the treasure was disturbed. One of our townsmen, who possessed a self-augmenting memory, often told me of a treasure in a cave in the neighborhood of Mount Hermon, — a heap of silver coin, which no man could carry away because of the Russed which as yet no magician had been able to 'neutralize.' That man asserted that he himself visited the cave and handled the coin; but that when he tried to carry some of it away he could not find the door of the cave, and kept going round in a circle until he dropped the precious burden.

The immediate problem, then, was how to carry on the necessary operations of digging without being discovered. The enchanted spot was somewhat remote from the more populous section of the town, but the convent of St. Elias was only a short distance away, and several monks labored in its

fields and vineyards daily from dawn till dusk. Just a little way below us there was a public fountain, to which all day an almost unbroken line of women came to fill their jars. Besides, there were our tenders, Ahmed and Husein, the Druses, who dug the hole for us, and whom we certainly did not wish to admit into our confidence. In such matters no Druse could be expected to keep the secret of a Christian, the 'enemy of his faith.'

We met the first of these difficulties by deciding that, as it was well known to the entire community that we were building a house near the convent, the presence of laborers in the neighborhood would excite no suspicion. As to Ahmed and Husein, some way could easily be found to 'lay them off' for a day or two, and they lived in another town far away. How to dispose of the ancient coin and jewelry without being suspected of having found a treasure, did not at the time perplex us very seriously. In fact we were averse to even the slightest suggestion which tended to dampen our ardor and weaken our resolution.

Having thus disposed of our problems, we fell into poetic contemplation of the glorious future which loomed before us. The palaces we designed that night for our future dwelling places, the Arabian steeds, Persian hand-wrought arms, European carriages, and a multitude of other luxuries, formed the extensive programme of the millennial period which seemed about to dawn upon us; and our imaginings did full justice to the Oriental passion for idleness and luxury. True, some differences of taste were manifest among us with regard to our future environment and mode of living, but they were not serious enough to precipitate a quarrel.

But the most startling occurrence of that never-to-be-forgotten meeting took place shortly before it broke up.

While we were designing our future palaces, Abu-'Azar seemed for a few minutes to fall into a state of deep contemplation. His face was illumined as with a new and significant vision, and his eyes moved dreamily from one to another of our faces. Presently, pushing his turbaned tarboosh back from his forehead, he startled us with the following tale: —

'*Ya shebab*' (valiant young men), exclaimed Abu-'Azar, 'hear, and I will speak to you! Many years ago, while on my way from Beyrout, I stopped to sustain my heart with a morsel of food at the inn of Ber-el-Wernar. While I was eating, my eyes fell upon a Mûghreby who sat near the door of the inn, wrapped in his dark striped cloak. So mysterious was he that he might have but just emerged from the cave of Daniel.¹ Whenever I looked at him I saw his black piercing eyes fixed upon me, and I feared that he might bewitch me. But I named the Holy Name and thus strengthened my heart against him. Having done with my food, I lighted a cigarette and braved danger by going closer to the mysterious man. From his manner I perceived that he had somewhat to say to me, so I moved still closer to him and respectfully asked him, —

"O Hajj, have you aught for me, and is it salaam and good fortune?"

'Fastening his fire-striking eyes more intently upon me, the Mûghreby answered, —

"Yes, wayfarer, I have somewhat to tell you, and it is salaam and good for-

tune, if you prove yourself cautious and deserving. You are a dweller of the mountain region; you own a parcel of land near a shrine. In one of the terrace walls of that parcel of land is a high rock chipped by a stone-cutter's tool. If you would possess riches, measure forty cubits from that rock eastward and dig. I will say no more now; only that you must beware of the mysterious powers. Allah is the wise and bounteous giver."'

Abu-'Azar's revelation thrilled our souls to the very centre.

'And what did you do about it?' was our eager question.

'Nothing,' said he. 'That was shortly after the *herekah*'² (disturbance), 'when the blood was still hot and men's minds were perplexed. Later, the rolling on of the years made me forget the matter.'

Angels! What clearer evidence did we require to prove to us that Abu-'Azar's parcel of ground contained a treasure?

The night being cloudy and dark, no measurements could be taken then; but we watched for the morning. On the morrow, at the earliest dawn, 'before faces could be recognized,' we were on the interesting spot. We found the 'high rock chipped by a stone-cutter's tool,' and measured from it 'eastward' forty cubits. The fortieth cubit spanned the mouth of the round hole! Our joy reached the point of consternation. Riches lay at our feet! Should we not proceed at once to uncover the treasure? But that would not be wise. Our helpers Ahmed and Husein would soon be with us, and if they once got wind of our intentions they would certainly betray us to the dread authorities. We would therefore possess our souls in patience through that day, follow our normal activities, and in the meantime

¹ The cave of Daniel (the prophet), whose walls were covered with *talasim*, — mystic inscriptions, — was supposed to exist deep in the heart of the earth, somewhere in north Africa. The earth yawned at that spot only once each year, when seekers after the supreme art of magic descended into the cave and there stayed a whole year without food, emerging when the earth yawned again, instructed in all the mysteries of the diabolical art. — THE AUTHOR.

² A brief civil war between the Christians and the Druses, in 1860.

find a suitable excuse to dispense with the services of the Druses for the morrow, when we would proceed with the digging, all by ourselves.

III

The day seemed endless and full of drudgery. To be toiling like slaves while riches lay at our feet was anything but pleasant; but we bore up under our secret with stoical fortitude. Aside from a few significant glances and winks which we shot at one another during the weary hours, we betrayed no signs which could awaken the suspicions of our alien fellow laborers. But what excuse could we find for telling them not to come on the morrow?

Here Abu-Nezhim, who was a church 'reader' and often assisted at the Mass, came to the rescue. His suggestion was that we tell Ahmed and Husein, who knew nothing about the Christian calendar, that the following day was a holy day on which we Christians were forbidden to work, and of which we had forgotten to speak to them earlier in the week. Furthermore, the following day being Friday, it would not be worth while for them to come on Saturday; therefore they need not report until the following Monday. The two Druses, fearing the loss of their job altogether if they should remonstrate, accepted the situation, with what inward dissatisfaction we did not know or care.

Threatening weather gave us an added sense of security from intruders on that Friday morning. As the early rays of the gray dawn began to stream over the heights of Lebanon, our party of seven, five men and two women, began the work of removing the stones which the workmen had thrown into the round hole two days before. Needless to say, our hands moved with such power and swiftness that in an incred-

ibly short time all the stones were thrown out; and the digging was resumed with the greatest eagerness.

We had not gone deeper than a foot when there appeared at the west side of the opening the edge of a large slab of stone about five inches thick, standing upright, sealed around the edges with mortar and apparently covering the mouth of an horizontal excavation. When this stone was partly uncovered, I took the hammer and tapped it lightly three times. The strokes produced a hollow sound and a faint echo within. Our hearts beat violently, and our faces turned pale with excitement.

Abu-'Azar, who stood above at the mouth of the opening, with his wife and daughter-in-law, as sentinels, reverently lifted his turbaned tarboosh from his head, crossed himself, turned his face toward the shrine of St. Elias, and in most solemn accents vowed that if our efforts were crowned with success he would place over the image of the gray-bearded saint a jeweled crown of pure gold. The two women sealed the fervent vow by beating upon their breasts and saying imploringly, 'Yea, Amen!' which was echoed with profound sincerity by each one of us.

St. Elias was accorded the first honor simply because he was the superhuman personage nearest to us geographically. The Virgin Mary, St. Antonio, whose shrine crowned the rocky summit overlooking the fertile valley in which the town nestled, and other saints who were deemed the mightiest helpers of men, were implored with most persuasive promises to take strong interest in our enterprise. I now realize that only a gold mine of the richest output could have paid all the vows we made on that occasion.

After we had dug to the depth of about three feet behind the stone slab, Abu-Nezhim swung his hammer and struck the stone several times at about

the centre. It broke and fell in several pieces, revealing a large dark cave, lit only by the light which streamed into it through the opening we had just made.

Instantly Abu-'Azar jumped into the hole, muttering what sounded like pious words. The women, forgetting for the moment the danger of such demonstrations, gave a scream. Jurjus and Jubbur gave vent to their pent-up feelings simultaneously with a characteristic Syrian expression in the Arabic language: 'Igit wa Allah jabha!' which is, by literal interpretation, 'It has come, and God has brought it'; and in more intelligible English, 'Fortune has come, by the grace of God.' Abu-Nezhim and I felt too full for utterance. And suddenly, without knowing how we got there, we two found ourselves squeezed together in the square opening on our way to the darkness within. No sooner did we get inside than our three comrades came in, elbowing one another, the sons (forgetting for the moment the proprieties of patriarchal family life) preceding their father. The women remained outside and hurled questions at us while they implored us to beware of the Russed.

Before us lay a cave about forty feet long and twenty-five feet wide. The soft chalk-rock ceiling had crumbled with the flight of the years, and had come down in heaps at various points. The huge fig tree growing in the soil above sent its roots through the seams in the rock to the cave below. But on the left as we entered, the rocky wall of the cave was of a more solid substance, and, as far as we could see, smooth as the palm of the hand.

The roughness of the interior of the cave and its vastness seemed for the moment to overwhelm us. Where were we to dig? What spot of the large interior held the treasure? What were we to do with the huge masses of crum-

bling rock? Abu-Nezhim and I were the hope of the party in dealing with weighty engineering problems, but the difficulties of our situation were practical, not technical. Time, labor, and the ability to remain hidden from the gaze of the outside world were the things most needful; but they would be difficult, if not impossible, to secure. For how could we hope to have the power to do the amount of work required? and how, supposing that we could do the work, were we to disguise such vast operations on the pretense that we were only building a house?

However, it was most natural for us to want to test certain spots, in the hope of at least securing encouraging clues. So it was decided that we should proceed with the digging, very cautiously, close by the smooth rock, which seemed to us to be the sign left by those who buried the treasure, to guide them back to it.

The pickaxe and shovel brought to the surface pieces of mortar, pottery, and some ashes. Favorable signs, especially the mortar and pottery. Further digging multiplied those signs, but revealed no new ones. We worked until shortly past the noon hour, as we saw by the shadows of the trees and the convent walls, when we laid down our tools and sat together in a sheltered spot to eat our frugal lunch and take further counsel. After the short period of silence which always characterizes the beginning of a meal with a hungry company, desultory remarks began to fall from our lips.

'Mysterious! all is mysterious!' murmured Abu-'Azar, as in a trance. 'I am convinced; there is a treasure under my fig tree, but we must be wise in seeking it. The help of magic must be sought. We need, first, to know positively the exact spot where the treasure is buried; and, second, the potion to break the spell of the Russed. I shall

not allow any further digging without such means. Years ago the Mûghreby warned me against the "mysterious powers," and I do not feel that the lives of my sons and your lives, masters, should be recklessly exposed to such awful danger, seeing that our wrestling is not with flesh and blood but with superhuman principalities and powers.'

After careful deliberation, therefore, it was decided that two of us should proceed at once to Beyrout to consult and seek the aid of El-Abdeh (colored woman), a Mohammedan witch whose powers were supposed to equal those of the ancient witch of En-dor whom Saul sought in his extremity. The fame of El-Abdeh filled the land from Aleppo to Beyrout and the regions of

Judea. Great were the marvels she accomplished, from the finding of a lost bracelet to the unhinging of the most august human intellect. Of a truth she had the power of rendering any Russed harmless, inasmuch as she was a most intimate friend of Beelzebub. Associated with her was a Mûghreby, who was also deeply versed in the diabolical arts, and who, in joint counsel with the Abdeh, dealt with the men clients.

To Beyrout then, without delay! Meanwhile Abu-Nezhim and I decided that it was not at all safe to build the house over a cave, that the plans must be altered, and that word should be sent to our Druse laborers bidding them not to come to us until further notice.

(To be concluded.)

THE FAILURE OF THE CHURCH

BY EDWARD LEWIS

[A word about the author of this paper seems essential to its complete understanding. Some months ago we noticed a brief editorial in the London *Nation* which read as follows:—

'An event of real importance in the Churches is the decision of Mr. Edward Lewis to resign his pastorate of the King's Weigh House Church at Clapham, on the ground that he can no longer reconcile his desire to be a "man of God" with his position as a "comfortably conditioned official" of "organized religion." Mr. Lewis writes his letter from Assisi, the home of the greatest of mediæval Christians and of the re-birth of Christianity as a gospel of poverty and simplicity of living. In future Mr. Lewis declares that he will resort to wayside preaching. His formal secession from Congregationalism deprives it of its most gifted "intellectual," and is one of many signs of

a new spirit of freedom sweeping powerfully through the world.'

Believing that this striking action of Mr. Lewis typifies in large measure that spirit of religious revolt which is one of the most interesting phenomena of our time, we wrote to Mr. Lewis, who sent us in reply the following article. — THE EDITORS.]

I

I AM writing from England, and with a quite unpardonably superficial knowledge of the 'Church-Situation' in America. The observations, however, which I desire to make are of so broad and general a character that any force

they have will not be impaired by accidental local conditions. Clinical examinations of the church-situation have frequently been made of late years by various practitioners; but although their reports have rarely failed to give an accurate and more or less exhaustive account of the symptoms of weakness and failure, they have not, as it seems to me, shown any clear apprehension of the root-causes thereof. The suggested remedies, therefore, have been for the most part in the manner of relief of acute localized symptoms, and have not availed, nor will they ever avail, to restore the prestige and power of the Church in modern society. On the contrary, in spite of sometimes frantic efforts to make the Church attractive (a suggestion which, in itself, is a serious criticism), the diminution proceeds, not only of the number of adherents in all save the Roman Catholic communion, but also of vital influence in the life of society. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that, in England at least, the Church is in Queer Street.

The present article is an attempt to disclose the root-causes of this failure.

During a recent visit to Italy, a Franciscan padre said to me with admirable assurance, 'In ten thousand years the Church will be here as it is now.' He meant his own communion in its institutional form. The Theory of Evolution is, for the Roman Catholic, on the Index; and probably his mind moves at a slower *tempo* than the rest of the world; so the padre may be congratulated on his enthusiasm, and left to his delusion. How far this optimistic vista is shared by the religious world as a whole it is not easy to judge; perhaps it is true that the majority of Christians regard the Church as identical with the Kingdom of God, and as having the stability of the New Jerusalem itself.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain.

A very comforting doctrine doubtless, but the telescope must be at a very blind eye indeed if a churchman cannot see that most of the signs of the times are against him. As a matter of fact, one of the most conspicuous of such signs is a widespread anxiety, especially among its more awakened and alive adherents, concerning the position and influence of the Christian Church.

The Church's power as an organization is obviously on the wane. That Roman Catholicism is increasing its numbers both in England and in America, and that Roman Catholics attain to the highest civic and political offices in these essentially Protestant lands, is no valid objection to this statement. This numerical increment is to be accounted for partly by immigration, partly, and perhaps chiefly, by the fact that in times of intellectual unrest people of less robust mind will run for a haven even if they have to turn in their tracks to reach it, and the reaction from oppressive and exhausting materialism will drive not a few to where the great mysteries are still frankly acknowledged and revered; but no one imagines that an institution can thrive permanently on accretions of this character; and there is no sane Englishman who would maintain that Roman Catholicism is developing organically with the national life of his country. It is perfectly obvious that this great Church which once controlled the policies of a continent has practically no institutional influence at what may be called the crucial and strategic points of the modern *Welt Politik*. It may be said to be her age-long policy, — and the recent official banning of the works of Bergson is an expression of it, — to have no influence

on the vital thought-movement of the world.

The Protestant churches are of little account in the actual life of modern society. In England, eighty per cent of the people are outside their pale. In Germany there is the *Austrittsbewegung* movement, in connection with which, as a writer in the current number of the *Hibbert Journal* informs us, since January 1, 1908, 'in Berlin alone 31,967 Protestants, 5029 Catholics, and 196 Jews have notified their *Austritt*.' The increasing weakness of these churches is shown by their increasing concern to attract the people; days were when the Church was a 'government of men'; nowadays with all manner of devices it angles and touts after men.

The 'Kikuyu controversy' doubtless meant something very important for the institutional side of the Anglican Church, but the world at large looked on with either amusement or indifference or contempt. A cartoon in *Punch* in which a couple of Negro natives were represented as singing an aria, 'Why do Christians rage?' was an admirable and accurate indication of the public attitude toward that proceeding. Custom and habit will always have their hordes of slaves, but it is becoming more and more manifest that the free mind, the free life, the free spirit of the modern world are away from, and not with, the Church.

It is a strange paradox, — Religion flourishes, the organized Church decays. What is the reason for it? What is the remedy? It will be time enough to talk of remedy, when we have discovered the true reasons. It is at least possible that we may then be compelled to the conclusion that there is no remedy, — and this is not quite so tragic a statement as at first sight it may seem.

It may be stated, with an assurance

of profounder root than that which made the Franciscan priest swell with pride, that, as an organization, the Christian Church is necessarily impermanent; it must go the way of all other institutions; in ten thousand years, — which is really a longer time than it sounds, since, with the speeding-up of modern life and the dramatically rapid developments in scientific and critical thought, a day with us 'is as a thousand years,' — the Christian Church either will not be here, except perhaps fossilized like Rossetti's toad in the stone, or will be so different in every way (including its name) as not to be recognizable. The life which creates forms always destroys them in the fullness of time; the Church must either perish, or it must be destroyed by being fulfilled. It can only persist by being left, if the paradox may be allowed. Whatsoever of ancient Judaism, for example, vitally persists in the modern world, is to be found in the Judaistic elements of thought and practice which are embedded in the Christian system. And history will repeat itself. Christianity, as we know it to-day, must ultimately be dissolved in a new religious synthesis. One of the first articles of belief, for a truly religious and spiritual man within the Christian community, ought to be that there is a 'Beyond Christianity.' The passage into this 'Beyond Christianity' is inevitable in the natural course of events.

II

And here I come upon the first of my suggested root-causes. The Christian Church does not believe in a 'Beyond Christianity.' It is as much a closed system as ever Judaism was. It believes in its own potential finality; it believes in minor developments within itself, but that in essence it is the final word in Religion; there is 'more light

to break forth from the Word,' but there are no other 'Words.' It is the walled Eternal City; within the walls there is sufficient accommodation, but there is no question of the walls ever being dissolved. It has no real outlook. All that really matters is within. It is capable of variation, but not of mutation. Salvation is through its sacraments alone; it goes 'out into the highways and byways,' but only in order to 'compel them to come in.' It talks about evangelizing the world, but it really means bringing the peoples of other religions into the Christian system and institution. Its one hope for those who die unbelieving is that, in some other state of existence, they may have a further chance of becoming Christians. Heaven is the imaginary projection of the final Christian community; and the guaranty of a place therein is church-membership, — in a broad sense.

The first three articles in the *Hibbert Journal*, for July, 1914, written by different men on different subjects, contain, strangely enough, identically the same question. In the first, it is put in this way: 'Does "spiritual freedom" confer upon any one, lay or cleric, the "right" to stay in the Church after he has ceased to accept its teachings, the "right" to believe what he likes and openly avow such belief while remaining a member of a religious community which has subscribed to a confession of faith? What right, then, still adheres in a Christian body? Can a Christ-ideal, identified with the true, the good, and the beautiful, be substituted for the historical person of Jesus Christ without fundamentally overturning Christianity as a spiritual religion?'

The second writer, speaking of the Modernist, says, 'His fellow clergy suspect him. Worse, he suspects himself. He is forever asking himself, "Ought I to be where I am? Can I honestly

go on saying the creeds, and celebrating the sacraments? Am I trying to live in two incompatible worlds? May it not be a form of hypocrisy, or of cowardice?'. . . Yet he cannot reverse his own natural development. . . . He must go on. . . . But he wonders whether his attempts to reconstruct his beliefs will ever end, or *can* logically end, in anything which can properly be called a Christian position.'

The third writer frankly entitles his article 'Criminous Clerks,' and goes so far as to propose a society 'to assist those unfortunate clergy who have learnt too late that their intellects cannot acquiesce in doctrines to which they pledged themselves as undeveloped youths.' Such a society would instruct such equivocating clergy with a view to sincere intellectual conformity; or, if this were impossible, would facilitate their removal from their positions in the institution.

All this is highly suggestive. It means that within the Christian community there are not a few men who are non-Christians, in the dogmatic, institutional sense. Some of them themselves feel uncomfortable; of whom a few go voluntarily out; those who are responsible for the organization feel exceedingly uncomfortable because of them; do not know quite what to do with them; regard them as elements of disturbance and disintegration; sometimes forcibly turn them out, as in the case of the late Father Tyrrell; more often attempt to stifle them by official ostracism and snubbing; hoping, it may be, that the tremendous suction-power of the organization will eventually submerge them and their works. They are like unto ferment; and any ferment is highly objectionable and dangerous to the institutional order.

This is prime evidence of the general acceptance by Christians of the idea of the Church as something final and

closed. It is an old idea, at least as old as ancient Judaism; and is far more deadly in its threat against the existence of the Church than all the 'damnable heresies' put together. It should be clear to any liberated mind that so far as this official, institutional view is able to prevail, the Church is doomed. Clear on the other hand it should be that it is precisely these men who retain the Christian spirit, — 'if a man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his,' — but have worked themselves free to a large extent of the dogmas and formularies; who have assimilated Truth which has come to manifestation along other lines than that of the tradition wherein they were born; it is these who contain within themselves the promise, not so much of the re-birth of the Church, as of the birth from the womb of the Church of that other Something wherein that plasmic Substance, which created the church-body, shall continue to live and manifest at a higher point in a new body, as the father lives on in his so different son.

'Always emergence.' Out of the nut, the seed, — the husk cast aside; out of the chrysalis, the butterfly, — the cement left upon the ground to be reabsorbed into the matter-matrix; out of Semitism, Hebraism; out of Hebraism, Judaism; out of Judaism, Christianity. Why stop there? It is not possible to stop there, unless one confesses that the line of tradition has left the main channel of forward life and been side-tracked into a *cul-de-sac*. Out of Christianity, a Beyond Christianity. It is matter of common knowledge that Christianity, as it began to take shape, represented a synthesis of Judaism and Hellenism, with less significant ingredients from other quarters. Why should not modern Christianity become conscious of itself, as opposing, say, Buddhism and Mohammedanism; not as

a competitor seeking to drive them off the field, or as a lion seeking to devour the lamb, but rather as a lover seeking marriage-union and offspring? Synthesis, not conquest? Something of this kind is believed in, and hoped for — indeed must be so visioned and dreamed of — by truly religious men; but it is not believed in by the Church. The justification put forward for that interdenominational communion at Kikuyu was that it was necessary that all branches of the Christian Church in British East Africa should be united against the common threat of the advancing tide of Mohammedanism in those regions.

That is the church-attitude. It wants to live, persist, and be immortal as it is; it does not see that it can live on only by dying to all those outwardnesses which it imagines to be its true self; it does not believe that it can save itself only by losing itself. It is self-bound in the mirror-lined prison-house of self-consciousness. In whatever direction it turns it sees only itself. This, I submit, is one of the root-causes of its failure.

III

The second is not altogether unrelated to this. I will state it bluntly. In its present organized form the Church is a flat contradiction of the spirit and principles of its Founder.

This is not a criticism of the personnel of the Church; I admit that there are saints in Cæsar's household; it is an affirmation of the necessary results which follow upon the organization of a spiritual movement. It is one of the revenges which Time has always up its sleeve. No institution can be perfectly true to its ideal; but it is the peculiar misfortune of the Church that, since the sum and substance of Christian practice is proclaimed as being loyalty to the ideal, the mind, and

spirit of the Master, it has come about that few institutions are as false to their professed ideal as is the Christian Church.

No wonder the Church is beginning to question the historicity and reality of Jesus! The spirit of Jesus, as a plumb line convicts the wall which is out of truth, convicts not only the world, but the Church also, of sin. There are those who take a natural, and those who take a supernatural, view of Jesus; but both hold up Jesus as the supreme example for the practice of life; and, save here and there in the conduct of an individual, there is no serious whole-hearted attempt to follow Him. We do not want reproductions of Him, as if He were the headline of a copy-book, but Christians on the whole do not even live their lives in his spirit. To a few in the Church, the doctrines in the Epistles are a dead letter; to many more, the doctrines in the Sermon on the Mount are a dead letter. We cannot have it both ways.

If we say that the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount were determined by some eschatological view, and laid down for a state of things quite other than that under which life in these modern days has to be lived; or if we say that Christianity has been imposed upon the western world, and is an exotic which cannot be acclimatized; then let us frankly confess that Jesus is no example. But if we persist in offering and in accepting Him as an example, let us bow our heads to the judgment; for we who 'profess and call ourselves Christians' do not, as a whole, live our lives out in his spirit, and we apparently do not make any arduous or sustained effort to do so. Jesus is a name to exorcise with, or a password to be whispered into the ear of the official at the other side of death's river; but if faith in Jesus be self-identification with Him in the spirit and practice of

life, its absence is more conspicuous than its presence in the Church.

But it is with the institution rather than with its members that I am more particularly concerned here. Bergson has propounded a theory of the creation of matter, according to which matter is held to be a kind of degradation from spirit, a falling back like the descending drops from the fountain-jet. When a spiritual movement begins to materialize into form, credal or institutional, that form is necessarily in the manner of a degradation from the primal spiritual impulse. Institutionalized religion is always a degeneration from spiritual religion. There is always a qualitative loss in Faith when it comes to be expressed in a creed. Authoritative dogma and formulated doctrine are always somewhat at the expense of Truth in its pure integrity.

In the development of the embryo, there comes a moment when the germ-cells cease to multiply, and begin to create somatic cells, which rapidly increase, organize themselves, and form the body whose first purpose is the protection of the original plasm; the somatic cells are, in point of vitality, a degradation or relaxation from the germ-cells.

Jesus does not seem to have anticipated the formation of a Church; certainly He was not concerned about any such thing; He defined the Kingdom of Heaven as a ferment, not as an order. But the formation of the church-body was inevitable; equally inevitable was it that it should be a degeneration from the spirit which created it. This is not a peculiarity of religious institutions, it is true of all institutions; neither is it applicable only to organized Christianity, but to every other organized religion. Buddhism as it exists to-day in Tibet, let us say, is a vastly different thing from the Buddhism preached and practiced by Gautama and his immedi-

ate disciples. That which distinguishes the Christian religion, however, from every other is the supreme position it gives to a personality and a personal ideal once actually incarnated in terms of human life and character, and the central emphasis it places upon identification with the spirit of the Master as the determinant of conduct in the professed disciple. So much so that there is a sense in which Christianity is Jesus.

Now, it is this which occasions the severe criticism embodied in the title of this article. If it is in the nature of things that an institution should fall short of the quality of the life-pulse or movement which created it, then one could not well say that an institution is a failure because it is false to its ideal; but the Christian Church is held to be different from every other institution in that, so far from being a degeneration from the spiritual impulse which gave rise to it, it is its development and realization: the Church is the Kingdom of God of which Jesus spoke; the Church is the Kingdom, so far as at present realized on earth. Judged by its own claims, the Church is one of the most dramatic and complete failures presented by history; for if one thing is more obvious than another it is that the Church to-day is precisely that which Jesus opposed in Judaism, and died to break through.

In a sense, the Church is anti-Christ. Hear the episcopal communions telling us that salvation is alone through their sacraments! What has the Jesus-spirit in common with that? Listen to the evangelistic communions telling us that salvation depends on our acceptance of one particular view of Atonement! What has the Jesus-spirit to do with that? Ordinances, ceremonies, rites, fast and feast, vestments, incense, flummery and mummery, pose and posture, ecclesiastical orders, tests, hierar-

chies, temple-treading, riches, dignities, and all the paraphernalia of officialdom, — these may be necessary to the organization; they probably are, — but they have nothing to do with the spirit of Jesus.

This is one of Nietzsche's criticisms of Christianity, and there is no answer to it. True, the criticism would lose its force if the Church would say, 'I am but the temporary body, an ark for the time being, to protect the plasm of spiritual universal religion; I can express certain aspects of it, reveal it in a particular way; but in due time I must wither and decay, having passed on the plasm to create for itself a new and higher body.' This, however, is just what the Church will not admit; and so that which in any other institution would be regarded as a necessary defect, is judged by the world in respect of Christianity as being a culpable failure.

It is easy to see how this view of the Church reacts upon the life-quality of its members. The Cross is not regarded as a principle of life, but as a mechanism of salvation. Repetition of creed tends to take the place of vital, energetic, venturesome faith. Performance of rites, and submission to sacraments, tend to become substitutes for personal consecration to high ideals of living. The fact of Churchmanship is held to outweigh, as it were automatically, moral delinquencies. The whole thing becomes honeycombed with double-mindedness.

IV

The third root-cause of the Church's failure is its despair of the world. This is one of its fundamental characteristics. The church is optimistic, but only at the expense of the world. It fixes man's great and only hope beyond the world. It conceived the germ of this

failure when it excluded paganism. The pagan joy was based upon a belief in life, in the wholesomeness of natural things, in the essential goodness and rightness of the world. The Christian joy is based on a denial of natural life, and on the expectation of outlasting and ultimately escaping this world. The wholeness of the Christian life is not found by entering into and possessing the things of the world, vitally, strongly, with zest and mastery, but by casting them off, and putting them away. Christian discipline is a kind of armed defiance against the world.

Christians habitually couple the world and the flesh with the devil. The world is evil. It is essential enmity against the spirit. It is a place of exile. It is a temptation-haunted house of probation. It is the devil's acre. It is a prison-house. It is something to be perpetually struggled with, and we shall be lucky to escape from it in the end by the skin of our teeth. It is a siren. To enjoy it is the great betrayal of the spiritual life. All natural things are inherently bad; they lie under the doom of a heavenly decree, and exist only to be annihilated by shock and fire. The world is no home for the soul; at best we are pilgrims through a desert dreary land; at worst we are trapped in an enemy's country and there is no discharge from the war.

Human nature is radically evil. The flesh is the arch-foe to whom it is fatal to give quarter. Mortality is a disease. Natural passions are sinister. Sex is a death-trap. To be thoroughly ashamed of one's self is the first step on the way to salvation. It is amazing what time and energy is spent in Christian pulpits for the sole purpose of making people ashamed of themselves; it is called convicting them of sin. We must feel that we are sinners, and go groveling in the dust before God, before we can be saved. This

has the effect in many cases of putting a premium on insincerity. The worst things are picked out in the best of men in order that there may be some point of appeal for the Gospel, since this (as commonly preached) is directed specifically to our 'fallen state.' A clergyman not many weeks ago said from the pulpit, 'Even a saint sins every hour he lives'; which is not only not true, but not even interesting.

The Church has run a schism through God's universe. Its central message is that there is, fortunately, another different world into which entrance will be given at the end of this life by the infinite grace of God, — operating, it is mainly affirmed, under certain sacramental and doctrinal conditions.

The failure of the Church is due to the natural working out of this profoundly irreligious principle. It is the Church's sin against Life finding it out.

For, quite clearly, an institution which in despair of this world preaches the surety of another in which there will be rewards, compensations, and the righting of an unequal balance, will attract to itself for the most part those who, from some cause or other, find neither zest nor satisfaction here in this world-life. Far be it from me to say that people forlorn and heavily oppressed in the world should not have comfort ministered unto them; but surely there is something healthier and more positive and more comforting to be said to them than 'Cling to the Cross. Only believe. The Way is short. For mourning you shall have laughter; for bitterness, bliss; for the slum, heavenly mansions; for harassment, liberty in a world to come.'

To what type of person is this likely to appeal; and what type of character is it likely to create? There always have been, and still are, great and

heroic men and women associated with the Church; for the religious spirit is no respecter of persons, and does not disdain the habitations of physical and moral strength and beauty; but it will scarcely be questioned by any one who faces the actual facts that the first appeal of the Church is to the weak, weary, diseased, disappointed. It rejoices more to see a man leaning on the provided religious props, than to see him standing out in the hazardous world on his own feet. It rejoices more over the sinner on his knees at the penitent form, than over the naturally strong man who goes forth, like the sun, to run his course. It would rather behold a man bowed under the sense of the awful sinfulness of sin, beating upon his breast and petitioning God for mercy, than watch a man in the splendor of defiant and masterful courage 'railing alongside the torrent.'

For the robust, vigorous, vital, self-reliant, venturesome man, who is laying firm hands on life and daily getting his 'meat out of the eater,' the Church has no message, no pride in him, no acclaim for him, no smiling 'bon voyage.' Such a man might attend the services of the Church for a month of Sundays and never hear a single word which would sweep across his heart-strings and renew in him the zest and exultation of life; on the contrary, he would be invited to call himself a 'miserable offender,' to sing anæmic hymns, to listen to a dreary impeachment of

the world and of the natural human heart, and to take part in a veritable orgy of life-negation.

The Church stands in the world as a reducing agent; it mixes water with the wine of life. It is a purveyor of consolations, a dispenser of promised compensations, a hospital for the infirm, a nursery for those who continue to depend on apron-strings, a waiting-room for would-be emigrants to a better land. Jesus said that He came that the world might have more abundant life; the Church offers to those who are faithful amid the hopeless, rank, evil circumstances of mortality the counterbalancing hope of another life.

The effect of this is that the virile and healthy men and movements of the modern world tend to pass by the Church, and to focus and give expression to themselves elsewhere.

When, therefore, the organization which presumes to stand for the religious function in society has fallen into open contradiction of its own first principles, announces its despair of the natural order, and has somehow passed from the main stream of the moving life of the world, it seems necessary in the interests of the social order which is and is to be, which requires and will ever require for its health and stability a vital religious centre, that some one — and it is sure to be more than one — should answer anew the old challenge, and go out to 'prepare in the wilderness a highway for God.'

GERMANY'S ABILITY TO FINANCE THE WAR

BY ROLAND G. USHER

I

It will at once be evident that the beginning of the war, its continuance, and its successful conclusion, involve by no means identical financial measures. The British Chancellor of the Exchequer has laid emphasis on the fact that the financial arrangements necessary to begin a war are relatively simple in nature and limited in character, and differ so fundamentally from those necessary to prosecute a long and exhausting war that he confidently expects Germany and Austria to fail, from their inability to provide the last hundred millions of 'cash.'

German statesmen no doubt marvel at the public enunciation of such ancient economic fallacies by a chancellor of the exchequer, and feel surer than ever that the statesmen of their enemies are in their dotage. They deny that financial operations, in the ordinary sense of the word, have any necessary relation to the outbreak of war, to the possibility of its indefinite continuance, or to its eventual prosecution to a successful issue. Indeed, if a German financier were asked the everyday question, where the money to fight a long and desperate war could possibly be found, he would look at his questioner with incredulity, amazed beyond words that so decrepit and antiquated an economic fallacy could actually come from the lips of one who spoke the mother-tongue of John Stuart Mill. Patiently he would reply that he was not aware that money, in the ordinary

sense of the word, had any really essential relation to military campaigns. The calculations and arrangements usually connoted by the words 'financing the war' are to modern Germans the product of habit rather than of reason or observation. The Germans have not only studied the premises of political economy; they have sufficient faith in their essential correctness to put them into practice.

Money, a German financier might explain, is not in itself value at all. The specie, on which technically the ordinary credit devices are supposed to be based, has, it is true, certain value as bullion, but as money it merely furnishes a convenient medium by means of which the comparative value of actual commodities at any given time can be expressed. Money is convenient and even necessary for the individual who wishes to dispose of his commodity without the necessity of actually hunting up another individual who has for exchange the commodity he wishes to obtain; but for the state it is no more necessary than ten-dollar bills are necessary to a man seated at the table with his dinner before him. What he wants is not money, but a knife and fork. Then, in the hope that so homely an illustration had made his meaning clear, the financier would conclude: wars are not fought with money, but with commodities and with men. In any proper sense of the word, therefore, the financing of the war connotes the measures by which the army can be put into the field, and sustained and

reinforced by the nation at home while it is winning the campaign. Other arrangements are matters of convenience, not of necessity, and to this latter category belong all those that are commonly called in time of war financial measures.

To the German the significant questions are these: How can the resources of the nation most quickly and adequately be brought into actual use? How can they most easily and adequately be developed to produce the necessities of war? How can the economic life of the community be most easily and advantageously adjusted to the crisis so that it may bear as lightly as possible on the individual, and interfere as little as possible with ordinary business for profit? What measures will produce the best effect on public opinion in Germany and best sustain the morale of the people?

These are questions of expediency which really contain only two alternatives for the financier: can results be more easily and rapidly obtained by indirect or by direct action? Indirect action depends upon the use of money in the ordinary sense, and must fail without it; direct action requires neither money nor financial expedients.

The commonplaces of economic theory will make clear to any one that money is necessary as a nexus between producer and consumer chiefly because they are ignorant of each other's location; because either one may not care to accept in exchange for his own commodity what the other is able to supply; or because they have not equal amounts in value to offer. No one sells in order to get money for its own sake. A man is anxious to turn his goods into money because he can easily exchange his money for the exact quantities of as many other commodities as he desires. Money is not a necessary factor in the exchange of a dozen eggs for a pound of

butter; the entire operation has been successfully performed times beyond number by exchanging the commodities; but money is the only method, available for the ordinary individual, of turning eggs into an automobile. The feat might be performed without money, but it would involve so much trouble that it would surely be abandoned before completion.

From the enormous size of the modern economic structure — where the farmer in New Zealand depends upon having his mutton eaten in London, and the natives in the South Seas are clad in cotton cloth made in Lancashire — results an ignorance of the whereabouts of the customer so dense and so impenetrable that the individual to-day has absolutely no agency except money by means of which to effect the exchange necessary to satisfy the simplest needs of daily life. The complexity of the division of labor, the interrelation and interdependence of the various parts of the world, have accentuated this difficulty. The result is that all modern industry, and the present system of distribution, have been consciously organized upon the presupposition of the use of money, and therefore cease to operate at all when money is not available.

The real reason for the collapse of business is, however, that the individual possesses literally no facilities whatever for replacing the use of money as a method of locating those who wish to buy what he has to sell, or who wish to sell what he is anxious to buy. The difficulty of providing a substitute, not the inherent virtues or qualities of money itself, is the real measure of its necessity to the community. It stands for a method of conveying information about demand and supply, and the information is the indispensable thing, both to the individual and to the community.

II

Great sums of ready money have invariably been needed in Anglo-Saxon countries in order to begin a war, because those countries have invariably been caught unprepared. The government has lacked not only the necessary materials, but the knowledge of their whereabouts, and has had to find them by ordinary business methods, which meant buying them in the open market with money. England and the United States have always obtained in the same way the supplies and munitions needed to prosecute war, and have always found an abundant supply of stable currency the indispensable nexus between the government and its citizens by whom the commodities were produced. Of course, it has always been possible to requisition commodities, but such a method involved serious risks of undermining public confidence when applied to anything beyond the horses and carts which the community must continue to use till war had become a reality.

If money is indispensable, — and experience tells English and American financiers that it has always been to their statesmen the most difficult problem in times of war, — if England and France control the world's financial structure and possess the lion's share of its specie, is it not clear that Germany and Austria cannot finance the war at all, and therefore must eventually be beaten?

The German points out at once that these suppositions are really based upon the position and experience of individuals, and assume that the government will voluntarily accept the disadvantages which the outbreak of the war will place in the way of the use of money by individuals, and will allow its own necessities to wait upon the slow readjustment of the business

world to the situation. The hastening of this readjustment, insist the Germans, is what the English and Americans have always called financing the war.

Money, however, is for a nation at war an expedient infinitely clumsy and haphazard when compared with the means placed at the disposal of the modern government by modern improvements in communication. Only for nations incapable of establishing promptly and accurately the location of the supplies which the government needs, is money of the slightest importance. Thorough, careful inquiry into the sources of supply, foresight in the organization of the national industrial fabric, skill in administering it and in securing intelligent coöperation, should furnish to a nation a direct method of conducting a war as much more efficient than money as the money-economy itself was more efficient than the crude barter in the market-place which preceded it. Apparently Germany is the only nation thoroughly to appreciate the significance of these postulates of political economy, and to realize their important bearing upon the vexed question of financing the war.

The true financing of Pan-Germanism for the actual conflict, therefore, was to German statesmen the adequate and efficient organization of industry. First and foremost they must be ready to put an army in the field and maintain it there. In the next place they must support the nation at home and prevent unnecessary suffering. They must provide some method of disposing of the products of domestic industry at home, and be prepared during the war to promote normal business for profit as against manufacturing for mere subsistence. This would involve, of course, the distribution of German products at home and abroad, and the purchase abroad of necessities which

they could not make in Germany. These, they saw, were all the preparations necessary to begin the war, continue it, win it, and win it without paying too great a price for it.

Without doubt, such an organization of industry, of transportation, of methods of exchange, of banks and stock exchanges, would be an infinitely more elaborate attempt than had ever been made in history; and if it was to be sufficiently perfect to render the government—both at the outbreak of the war and during its continuance—independent of the ordinary currency troubles and financial readjustments which had invariably made the actions of Anglo-Saxon countries slow in time of war, it would have to be begun long before the war was in sight, and organized as carefully and as thoroughly, with as large a staff of assistants and experts, as the preparation of the army itself demanded. In fact, there must be two armies, one in the field doing the fighting, one at home doing the work, both of them coöperating under the direction of an intelligent and far-seeing administrator.

The great difficulty in beginning wars in the past, and the chief suffering experienced by the great bulk of the community, had been due, as the study of history proved to the German statesmen, entirely to the financial crisis and to the dislocation of industry consequent upon the calling of the army into the field and the removal of so many men from the factories and counting-houses. It was all absolutely needless suffering. They saw no reason whatever to doubt that intelligent prevision could successfully cope with every immediate result of the outbreak of war, and entirely obviate the usual effects upon the community at home.

Under the system of conscription employed in Germany, every man liable to military service, in every class of the

service, was definitely known; his location, his employment, the size of his family, his private resources, were all elaborately catalogued. It was merely a matter of clerical work—and that was merely a question of time and patience—to establish with absolute precision the effect upon industry of calling to the colors any class of men liable to service. Why be so foolish as to wait until the actual crisis?

For the most part, too, the collection of statistics necessary to indicate the men liable to conscription had also furnished practically complete information about the very much larger number of men unfit for service or too young or too old to send into the field. Inquiry would show the number of women in industry, and the number of women unmarried and unemployed who would be available in a time of crisis. The completion of the compilation would promptly show the extent of the loss of hands in any industry, and a further simple calculation would show where the men were who were to take their places.

Nor could there be any uncertainty as to the industries sure to be closed down by the outbreak of war, those likely to stop, those likely to continue, and those which it was imperative should continue. The number of available workingmen, after the army had gone into the field, could be known as definitely in advance as the personnel of the men in the army; and if the War Department could provide beforehand for the location and equipment of every private in the German army, and draw up beforehand detailed orders telling him what to do and where to go when the mobilization was declared, entraining him at a certain point, detraining him at another point with food and munitions of war, it was an equally simple thing to provide beforehand for filling the gaps in the

factories occasioned by the mobilization, and for shifting the labor from the industries least essential to those more essential.

Surely the waste of effort expended at the beginning of most wars by the attempts of many manufacturers to keep open until forced to close, might well be saved, and the extraordinary pressure which the war would bring to bear on some industries could just as well be provided for in advance.

It was similarly easy to catalogue the natural resources of the country, to establish what the country could make, what it could not, and what raw materials it did not produce of which large supplies would be required to prosecute the war. German firms could be created to make the things Germany would have to have in big quantities in time of emergency, and the development of industries which were not necessary could be prevented from becoming too extensive. Time, patience, an unlimited amount of clerical work, miles of records and statistics, compilations without end, — the correctness of all of which must constantly be verified, — a perfectly possible task, but one truly colossal! Indeed, to the observer there is something more extraordinary about this cataloguing and arranging of nearly seventy millions of people, and the attempt consciously to direct the activity of every soul toward a single purpose and a single end, than in all the boasted achievements of German science or in the elaborate arrangements for the army.

First and foremost, the statesmen must act with a full consciousness of the fact that the war would be fought with guns and powder, by human beings who would eat and would demand clothing, and not by automatons fed upon money. Especially must they remember that the munitions of war, which would be increasingly necessary

as the conflict continued, were highly complex products of highly specialized machinery, operated by specially trained workmen. Factories would have to be created in time of peace, — factories sufficient in number, adequate in equipment and in personnel, to turn out with regularity in time of war a constant supply of munitions of war, sufficient in volume to meet not only the demands already estimated, but as large a demand as unforeseen factors might make imperative. The factories must be created and maintained in time of peace, not on a peace basis, but on a war basis. Their equipment and the number of hands must be sufficient at any time to begin manufacturing for an army in the field.

Here is the very simple basis of the so-called armament scandals of which the peace advocates have made so much capital. The armament firms, created and subsidized by the government, have insisted that if they were to continue operations they must have enough work to keep them from bankruptcy until such time as the war should arise. They have also very correctly represented, — and have found little opposition to their claim in Berlin, — that to train their men sufficiently well to operate their factories on a war basis would require a constant manufacture of munitions actually needed in war. Men skilled in producing a certain commodity dependent for its manufacture upon a high grade of manual dexterity and a nicety of adjustment, must obtain their training in actual work.

Not less necessary would be an adequate supply of food. The Department of Agriculture has been so successful that there can be little doubt that the productivity of land in Germany is proportionately greater for the labor and capital invested than in any other country in the world, and so far-reach-

ing have been its operations that the imperial government claims that over ninety per cent of the land in Germany is productive. The definiteness with which the Germans have catalogued the land, located the areas on which grain can be grown, and computed the maximum product from those varied areas, equals the exactitude with which they have tabulated the facts about the army. We should, indeed, be guilty of stupidity, if we supposed that the men directing the destinies of Germany had omitted from their elaborate calculations provision for so elemental a necessity as an entirely adequate supply of food. They knew on the first day of August precisely how much food they had on hand, and precisely where the new supplies were coming from. Not improbably they could have furnished a list of the men and women who would sow and reap the future harvests.

A third factor would be necessary: occupation for those who neither went to the front nor were utilized in the industries and pursuits directly bearing upon the prosecution of the war. German industries must be developed so that the things upon which Germans depended for comfort could be supplied in Germany. They would have no repetition of the situation which obtained during the Napoleonic wars, when Germany insisted upon buying English sugar, English tobacco, and English cloth, in the face of the fact that this benefited their enemies. No doubt the beet-sugar industry has been a valuable and important factor in German agriculture, and we need not assume that it was begun with a war in view to see that its development solved one of the important questions which the war would create. It was only necessary for the government to fill the gaps left by the determined movement to make Germany self-suf-

ficing, in order to put German industry upon a war basis in time of peace.

These were the real measures necessary for the financing of the war. Upon their success or failure the continuance and outcome of the war would surely depend. They were in the highest sense financial operations of magnitude, but their success would depend not upon money but upon capital. Years of effort in time of peace would be the effective prerequisite to the completion of such financial operations. The past poverty of Germany had not permitted her to accumulate a sufficient amount of capital for a development of such magnitude, and the war indemnity paid by France was barely enough to begin the process. The capital had to be borrowed from her enemies, from England and from France, the only nations who had it to spare. The financial operations by which this capital was borrowed year after year in London and in Paris by German companies and German individuals were in the truest sense the operations by which the war was financed. Their success is a by-word of modern business circles.

III

When the actual moment came, nothing would need to be done beyond the execution of the plans already prepared. The army would, of course, go to the front. The positions vacated by whatever number of men should go would immediately be filled by an imperial employment bureau which would centralize the efforts and information of the local bureaus already established.

The shifting of labor to the war industries and to agriculture, and to the industries already selected for the employment of hands not otherwise provided for, was executed with the utmost success, without confusion and

without delay. Practically no commercial crisis of any sort took place in Germany, and the number of the unemployed is officially stated to be under six per cent. Indeed, if anything, there are fewer men out of work than usual. The imperial government, also, has undertaken to provide for the families of the men at the front, and to furnish subsistence for the women left with a family and no income during the war.

The Imperial Bureau of Supplies promptly began the control, preservation, and apportionment of the supplies on hand, which have thus far proved entirely adequate, and are likely to remain so. This bureau had unquestionably begun its operations as soon as the decision to fight was taken, which was clearly some weeks before the declaration of war, and it was able therefore to accumulate great quantities of those commodities whose supply would in any way be likely to be deficient. Everything had been foreseen, and here again the prevision was proved accurate and the arrangements admirable.

A part of this bureau's task was the regulation of prices. If the postulates of political economy mean anything, price is merely the exchange value of all commodities expressed in terms of money; and, unless there appears a serious deficiency in the supply, or an unusual increase in the demand, so that the two fail to offset each other, prices ought to remain the same. Unless, therefore, the war interfered with the supply or changed the demand, there was no reason at all why prices should change; and inasmuch as the average citizen looks upon prices as the real indication of prosperity, the government knew perfectly well that the maintenance of the same level of prices after the war began would have a beneficial effect of the utmost importance upon public opinion. Having

provided already, therefore, for the maintenance of the supply, they had no intention of allowing individual greed to create war prices. Here again their dispositions have been completely successful. In all large centres in Germany the supply of necessities is adequate, and the prices practically identical with those before the war.

The problem of marketing the German produce which the war itself does not use, in exchange for the things which Germany cannot arrange to make and which are, nevertheless, important, has offered a greater problem. Should the war continue any length of time, the prosperity of Germany, the extent to which the burden of the war could be shifted to other shoulders, would obviously depend upon the extent to which Germany could produce more than she consumed, and upon the ability of German merchants to sell this surplus at a profit. German statesmen have studied the history of the past with great care, and particularly the history of the Napoleonic wars. The most striking feature in the economic history of that period was the persistent and lucrative trade between the belligerents. After England and France had blockaded on paper the whole of Europe, they proceeded to issue thousands upon thousands of licenses to break the blockade, and English goods, particularly English colonial goods, commanded high prices throughout the Continent and afforded the English large profits. The cause of this trade was clearly the inability of the Continent to procure these goods elsewhere.

The Germans now see clearly that Russia could very easily be isolated commercially from every part of the world except Germany and Austria, by the simple expedient of closing the Baltic and the Black seas. The mere existence of the German fleet would close the one; the Turkish government at

Constantinople could easily close the other. Russia would then have no outlet for her agricultural produce, and would be unable to buy English and French goods at all. She would face commercial ruin, and the Germans calculate that before very long a brisk trade will be established between Germany, Austria, and Russia, in which Germany will be able to market her surplus of manufactured goods at war prices, in exchange for meat and grain which may conceivably be very essential for her. Thus, the war itself may solve the last problem of German finance.

IV

In all this, money played no part. Money, Germans felt, — and their experience has thus far proved the correctness of their understanding of the postulates of political economy, — was needed only as an exchange medium in domestic and foreign trade. Here, as usual, the amount of currency or specie needed would be inconsiderable. All really large transactions could be easily accomplished by mere book-keeping through the centralized chain of German banks. Money would be needed, in the ordinary sense, not to begin or to prosecute the war, but to prepare for it.

The amount of supplies which they felt they must have on hand at the outbreak of the war was so enormous that to collect it by any direct method such as they proposed to employ after the war had begun, would simply be an open confession of their intention to fight, which would warn their enemies, unnecessarily, months before the time. They knew also from the experience of Agadir that any such sum of money as they would need could not be borrowed in London or Paris at all. They therefore devised, possibly with no idea that it would be

so soon needed, the recent war levy, a direct tax upon property of all sorts, amounting to two hundred and fifty million dollars, which they explained was necessary to render the armies efficient. This was entirely true. With it they purchased, in Germany and abroad, every conceivable sort of supplies necessary to put the nation in a position to make war. When the moment came they would need the actual commodities, and not the money; and at that moment they would need to be thinking in the War Office about everything except 'finance.' Moreover, as the government already owned the railroads, the telegraph, and everything the army could use, the transportation of the army and its supplies to the front involved the sending of a few orders, and not the expenditure of money at all. The government, as a matter of fact, was particularly anxious to keep specie out of the people's hands, to prevent them from hoarding it.

Money in time of war, as at any other time, therefore, the Germans concluded, meant currency; and currency meant some medium of exchange which would be accepted by the people at face value. So long as the public confidence in the government was unshaken, and ultimate success was believed certain, a paper currency would serve the purpose much better than specie. The banking system, to be sure, collected gold as assiduously as it could during the months preceding the war, and is supposed to have vastly increased the German gold reserve, which was to give stability to the paper currency and furnish a firm basis for such international exchange as they might eventually find necessary. The central banking system, however, long since highly organized, and accustomed to accept as security a great variety of credit values, could absolutely control

all exchange, could accept as collateral for loans whatever the individual had to offer and issue him paper credits. There would be plenty of real value because there would be plenty of work; the government would see to that.

The banks would make loans to the manufacturer and establish a checking account on which they would pay him paper, which he in turn would pay his employees, who would pay it out for commodities. The dealers would pay it back into the banks, where the whole transaction would, as usual, be canceled. With adequate supervision the system ought to work as usual, and so long as there is work, should guarantee Germany absolutely from panic or suffering.

The real root of economic crises seems to have been a lack of foresight, where ignorance allowed individuals to compete with each other, and gave some of them a chance to take advantage of others' necessities. Most crises have been due far more to a lack of intelligence than to a real deficiency of means in the community. The new bond issue is not concerned with the financing of the war at all, but with the necessary readjustments after the war is over.

The war might, conceivably, if all the economic premises of Pan-Germanism proved themselves true, give Germans some rather considerable financial advantages, which would go far toward lightening the burden of the generation now alive, and toward shifting the 'cost' of the war to some extent to the shoulders of their enemies. Of course the war would promptly suspend all ordinary facilities for the payment of the interest on German loans abroad, or of the dividends on German stocks due to foreigners. Unless the financial world is very wrong indeed, the German liabilities to foreign nations enormously exceed the

payments due from foreign nations to them. The difference between what they owe and what is owed them, the war will present to German citizens, and this will be literally, for the time being, clear gain. Just so much more of the German gross income would be available for use in Germany, and it could hardly fail to be a very large sum; just so much of the produce raised by Germans, with which these debts would normally have been paid, would be available for German consumption.

So much the community might consume, and be exactly where it would have been 'financially' if the war had never broken out at all; by so much would the war instantly impoverish Germany's enemies, by whom these commodities would normally have been consumed. These financial handicaps could be increased very easily by the levy of contributions and ransoms from the hostile territory occupied by the German armies. Every bushel of wheat which could be diverted from French stomachs into German ones would mean so much financial gain for Germany.

Gold, when it could be got, has been seized consistently, in the hope of embarrassing domestic exchange in Belgium and France, where gold has been almost as habitually used in ordinary life as in England. Germany had so long been accustomed to paper currency that the issue at the outbreak of the war of the flood of new notes was accepted almost as a matter of course by the community. Paper currency, without elaborate provision for redemption in specie, will not be so acceptable in France and Belgium. It is therefore good finance to demand the payment of ransoms in gold. All these, however, are the mere incidentals of the correct financing of the war, as understood by German statesmen.

As observers, we are not yet in a position to pass upon the ultimate validity of these measures. We can only point out that they seem to conform accurately to the experience of history, and to be nothing more than the literal application of the simple postulates of political economy. So far as we can tell, if private letters are

any evidence of what conditions in Germany at present are, every indication points toward the overwhelming success of German finance, and gives us slight reason to suppose that the predictions of the English Chancellor of the Exchequer will be fulfilled. If Germany and Austria are beaten it will not be for lack of 'cash.'

SOME REMARKS ON AMERICAN AND ENGLISH FICTION

BY EDWARD GARNETT

I

THE Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* having invited me to speak with candor on the practice and prospects of English and American fiction,¹ I feel that it is best to direct my remarks to a few aspects which may possibly lead to some discussion among American novelists themselves.

I speak here as an English reviewer who has been interested for many years in the American attempt to evolve, in imaginative literature, a standard of fine quality, one which in Mr. W. D. Howells's phrase 'should be neither shamed nor vaunting.' And first it may be of profit to inquire whether the artistic quality of English and American fiction is higher than was the case fifteen or twenty years ago. I believe that though the ordinary English novel

is a mediocre affair, truly representative of our middle-class limitations, our dull but honest domesticity, our lack of wit and insensitiveness to form, our dislike of bitter truths, our preference for mild idealism and sentimental solutions, still the typical English novel to-day is less vulgar, less false, less melodramatic in its appeal than it was a generation ago.

Can the same be said of the American novel? My opinion is here set down in the hope of eliciting the views of other critics. But it appears to me that, of late, a certain intensification of the commercial ideal in America, with the increasing 'hunt of the dollar,' is more and more restricting the field of exercise of the finer and quieter talents in fiction, and that the rivalry of American publishers in flooding the country with inferior brands of novels must be tending to depress the public standard of taste. It must be, indeed, that there are fine and delicate talents emerging amid the raging spate of

¹ The author was invited to speak his mind with complete freedom. The reader must understand that his critical estimates are entirely his own. — THE EDITORS.

'best sellers'; but it is harder to distinguish their gleam amid the subfusk, swollen cataract of stories made to order.

In England, of course, as in America, there are bottomless depths in the insatiable appetite of the public for an art of sensational shocks and sentimental twaddle,¹ but the point is whether the market for the fine, conscientious piece of literary craftsmanship is a rising or a falling one? Various straws of tendency in the United States point in a depressing direction. Twenty years ago did not Mr. W. D. Howells's splendid example in literature carry more weight with the intelligent public than to-day? It will be rejoined, perhaps, that there is no living novelist of the younger American school who can paint with such subtle flexibility of insight and such breadth of vision the portrait of his generation, as did the author of *Silas Lapham*. If so, the sign is not auspicious.

The fact that the influence wielded by your two ablest novelists, Edith Wharton and Anne Douglas Sedgwick, is so restricted in scope in proportion to their gift, suggests that the American mind is hostile to the artist in literature, whereas our English audience, at worst, is apathetic or indifferent. With us, though the fight against commercial Philistinism is perennial, the writ-

ers of rare imaginative gift do not seem to me so isolated, so hemmed in, and cut off from assistance of cultivated minds as in America.

II

Let us look back along the line some twenty years. From an undated cutting from the London *Speaker*, which must belong to 1894, or 1895 at latest, I find that I singled out Mr. Hamlin Garland, Miss Murfree, Miss Grace King, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, Miss Mary Wilkins, and Miss Katharine Smith as the most gifted literary artists in the younger rising school, Messrs. W. D. Howells's, Henry James's, and George W. Cable's reputations having been of course long solidly established.

By some accident I did not come across Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's incomparable short stories till several years later, when I recommended an English publisher to import an edition of *The Country of the Pointed Firs*. But the failure of American criticism to recognize that, by virtue of thirty little masterpieces in the short story, Miss Jewett ranks with the leading European masters, and its grudging, inadequate recognition of the most original genius it has produced in story-telling, Mr. Stephen Crane, showed me that it had not realized that real talent, æsthetic or literary, is individual in its structure, experience, outlook, and growth, and that it makes its appeal and survives to posterity by reason of its peculiar originality of tone and vision expressed in beauty and force of form, of atmosphere, and of style.

Every fresh native talent emerges by virtue of its revelation of fresh aspects and original points of view, which create fresh valuations in our comprehension of life and human nature. Now this very simple test, which is indeed self-evident, is the touchstone

¹ To balance the disconcerting fact that Mrs. Florence Barclay's twaddling novels hail from an English vicarage, we quote an American publisher's advertisement: "'The Book of Thrills,'" *Darkness and Dawn*. By George Allan England'; and so forth.

'Also you have a wonderful wooing under perfectly unheard-of conditions; an ideal love, pure, tender, unselfish. . . . Beatrice's abduction, Allan's fight with a giant gorilla, the air-ship wreck, the thrilling defense against a horde of half-animal savages, and the building up of a new world and a beautiful idealistic civilization on the ruins of a blasted planet — these but suggest the entertainment possibilities of this big romance,' and so on.

by which we separate the genuine metal of imaginative art from the sham or common alloy of the popular fabricated article. If we apply it in the cases of Frank R. Stockton and Joel Chandler Harris we perceive that the originality of those delightful humorists entitles them to seats not far removed from that of Mark Twain. Again, when Mr. Frank Norris appeared, his *McTeague* was no literary echo, or iteration or affirmation of current social ideas or ideals, whatever may have been the precise measure of his literary talent. The same may be said of Mr. Harold Frederick's powerful novel *Illumination*. Later, when Mr. Dreiser came in sight with his *Sister Carrie*, the present writer had the honor of recommending it for English publication, while that admirable piece of realism was being cold-shouldered and boycotted for years by the body of American publishers.

I do not know whether the late O. Henry's marvelous powers of language, gayety, creative fecundity, and imaginative power in handling a situation have yet received their due in America, but the point I wish to make clear is that between the writers above enumerated, namely between Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, Miss Murfree, Miss Mary Wilkins, Miss Grace King, Mrs. Wharton, Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Mr. Frank R. Stockton, Mr. J. C. Harris, Mr. Hamlin Garland, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, Mr. Stephen Crane, Mr. Frank Norris, O. Henry,¹ and such clever popular favorites as Mr. Winston Churchill, Miss Mary Johnston, Mr. Robert W. Chambers, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, Mr. John Fox, Jr., Mr. Owen Johnson, it would be waste of time to institute compar-

isons in respect of artistic gifts and originality of temperament. The work of the first class of writers, unequal as are their achievements in point of individual genius, is of a grade artistically far beyond the reach of the second class enumerated.

In saying that the work of the latter — represented by the six authors I have cited — is obviously deficient in 'temperamental value,' I do not mean that these authors are indistinguishable one from another, but that in tone, in insight, in style, each is little more than a popular sounding-board for the reverberation of current tones and moods of the mass of minds. Take Mr. R. H. Davis's story, *The Man who could not Lose*, Mr. R. W. Chambers's *The Business of Life*, Mr. Owen Johnson's *The Salamander*, and ask what measure of creative originality informs them. None. None at all, or next to none. These stories no doubt may amuse or interest or instruct their audience, but the first is worthless, the second mediocre, the third meretricious as an artistic achievement. They are destined for the rubbish heap, if indeed they have not been deposited there already. And the works, all told, of Mr. Winston Churchill, Miss Mary Johnston, and Mr. John Fox, Jr., despite the amazing energy and industry of their authors, kick the beam when weighed against a single little masterpiece by Miss Sarah Orne Jewett or Stephen Crane. This of course is an obvious truth to any critical intelligence, but I do not know how far it is now accepted in America.

III

At this point of the inquiry my reader may ask, Do not you possess in England this same class of popular favorites whose novels and tales are also destitute of real creative original-

¹ I omit Miss Katharine Smith and Mr. Dreiser, for I am not aware whether their later work fulfilled the promise respectively of *The Cy-Barker Ledge* and *Sister Carrie*. — THE AUTHOR.

ity, æsthetic interest, and individual insight? We do. But the work of industrious talents such as Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, Mr. W. J. Locke, Mr. H. A. Vachell, 'Richard Dehan,' Miss E. T. Fowler, and others, is not ranked by any critic worth his salt with that of writers of creative originality, like Messrs. Joseph Conrad, H. G. Wells, Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Hardy, John Galsworthy, and Arnold Bennett.

I must admit that the vast majority of our English audience is uncritical in its taste, and that many of our 'best sellers' are also the most poverty-stricken and mediocre in point of vision, form, atmosphere, and style. But the chief advantage we possess which leads to the fostering of literary talent, giving it liberty to grow and a certain if small measure of favoring recognition, springs, I believe, from the fact that the Englishman is so individual in his instincts that the unorthodox novelist of real talent will always find some backer to publish and support him, and reviewers to criticize him with insight and fairness, *without deferring to the opinion of the majority*. However dull or mediocre an ordinary English novelist may be, I do not think that he deliberately echoes the orthodox shibboleths, moral or social, of the public at large, or that he makes a fetish of 'recognized opinion.' I cannot help connecting the strange timidity (I had almost written cowardice) of the American publishers in backing work of original individuality with the great superstition of the good American in his present stage of culture, namely, that he ought to be thinking and feeling and reiterating what he imagines everybody round him is thinking and feeling and reiterating. Everybody is busy copying everybody else!—an absurd state of things which is not only destructive of true individuality, but

directly inimical to the creation of fine art.

The dogma persistently put forward in America under innumerable guises, that the thinker and the literary artist must cater to the tastes, ideas, and sentiments, moral and emotional, of the great majority, under pain of being ignored¹ or ostracized, was noted by De Tocqueville three generations ago; but this dogma bred in the American bone seems to have been reinforced by the latter-day tyranny of the commercial ideal. The commercial man who says, 'Read this book because it is the best seller,' is seeking to hypnotize the individual's judgment and taste. If there be a noticeable dearth of originality of feeling and outlook in latter-day American fiction, it must be because the individual is subjected from the start to the insistent pressure of social ideals of conformity which paralyze or crush out the finer, rarer, more sensitive individual talents. I do not say that English writers are not vexed in a minor degree by Mrs. Grundy's attempts to boycott or crush novels that offend the taste of 'the villa public,' but I believe that our social atmosphere favors the writer of true individuality; and in proof of this statement I set down here a list of over sixty novelists of genuine original talent, many of whom are literary craftsmen of high artistic quality; and these are in addition to the six I have already named:—

George Moore, Hilaire Belloc, Cunningham Graham, W. H. Hudson, D. H. Lawrence, E. M. Foster, William De Morgan, Leonard Merrick, Maurice Hewlett, John Masfield, Sir A.

¹ One is told, for example, of the fate of the late Frank Norris's rejected posthumous novel. *Vandover*, strongest of them all, was not in accord with the spirit of the day in literature, and in the time of rapid production it was easy to ignore its claim. — THE AUTHOR.

Quiller-Couch, Robert Hichens, Stephen Reynolds, A. F. Wedgwood, David W. Bone, Barry Pain, C. E. Montague, Oliver Onions, J. C. Snaith, James Stephens, Frank Harris, Neil Lyons, Perceval Gibbon, Walter De La Mare, Charles Marriott, Ford Hueffer, H. De Vere Stacpoole, Neil Munro, Morley Roberts, Vincent O'Sullivan, Marmaduke Pickthall, Compton Mackenzie, J. D. Beresford, E. V. Lucas, Frank Swinnerton, W. L. George, Edwin Pugh, Gilbert Cannan, Archibald Marshall, Grant Richards, Algernon Blackwood, Gerald O'Donovan, Shan Bullock, Eden Phillpotts, George Birmingham, Richard Pryce, E. F. Benson, Percy White, Temple Thurston, Sir Conan Doyle, James Prior, Mrs. Mary E. Mann, Miss May Sinclair, Miss Ethel Sidgwick, Mrs. Steel, Mrs. Dudeney, Mrs. Gertrude Bone, Miss Macnaughtan, Miss Violet Hunt, Mrs. Ada Leverson, Mrs. C. Dawson Scott, Miss Amber Reeves, Miss Silberrad, 'Lucas Malet,' Mrs. Margaret Woods, and Miss Marjorie Bowen.

It would be interesting to know how far the above list — which could be extended — can be paralleled by a similar list of living American novelists of artistic rank. I have counted up to twenty myself, in addition to those already cited; but I cannot claim to have explored or examined thoroughly the field of American fiction for several years past, and I must remind my readers that in touching on certain aspects in the outlook for fiction I am hoping to elicit information and discussion.

Now it may perhaps help the inquiry if I quote some passages from a criticism of Mr. Jack London's *Burning Daylight*, a criticism styled 'Made in America,' which I contributed to a London newspaper three years back:—

'Why is it that the work of so many highly intelligent American novelists

is so deficient in *artistic quality* when we come to compare it with European fiction on the same intellectual level? Writers of genius America can of course show us . . . but I am speaking with reference to scores of the clever popular novelists whose artistic instincts seem to be affected, indeed largely stultified, by an insidious force, omnipresent in the American social atmosphere, which dictates such absurd observances as "the happy ending." While nearly every society wishes its governing ideas to be paramount, and is distrustful of the artist who subjects them to an unfaltering analysis, it is only in America that the commercial instinct seems to have succeeded in erecting the mediocrity of the ordinary man, in matters artistic, into an imperative standard of tastelessness. . . .

'Now, in modern art what matters perhaps most is the temperament of the artist, that individual essence which creates a new spiritual quality and atmosphere out of the life and forms and patterns of society. . . . An essential in creative art is the artist's temperamental absorption in his own work. Art in that respect is essentially aristocratic, however democratic its appeal may be. That is what Meredith meant when he said, "Do not democratize literature." Beer or blankets or biscuits or braces may be manufactured to please the taste of the average man, but art cannot be so dealt with under penalty of losing its quality as art. The business people do not, of course, understand this. They cry aloud for novels that sell in hundreds of thousands, — those novels which are "graded," cleverly or not, to a standard of mediocre taste. And temperamental quality, being unadaptable and self-regarding, is apt to be a stumbling-block in the way of those popular achievements. Americans, however charming and intelligent they may be, always

seem nervously anxious to appear orthodox in their artistic tastes and appreciations. And this of course means keeping to the high road of mediocrity, for genuine taste implies again the expression of an individual temperament. . . .

'Mr. Jack London's *Burning Daylight* has more individuality than most American novels — as a work of picturesque information on Yukon pioneering, and as a smashing criticism of American business ideals, it is indeed quite valuable. The story is a "live" book, as his countrymen say, broad in outlook, manly in its standpoint, and one written with literary skill and conviction. Yet this same curious absence of temperament is to be remarked, and the novel has something of the effect of a composite photograph. Mr. Jack London does not echo other writers, or conform to the opinion of the majority, so his case is worth investigating. The hero, Harnish, is an American superman. His physical feats are almost superhuman. He out-runs, out-walks, out-distances, out-drinks, out-gambles, out-fights, and so forth, every other man in the Yukon territory, including the Indian Karna, "the pick of his barbaric race."

'And the consequence is that one does not believe in Harnish as one believes, say, in the existence of the heroes of the Icelandic Sagas. He is a monster, not a man. The American tendency to exaggeration has in fact annihilated all the finer lines and traits of human personality. And, after all, art is a matter of precise shades and particular lines. So with Dede Mason, the heroine of the tale, Harnish's "ninety-dollar-a-month stenographer," who refuses to marry him when he is a millionaire because she dislikes the fevered life he is leading. Dede Mason is generalized, not individualized. She talks not like any girl in particular, but like a syndicate of American women as

reported by a news agency. Harnish's courtship and Dede's replies give one the sensation of love-making by human machinery, very smooth-running and effective in working, but without individual power or charm or flavor. . . . May we not draw the conclusion that it is the pressure of "standardized" ideas in the mental interchange of American society that is so destructive of the finer shades of "temperamental" valuation?'

I quote the above criticism the more readily since it lays stress on the two characteristics of popular latter-day American fiction which are destructive of its appeal to rank as fine art: that is, (a) exaggeration, (b) the presentation and glorification of 'standardized' morals, manners, emotions, and of stereotyped social ambitions and ethical valuations.

Let us take Mr. Owen Johnson's *The Salamander* for an illustration of charge (a). Mr. Johnson has chosen a promising subject, for the 'salamander' girl, Doré, is a significant product of her feverish and artificial New York environment. But the author exhausts us with a surfeit of flimsy and violent sensationalism, he plays with the loud pedal down, and is continually throwing in all kinds of flashy effects. He commences with exaggerated emphasis, and after the first seventy pages he can only offer us a repetition of the old shocks. The men characters — Massingale, Lindaberry, Sassoon, and Harrigan Blood — are merely coarsely modeled types, not individual men in any sense of the word. The girl characters are little better. We soon sicken of the erotic sentimentalities that Massingale and Doré exchange, and all the latter scenes between them are vamped up, shockingly surcharged with false rhetoric and theatrical over-emphasis.

The above criticism of *The Salamander*

der may seem a little harsh, but I make it deliberately, on the ground that it would be absurd to style the novel 'a work of art.' If we compare it, say, with Mr. W. D. Howells's recent novel, *New Leaf Mills*, with its classic balance, exquisite restraint, and gracious clarity of vision, we shall refuse to dignify *The Salamander* with the name of 'literature.' The fact that it sells one hundred thousand copies or a quarter of a million copies, or a million copies, is no mitigation of the fact that *The Salamander* violates almost every canon of good art. It may be added that a vital reason for the discouragement of crude, violent, and noisy art is that an audience which is habituated to being 'thrilled' will require coarser and coarser stimulants to excite its jaded mental palate. Sensational art is art in which everybody seems to be talking at the top of his voice to attract attention, till at last the hubbub becomes so deafening that the people still resolved on being heard begin to howl and scream. So it is with 'best sellers' that are 'all outside and no inside,' and with 'the New Fiction that People are Reading'; the publishers and the authors seem to be conspiring to force the note of exaggeration till the typical 'best seller' works with automatic prevision in producing scenes of sweet sentimentalism or shock after shock of melodramatic incident. If I am in error in thinking that twenty years ago the American novel of sensation was a far soberer and more human affair than it is to-day, I should welcome evidence on the point.

IV

As regards my second criticism, (b), that the modern American novelist seems to delight in the presentation of 'standardized' morals, manners, and emotions, and the glorification of stere-

otyped aspirations and ethical valuations, I may illustrate it by saying that his unconscious habit seems to be to swim with the current, to swim not across the stream, but down it. He would appear to be carried along by the force of the social stream at such a pace that his swimming, that is, his work, does not show any appreciable resistance to the way that the tide of popular ideas and ideals happens to be setting. I except of course the work of a score or more of novelists, such as Booth Tarkington, Robert Herrick, Owen Wister, Miss Dewing, and Neith Boyce, whose criticism of character is accompanied by a criticism of society; but the weakness of the ordinary well-written American novel lies, if I may say so, in its sentimental and ethical conventionality. Even the novelists who set out to create 'fresh valuations' in social propaganda seem to me to deal in 'stock' sizes of manly emotions. Let me illustrate my meaning by a quotation written a few years ago of Mr. Winston Churchill's *Mr. Crewe's Career*:—

'The naïveté of the author's artistic method is shown in the idyllic contrast that he draws between the two men who control the fortunes of the North-Eastern Railroad,— Mr. Flint, the President, and his legal adviser, the Hon. Hilary Vane, and their pure and upright children, Victoria Flint and Austen Vane, who, of course, fall in love and run counter to their parents' crooked policy.

'We do not believe in the candid innocence of the fascinating Victoria. She is a stock tradition of the Anglo-Saxon theatre, this pure and trusting heroine who, lapped in luxury, never dreams of questioning her hard father's methods and business code of ethics, till the moment comes when, enlightened by her lover, she is "satisfied with nothing less than the truth," and her

"life-long faith" in him is broken thereby. We fear that in real life Victoria would have been quite prepared to speculate for the fall in North-Eastern securities.

'Nor can we accept the high-souled Austen Vane as a figure representative in any sense. He has the moral tone of an Emerson, the brains of a Lincoln, and the purity of a Sir Galahad. He is obviously constructed to flatter the idealism always strong in the great community of hard-headed business citizens of the United States. His career is improbable: after a wild youth, he has gone West and shot his man, and then returned to the home of his fathers, where by turns he patronizes, and is filled with a dumb sorrow and compassion for the erring ways of the Hon. Hilary. He takes up and wins a suit for a suffering farmer against the tyrannical North-Eastern Railroad, but he is too magnanimous in his filial affection to accept a nomination for the governorship of the state, when all the honest citizens come thronging round, entreating him to be the "people's man."

'It is a very touching conception, but we may say candidly that we distrust the *bona fides* of these idealized figures. There is an unpleasant flavor of moral bunkum, moreover, in some of the situations, as in the scene where the Hon. Hilary, bowed and broken by his uneasy sense of a life misspent, defies his old friend the President of the North-Eastern Railroad, and says, "I'm glad to have found out what my life has been worth before I die." The radiant and unselfish Victoria, who, by the by, is wearing "a simple but exquisite gown, the creation of which aroused the artist in a celebrated Parisian dressmaker," with an "illuminating smile" pierces "the hard layers of the Hon. Hilary's outer shell, and hears the imprisoned spirit crying with a

small, persistent voice — a spirit stifled for many years and starved." Then the Hon. Hilary has a stroke. It is a little simple, this "triumph of the right," as is also the ethical flavoring of the love-making between the spotless Austen and his bride, who has a "fierce faith that it was his destiny to make the world better and hers to help him." When, however, we leave the sentimental trimmings on one side, and get to the real "business politics," we may congratulate Mr. Winston Churchill on having got his knife well into the corporations.'

Even in novels of a superior order, which may be marked by genuine psychological insight, atmospheric truth, and a highly conscientious exposition of character and motive, we find that the didactic touch often robs the story of the qualities of flexible grace and naturalness which are essential to fine craftsmanship. A former criticism of Mr. James Lane Allen's *The Bride of the Mistletoe* may serve as an illustration:—

'Conscientious is the term that best describes the spirit and the workmanship of *The Bride of the Mistletoe*, as of so much of the work of the best American novelists. Perhaps one of the drawbacks of addressing a democracy is that the conscientious writer is led to take his responsibilities over-seriously, and is careful to enunciate nothing that is not sanctioned by severe ethical standards or upheld by common sense. This underlying correctness of mental and moral tone is apt to be destructive of artistic grace, spontaneity, and intensity; and even in the most unstudied moments of Mr. Allen's story he never lets the significant detail speak for itself, but swathes it with commentary, didactic or sentimental. When Maupassant advises the young writer not to reason over-much, he implies that the force of the

thing in itself and of its atmosphere, which art conveys, is impaired by any obtrusive desire of a writer to play Providence to his readers. Mr. James Lane Allen is too accomplished a writer to err by gross didactic underlining, but a multitude of subtle touches betray that he, like his hero, is conscious of a "task," of a "message," which may "kindle in American homes some new light of truth, with the eyes of mothers and fathers fixed upon it, and innumerable children of the future the better for its shining. . . ."

'We could enlarge on the striking absence of economy of line in Mr. Allen's method, on its deliberate impressiveness, to which are sacrificed grace, ease, and the flash of the unforeseen. But, passing much artificiality in the literary style, as in the description of a brook which is likened to "a band of jewelled samite," or as in the phrase "gray-eyed querist of actuality," when the husband addresses his wife, we may point out that the story loses all illusion of actuality in passages of conversation such as the following:—

"Frederick," she said, "for many years we have been happy together, so happy! Every tragedy of nature has stood at a distance from us, except the loss of our children. We have lived on a sunny pinnacle of our years, lifted above life's storms. But, of course, I have realized that, sooner or later, our lot must become the common one: if we did not go down to sorrow, sorrow would climb to us; and I knew that on the heights it dwells best. That is why I wish to say to you to-night what I shall: I think fate's hour has struck for me; I am ready to bear it. Its sorrow has already left the bow and is on its way; I open my heart to receive it. This is as I had always wished. I have said that if life had any greatest tragedy for me, I hoped it would come when I was happiest; thus I should not know

it all. I have never drunk half of my cup of happiness, as you know, and let the other half waste; I must go equally to the depth of any suffering. Worse than the suffering, I think, would be the feeling that I had shirked some of it, had stepped aside or shut my eyes, or in any manner shown myself a cowardly soul,"—and so on.

'It does not need much insight to perceive that every sentence here of Josephine's speech is false to nature, and quite impossible for a woman in her situation. The imagery and the carefully balanced periods smell of the lamp, of the highly literary endeavor of the conscientious writer, whose strength lies in meditation and not in catching or conveying to us the movement and interchange of living things.'

V

It seems as if even a slight dose of 'ethical intention' may be as fatal to the creation of a perfect illusion or mirage of life in an artist's picture as is the bias of diffused sentimentalism. American novelists in general might ponder the acute saying of Joubert: 'In painting the moral side of Nature, what the artist has most to beware of is exaggeration; while in painting its physical side what he has to fear most is weakness.' Latter-day American storytellers, most of them, seem to be in a conspiracy to 'make the world better,' to 'touch the heart,' to 'make you forget all your troubles,' to 'exalt life and love,' to be 'a sunshine-maker.' These intentions are so unfaltering, and the stress laid on 'clean living' is so insistent, that one is forced to ask one's self whether the practice and theory of living in America are not antagonistic? whether the exaggerated sentimental appeal may not denote a thinness of real emotion, and the persistent absorption with the moral issue an uneasy

self-distrust? It would be as ridiculous to charge the great American people with being less honest with themselves than are those of other nations, as it would be to doubt that in 'the land of freedom,' there is less inner freedom than elsewhere. But the latter-day American novel often leaves one with an uneasy idea that the weight and momentum of American civilization are rolling out the paste of human nature very flat, and are stamping it with machine-made patterns of too common an order.

Another simile that obtrudes itself in reading many American novels is that of a visit from kindly folk who have come to a gathering in Sunday clothes and with Sunday manners. The people's week-day spontaneity is replaced by a cautious preoccupation with their deportment, as to how they are expected to behave, and everything that they say is a little forced. Even in the admirable novels of Mrs. Wharton and Anne Douglas Sedgwick the conflict so often depicted between the idealism of the characters and their ordinary earthly motives gives one an odd feeling that both their morals and their manners are like tightly cut clothes in which people cannot be quite at ease. What seems odd is that this persistently active 'conscience' apparently forces the American novelist to dodge and evade any real examination of the cleavage between his so-called 'higher nature' and the claims

of the senses. The blinking of facts concerning the appetite of love was marvelous indeed in the Victorian novel; but the effect of the conspiracy of silence in the American novel concerning the sexual passion is seen in the alarming featurelessness of its portraits of women. But this aspect of the subject requires an essay to itself.

To bring my remarks to a head I will conclude by saying that, whereas the limited horizon of modern English fiction, its lack of national breadth, its tameness and lack of sympathy with the democracy, are due to its restricted middle-class outlook, the American novel fails by virtue of its idealistic bias and psychological timidity. The novelist should put human nature under the lens and scrutinize its motives and conduct with the most searching and exacting interest. His æsthetic pleasure in the rich spectacle of life should be backed by a remorseless instinct for telling the truth. But it is impossible to combine these qualities with the commercial, ethical, and sentimental ideals that seem to make up American 'optimism.' 'America is strong in the uplift,' said a publisher of 'Sunshine-Makers' and 'Best Sellers' to the present writer, who, rejoicing at these synonymous terms, wandered back to the shelf of his prized American classics, Walt Whitman and Poe, Mr. W. D. Howells, Thoreau, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, O. Henry, and Stephen Crane.

THE STORK: A CHRISTMAS BALLAD

[THIS ballad, written probably in the middle or latter years of the sixteenth century, was found by a reader of the *Atlantic*, Mrs. Mabel C. De Vona, in an old house on the edge of the Yorkshire wolds, written on the fly-leaf of an early edition of the first prayer-book of King Edward VI, published in 1549. On the reverse of the fly-leaf were several notations referring to the death and marriage of members of the family. The page was unfortunately in a mutilated condition, and in several places, particularly the closing lines of the fourth and last stanzas, it was necessary to supply several of the words. Diligent inquiry has given us some confidence that the ballad is here given in print for the first time. — THE EDITORS.]

THE storke shee rose on Christmas eue
And sayed unto her broode,
I nowe muste fare to Bethleem,
To vieue the Sonne of God.

Shee gaue to eche his dole of mete,
Shee stowed them fayrlie in,
And farre shee flew and faste shee flew,
And came to Bethleem.

Now where is he of Dauid's lynne?
Shee askd at house and halle.
He is not here, they spake hardlye,
But in the Maungier stalle.

Shee found hym in the Maungier stalle,
With that most Holye Mayde;
The gentyle storke shee wept to see
The Lord so rudelye layde.

Then from her pauntynge brest shee pluckd
The fethers whyte and warm;

THE GLORY-BOX

Shee strawed them in the Maungier bed
To kepe the Lorde from harm.

Now blessed bee the gentil storke
Forevermore, quoth Hee,
For that shee saw my sadde estate
And showèd suche Pytye.

Full welkum shal shee ever bee
In hamlet and in halle,
And hight henceforthe the Blessed Byrd
And friend of babyes alle.

THE GLORY-BOX

BY ELIZABETH ASHE

I

IN Southern Ohio a girl's wedding chest is her Glory-Box. If, like Mabel Bennet, you are the daughter of a successful druggist, the box is of cedar-wood, delivered free of charge by the Dayton department stores; but if, like Eunice Day, you are the daughter of an unsuccessful bookkeeper who has left a life insurance inadequate even when supplemented by the salary you earn teaching primary children, then the box is just a box, covered with gay cretonne, and serving the purpose very nicely.

When Eunice Day's engagement became known, Mabel, remembering the scalloped guest-towels which Eunice had given her some months before, brought over one afternoon an offering wrapped in tissue paper.

'I hope you'll like this, Eunice,' she said. 'It's just a sacque, what they call a *matinée*. I've found them very useful.'

Mabel spoke with the slightly complacent air of the three months' bride.

'Why, it's ever so dear of you to go to so much trouble,' said Eunice, taking the package into her hands. She was a tall, slender girl, with dark eyes and a pretty dignity of bearing. 'I'll have to open it right now, I guess. You are n't in a hurry, are you?'

'Oh, no, not especially. Harry does n't get home until quarter past six, and I've fixed the vegetables. Just you go ahead.'

Eunice untied the white ribbon. 'Why, Mabel, it's beautiful, and such a delicate shade of pink!'

She held the sacque at arm's length.

'I'm glad you like it. It's nothing wonderful, of course.'

'It could n't be more pretty, and Stephen loves pink. I wrote him the other day that I had made a pink kimono and I hoped he would like it. He wrote back that pink was — was the color of dawn and apple-blossoms.'

Mabel laughed. 'Stephen has a funny way of saying things, has n't he?'

'Why, I don't know,' said Eunice, flushing.

'Oh, well,' went on Mabel good-naturedly, 'I do think you look nice in pink with your dark hair. Harry always tells me to stick to blue. It's the color for blondes. Don't you want to show me your things? I won't mind if the ribbons are n't all run in yet.'

'I'd like to show them to you, of course. Come upstairs. They'll look nicer though when they are all pressed out,' said Eunice, laying the sacque carefully back in its paper wrappings. She carried it on outstretched palms.

'Do you know when you're going to be married?' asked Mabel as she reached the top of the narrow stairs.

'We have n't made plans yet. Probably Stephen won't want to for another year. It depends on so many things.'

'I suppose so,' said Mabel, following Eunice into her bedroom. It was a small room but pretty. Eunice had recently put four coats of white paint on her oak set. 'Lawyers,' continued Mabel sympathetically, 'have to wait so much longer. Now Harry knew to a cent what salary he was getting when he proposed to me and he knew what his raise would probably be for the next two years. The Wire Company is a square concern. There's your Glory-Box! It looks awfully nice. You made it, did n't you?'

'Stephen made it when he was on for his vacation last summer. We happened to have the cretonne in the house. Mother wanted me to buy a

cedar chest but I thought this would do.'

'Oh, one does n't really need a cedar chest,' said Mabel cheerfully, 'and they're terribly expensive, you know.'

'Yes, I do know.' Eunice's face twinkled. 'I'll lay this sacque on the bed so it won't get mussed while I'm showing you the things.'

She raised the lid of the Glory-Box and then glanced shyly at the other girl. 'You're the first person I've shown them to. I hope you'll think they're dainty. There isn't much lace on them, but mother put in a lot of handwork — feather-stitching.'

'Lace is a bother to do up,' Mabel said amiably. 'I've been almost distracted doing up mine.'

'Your things were beautiful, though.' Eunice was laying piles of carefully folded garments on the edge of the box.

'There, I've got it now,' she said, getting up from the floor. 'This is my prettiest set. I've kept it wrapped in dark blue paper. Mother said it would keep white longer.'

'Why, they are sweet, Eunice!' Mabel touched the soft white stuff with appraising fingers. 'And all made by hand. My, what a lot of work! Your mother must have spent hours on them.'

'She did. She said she wanted to do it, though. The other things are plainer.' Eunice took them up one by one and showed them. 'I won't let you see the table linen to-day. I've done a lot of initialing, but they don't look really well until they have been washed.'

'No, they don't. Anyway I have to be going. You certainly have nice things, Eunice. That kimono is awfully pretty.'

'I like it,' said Eunice simply.

'Well, I can't stay another minute. Don't you come down to the door now. You have to put away everything. I'll just run along. Come and see me. I've got the flat all settled.'

'I shall love to, Mabel. Just a moment! You must let me go to the door with you. The Glory-Box can wait.'

Eunice found her mother standing by the bed when she came back. She was a meagre-looking woman with a thin mouth. Her eyes had once been soft and dark like Eunice's, but the glow had gone out of them, leaving them a little hard.

'I've been looking at the sacque Mabel brought you. It's a nice pattern. That sort of lace looks almost like real val. What did she say to your things?'

'She said they were sweet, mother.'

'Well, I suppose they are as nice as any one could have without spending money. You did n't show her the tablecloth I gave you?'

'No, I thought I'd wait to show the linen until it was all done up.'

Her mother fingered the lace on the sacque. 'I don't believe she has a much better tablecloth than that one, Eunice. Do you suppose so?'

'No,' answered Eunice, 'probably not. It's very beautiful.' She laid down the garment she was folding and looked up, troubled, into her mother's face. 'Oh, it seems so selfish for me to have it all. You've always wanted nice fine linen, mother.'

'I've given up wanting, I guess. I don't care as long as you have them. You had better lay tissue paper in that sleeve, Eunice, the way I showed you. I'll start supper so that you can put these things away. They won't look like anything if you leave them about.'

When her mother was gone, Eunice took up the pink kimono and spread it out on the bed. She could fold it more carefully that way. She touched it with caressing fingers. 'Dawn and apple-blossoms,' she repeated softly. Then she smiled, remembering Mabel's remark: 'Stephen has a funny way of saying things.'

Stephen was different somehow from Harry, from any of the men whom her friends had married. They were nice young men, of course, all of them. One was superintendent of the Sunday School, besides getting a good salary in the Cash Register Company; another had gone to college, had been in Stephen's class at the Ohio State University in fact, and was now doing well as part owner of the garage on Main Street; still another was pay-teller in the bank next to the garage; he wore very 'good-looking' suits, usually with a tiny line of white at the edge of the waistcoat. Still Stephen was different.

When he had got his B.A. degree at Ohio, he decided that he wanted to be a lawyer, and that he would go to one of the best schools in the country. He chose Columbia. He had worked his way through college, but he considered that it would not pay to work his way through Law School. He wanted the time to get something out of New York. His father was unable to advance the money, so Stephen went to a friend of his father's, a prosperous coal-dealer in the town, and asked that he lend him enough to put him through economically, but not, he plainly said, too economically. He would give the coal-dealer notes, payable with interest four years after he was admitted to the bar.

The coal-dealer, taking into consideration the fact that the young man had broken every record at the university in scholarship, and two other facts, the young man's forehead and mouth, lent him the money. He said that the interest need not begin until he was admitted.

Stephen thanked him and went to Columbia. One of the professors there took a great fancy to him. He introduced him to his sister, a maiden lady living in Washington Square, who, find-

ing him very likable, introduced him to other people living in the Square.

Stephen was very happy. He wrote to Eunice, — he had been engaged to her since the end of his second year at the Law School, — ‘Washington Square is rather terrifying from the outside, but once inside you feel beautifully at home. I think it’s the perfect breeding you find there. I’ve met women more intellectual, greater perhaps, than Professor Lansing’s sister, but never one who gives such an impression of completion. There are no loose ends. You will like her, Eunice.’

In another letter he said, ‘We won’t have much money to start with, of course, but if we put a little dignity into our kitchenette apartment, it will be a home that people will love to come to. It’s partly the dignity of their living that makes these Washington Square people so worth while to be with.’

And last week he had written, ‘You won’t find New York lonely. They will love you, dear. You belong. You have not only charm but the dignity that belongs. I wonder if I’m foolish to care so much for that word dignity. Perhaps it’s because I associate it with you, or perhaps — I love you because you have it.’

And Eunice too was happy and proud: happy that Stephen was coming into his own, and proud that he should think her equal to the occasion. It would not be an easy task, being equal to Stephen. Stephen was a great man, or would be a great man. She knew it and Stephen knew it. ‘We are going to be great, you and I,’ he had said more than once. And yet one day when she had answered, ‘You and I, Stephen?’ his eyes, which had been alight with the glorious vision of the future, softened, and he had come and knelt beside her and had laid his head down. ‘Oh, Eunice,’ he had whispered,

‘I’ve got brains, I’m pretty sure to be successful, but if I’m worth while, it will be because of you. You are a great woman, dear.’ And Eunice had mothered him and had hoped — so fervently that the hope was a prayer — that she would really be great enough to meet his needs.

Sometimes she doubted. She had dignity; Stephen had said so; but inside she was deprecating and shy. People like Mabel Ashley made her shy, and most of the people she knew were like Mabel. They thought Stephen’s way of saying and thinking things, ‘funny.’ There was only one woman whom she could talk with, a High-School teacher who had come to board next door. She and the High-School teacher took long walks together.

The High-School teacher had been to Europe twice. She knew how people lived outside of this little Ohio town, — outside of the United States even. She was full of shrewd comment. Eunice talked to her about the books that she and Stephen were reading, and sometimes about Stephen himself. Several times the High-School teacher had said, ‘He is splendid, Eunice.’

Eunice thought about her this afternoon as she put the last things away in the Glory-Box. She hoped that, if the Washington Square people were like this teacher, she would get along. And there came another encouraging thought. The people in the Square were sure of themselves of course, but perhaps they were sure because they had things and had always had things. She would one day have the things in her Glory-Box, and she would have Stephen. After she was quite used to having them and to having a person like Stephen, she would be sure of herself too.

‘Supper will be ready in five minutes, Eunice.’

‘I’m coming in a moment.’

The room had grown quite dark. Eunice lighted two candles standing on her bureau. They were in common glass candlesticks which she had bought at the Ten-Cent store: she had wanted to have brass; but then, Stephen and she were going to have brass candlesticks in every room of their house. They both loved candle-light.

Eunice smoothed her dark hair. Then she washed her hands very carefully. Stephen had said once that they were not wonderfully pretty hands, but that they had distinction. He had kissed them.

'I guess I'm all right now,' said Eunice, glancing into the mirror. She picked up a photograph of Stephen from the bureau and laid her face against it. Then she blew out the candles and went downstairs.

II

Stephen's letter that awaited her when she came home from school the next afternoon was a one-page scrawl. 'My head is ringing so with the quinine I've taken that I can't write to-night. By to-morrow I shall probably be rid of this beastly cold. I want to tell you about a book I've just read. It's great stuff.' He added a postscript: 'Don't ask me, dear, if I wore my rubbers day before yesterday. You know I did n't.'

In Eunice's eyes was a smile of amused tenderness as she put the letter back in its envelope. If the cold were 'beastly,' perhaps he might remember next time. She was afraid though that only married men wore rubbers.

No letter came the next day, or the next. 'If I don't hear to-morrow, I'll telegraph.'

'He's probably busy,' said her mother.

'I'm afraid he's sick.'

Eunice waited for the postman on

Saturday morning, but he brought no letter. She put on her hat and coat. 'I'll be back in a half hour, mother.'

As she went down the steps a boy riding a bicycle stopped at the curb. He handed her a telegram. It was from Stephen's landlady. Stephen had died that morning at two o'clock—of pneumonia.

Eunice was conscious of being very collected and calm as she went back into the house; quite wonderfully calm. Her mother was in the kitchen. Eunice went to her and told her—very gently. She had the feeling that it was her mother's sorrow. Her mother's dry, hard sobs and bowed figure brought the tears to her eyes. She laid her hand on the thin convulsed shoulders. 'Mother, don't—don't, dear, it's all right, you know.' She stood by her chair until the sobs ceased.

'I'm going around to— to Stephen's, mother. I'll not be gone long.'

Mrs. Day followed her to the steps; her face was pitifully pinched, almost old. At the gate Eunice turned and saw her.

'Poor mother!' She wanted to go back and kiss her but she dared not.

Stephen's home was on the other side of the town. It was a small frame house painted light gray, with a gable back and front, and a narrow porch running across it. This morning the shades in the parlor were drawn down.

Eunice had to wait some moments before the door was opened by Stephen's young sister,—a slip of a thing but a capable housekeeper. Her eyes were swollen with crying. 'She's so little,' thought Eunice and took her into her arms.

When the girl was able to speak she told Eunice that her father had gone to New York, and that he would bring Stephen home. Eunice stayed an hour, comforting, talking, planning. Then she left her.

'I'm so quiet. I did n't know it could be like this.'

The March wind blew the dust into her face. The grit irritated her. She wished there were snow on the ground and then wondered that she should care. That was how it was the next two days; she went on thinking and acting, with every now and then this strange awareness of being alive.

But on Monday afternoon when they came home from the cemetery, Eunice went upstairs to her room. 'I'm going to lie down awhile, mother.'

Her mother made no answer as she turned into the kitchen.

Eunice lay down on the bed. A pale yellow sunset gleamed through the branches of the tree outside her window. She had seen the yellow streak in the sky as they had left the cemetery. She closed her eyes to shut it out. Her heart was no longer numb. It was waking to its misery. She lay very still with clenched hands. She had learned to bear physical pain that way. She thought perhaps she could bear this if she lay very still.

'I want to tell you about a book I've just read. It's great stuff.'

'Oh, Stephen, Stephen, laddie!'

The tears came, and great sobs that shook and twisted her rigid body. Once she thought her mother came up the stairs and stopped outside her door. She buried her face in the pillow. Her mother must not hear. By and by, — she had been quiet for an hour, — her mother came in with a tray.

'I've made you some toast and tea, Eunice. You must keep up your strength.'

Her tone was flat and emotionless. She set the tray down by her in the darkness. Then she lighted the gas.

Eunice swallowed the tea obediently, she was so very tired. As she put the cup down her eyes fell on the cretonne-covered box in the window.

'Mother, my Glory-Box! Don't let me see it! Oh, don't let me see my Glory-Box!'

Mrs. Day came up to the bed. 'I'll take it out to-morrow while you are at school. I meant to do that.' Her face worked as she left the room.

When the door closed, Eunice sat up and pushed her tumbled hair back from her face. She wanted to look at the Glory-Box. To-morrow her mother was going to take it away. She clasped her hands tightly about her drawn-up knees and stared at the box with hot, miserable eyes. Of course it would have to be taken away, but she wanted to look at it now because it was her Glory-Box and because it was Stephen's. Stephen had made it.

'That's a decent job for just a lawyer,' he had said when the last nail was driven in and they were taking a critical survey of it.

Stephen had laughed when she regretted that the roses in the cretonne were yellow, because the things to go into the box very likely would be pink. He had laughed and kissed her and told her she had better get a pair of pink specs, then the roses would be pink enough.

And Stephen had taken such an interest in what she had written about the things she was embroidering for household use. When she had reported a whole dozen napkins hemmed and initialed, he had thought it would be jolly to have nice linen. They would probably be short on silver at first, but good linen made you feel respectable. He remembered his mother taking so much pride in what had been left of hers. For a moment the words of that letter were so vividly recalled that she forgot that Stephen was dead. For quite a moment she was happy. Then she remembered, but the realization brought no tears, only a swelling wave of misery.

'I can't bear it, oh, I can't.'

But even as she moaned she knew that she would bear it, that she would go on living for years and years and years. Other girls she had known or heard about — in her own town — had gone on living: little Sadie Smith whose lover had been killed three days before her wedding, and even Milly Petersen, who had been engaged for five years when the man asked to be released because he wanted to marry the girl who had recently moved to Milly's street. These girls had lived; they had grown pale and faded, or hard. People felt very sorry for them: they were spoken of as 'poor Milly' or 'Sadie Smith, poor child'; but they had lived. Eunice saw herself moving among her little circle, brave and sad-eyed like these girls.

Suddenly — she never remembered just how it came about — suddenly her humor flashed a white light over the vision. This sad-eyed Self seemed something not to pity but to scorn. It was grotesque standing in your friend's parlor with clenched hands, as it were, and compressed lips, saying, 'Don't mind me, please. I'm bearing it.' If one were going to live one must live happily. Stephen was such a happy person. He was happy when he was working or playing or just loving. Even hurdy-gurdys made him happy.

'When I hear one grinding away in the morning,' he had written, 'I have to kick a few Law Journals about just to keep in tune with the darn thing.'

It had been a delightful surprise to her, his overflowing happiness, for Stephen's face in repose was very grave. She herself only occasionally had his joy in mere living, but she had always thought that Stephen's joyfulness would prove infectious. Suppose, now, without Stephen she should make the experiment of being happy. It would be a wonderful experiment to

see — she spoke the words aloud, deliberately, to see if she could kill this terrible thing, Sorrow, and keep Stephen to love and to remember.

Eunice was still staring at the Glory-Box, but it was more than her Glory-Box. It was part of the problem that she was trying to think out clearly. For perhaps sorrow was a problem that you could work out like other problems, if only you could see it, not as one solid, opaque mass, but as something made up of pieces that you could deal with one at a time. The Glory-Box was a piece. She had wanted it taken away because it was a thing so filled with pain that she could not bear to have it about. If — Eunice got up in her excitement and walked up and down the room — if the Glory-Box could become a box again, just a box covered with cretonne, and the things in it become things, then a great piece of misery would disappear. Love, a girl's love, was like — she groped a moment for words — like a vine that put forth little shoots and tendrils; love even went into things. When Death trampled on the vine, the shoots and tendrils were crushed with it. But if you cut them off, these poor bruised pieces of the vine, the vine itself would perhaps have a chance to become strong and beautiful.

Eunice played with the idea, her cheeks flushed, her eyes very bright. She felt as she did sometimes when talking on paper with Stephen.

She went over to the Glory-Box and raised the cover. On top lay the *matinée* that Mabel had brought on that day not quite a week ago. She unfolded it and touched it. 'This is n't — Stephen,' she said aloud, quite firmly. 'It's cotton voile and val lace. It's cotton voile.'

She took out garment after garment. When she came to the pink kimono her eyes blinded with tears. 'It's a lovely

shade. Pink is pretty with dark hair.' Her quivering lips could scarcely frame the words. 'It's not Stephen. It's — it's just a kimono.'

She put the things back and closed the box. 'I'll look at the rest in a day or two. I'll keep looking at them. Probably I shall never be able to use them, but I'll keep looking until I get accustomed to seeing them. Mother will get used to seeing the Box here. If she put it in the storeroom she would always dread going in.'

Mrs. Day was getting breakfast the next morning when Eunice came down. She went on mechanically with her preparation, avoiding looking at her. At the table she glanced up. Eunice's face was white and haggard, but her eyes, strangely big, were shining. Eunice's mother watched her furtively throughout the meal. As they left the table Eunice put her arms about her.

'Don't take the box out, mother. It's better to get used to it. I'm trying to get used to things. Don't you worry about me. You'll see.'

She kissed her and hurried to school. In her exalted mood the sympathetic attentions of the other teachers seemed almost surprising. They were dear and kind, but why should they be so kind? She was going to be happy. At the end of the day, however, Eunice let herself softly into the house, too wretched to want to meet her mother. She carried to her room the letters of condolence that were on the dining-room table. She read them impassively, even the kindly one from Miss Lansing, wondering why they did not touch her. 'It's because I'm tired,' she concluded, and knelt down by the Glory-Box, bowing her head on her outstretched arms.

'Stephen, dear,' she prayed, 'I can't look at the things to-night. I'm too tired.'

But the next day she took them all out. And on a Saturday afternoon

three weeks later she startled her mother by coming into her room dressed in the suit and hat that were her 'best.' Her mother laid down the skirt on which she was putting a new braid.

'Why, where are you going, Eunice?'

'I thought I'd call on Mabel. I've never been to see her since she started housekeeping. I promised to, long ago.'

Mrs. Day looked at her keenly, her mouth tightening. 'You're foolish to go and see all her wedding presents about the house. You won't be able to stand it.'

'I shall, mother. That's why I'm going to stand it. I shan't mind calling there after I've been this once. I've thought it out.'

'You're a queer girl, Eunice. I don't understand you. But I suppose you know your — your own business best,' she ended, taking up her work again.

Eunice felt quite sure that she did, and yet there were days when the experiment seemed a failure or at least only just begun: days when she would read in a paper of brilliant social events in New York, in Stephen's New York. Stephen might have been there at that dinner, his eyes, that looked so gravely from his picture, lighted with the joyfulness of the occasion, his splendid head towering above the other men as he joined in the toasts — Stephen had told her they always made toasts at these dinners; she could hear his laugh, his hearty boyish laugh. And those other days in early spring, when a hurdy-gurdy would play 'Turkey in the Straw,' and she could see Stephen pitching his Law Journals about, exulting in the glorious fact that he was alive. Oh, how she longed for him, wanted him these days, — with a passionate yearning that for moments maddened her. But as the months went by the times of overwhelming wanting came less and less frequently. 'I shall soon be happy,' Eunice told

herself. And on a morning of June loveliness, a morning of very blue sky, white clouds and butter-cups, Eunice knew that she was happy.

'I'm glad to-day, Stephen, I'm glad, just because it's all so beautiful.'

She wondered now and again why, since she herself was so surely leaving the sorrow behind her, her mother should still droop under its weight. They seldom talked about Stephen. They had agreed at the beginning not to do that often, but there was bitterness in her mother's face and bitterness on occasion in her words. 'I've got used to seeing your box around, but don't ever ask me to look inside.' It occurred to Eunice that perhaps it was because to her mother had come only the grief. She was not having Stephen to love.

III

One afternoon late in February, Eunice was met in the hall by her mother. 'A letter came for you this morning. It's from New York.' She stood watching her as Eunice opened it with unsteady fingers.

Eunice looked up in a few moments, very white. 'It's from Professor Lansing's sister,' she faltered. 'Miss Lansing is coming on to Chicago this week. She says she would like to see me. She'll stop off in Dayton over night, Saturday probably, and will come out for lunch if it's convenient for us to have her. She can make connections by doing that. Oh, mother, it's beautiful of her to want to come.'

'I don't know that it will do you much good to see her. You'll probably get upset.'

'No, I won't be upset because I'll be so glad. Stephen said she was a wonderful woman, and — we can talk about him. He was at her house only a few days before he — caught cold.'

'Well, I don't know,' said her mother. 'You had better come into the kitchen where it's warm. You look like a ghost, Eunice. I'll give you a cup of soup to drink. It's on the stove now.' She laid nervous compelling fingers on Eunice's arm. 'I suppose,' Mrs. Day was pouring out the soup as she spoke, 'I suppose that Miss Lansing has n't any idea of the way we live. Even the front stoop looks a sight. It's needed a coat of paint for years.'

'I know,' Eunice answered, her face clouding. 'I wish things were different for Stephen's sake. But we can't help it.'

'No,' said her mother harshly, 'we can't help it. But I wish she was n't coming for a meal. The last decent tablecloth was cut up into napkins a month ago. I was ashamed of the one we set Mabel Bennet down to the other night.'

Eunice walked to the window. She looked out upon the backyard, upon the snow that was reflecting the sunset, a sentence of one of Stephen's letters in her mind. 'It's the dignity of their living that makes these Washington Square people so worth while.' And then she recalled that other letter. 'It will be jolly to have nice linen. Good linen makes you feel respectable.'

It pained her that they must offer this friend of Stephen's what they had been ashamed to offer Mabel Bennet. Stephen's pride would be hurt, Stephen who had loved that word 'dignity,' and Stephen's pride was her own pride just as much as if she were his wife, as if he were living.

Eunice stood a long time looking out upon the snow, until the rose of the sunset had gone from it, leaving it blue and cold. She turned from the window: —

'Mother,' — she was glad that in the darkening kitchen she could not see

her mother's face distinctly, — 'mother, don't you think we had better use that very fine cloth you gave me, and the napkins, to make the table look nice? Had n't we better use them?'

'Use your things out of your Glory-Box, Eunice!'

'Yes, they are just pretty things, now, mother. All the pain is out of them. I'm going to wear the best set you made me. I think if I have on those nice clothes under my dress I won't be so shy with Miss Lansing. I want — Oh, mother, I want Stephen to — to feel proud of me.'

Mrs. Day bent to rake the fire, then straightened up. 'If you can stand wearing that set, I've nothing to say. You have a right to your own notions. But I don't see how I can bear to look at the cloth.'

'After it's been done up and on the table once, you'll forget there was anything sad connected with it. I know you will,' said Eunice, with her brave, pleading eyes fixed on her mother's set face.

'I don't know; maybe I could forget. But I don't see how I could bring myself to use something out of your own Glory-Box. It seems almost indelicate. They're all your things.'

Eunice crossed the room and laid her face down on her mother's shoulder. 'You gave me the things, mother, and you've had so little of what you've always wanted. Can't it be our Glory-Box, for us both to use on special occasions — like this?' Her arms tightened about her mother's neck. 'Can't we use them this time for Stephen's sake?'

After a moment's silence Mrs. Day pushed her gently away.

'If they are to be washed you'll have to bring them down to-morrow. I'll want to get them on the line while this good weather lasts. Saturday is only four days off.'

Saturday evening Eunice lighted the candles on her bureau; lighting the candles seemed like another ceremony of this perfect day. She had got up early so as to put her room and the rest of the house in order. While her mother was finishing in the kitchen she had set the table. It had been a joy to do that, to spread the cloth so that the creases would come in just the right place, and the large initial 'D' show without being too conspicuous, and to fold the napkins prettily and arrange the dishes. At the last moment she had decided that it would not be too extravagant to buy a little plant of some sort for a centre-piece. So there was just time for her to slip into the clothes that had been spread out on the bed, and do over her hair, before Miss Lansing arrived.

Stephen had said, 'You will like her, Eunice.' Like her! — she was the most wonderful woman she had ever met. She was elderly, but strangely enough you did not wonder whether she had been pretty or beautiful when she was young. She was wonderful just as she was now. You could not think of her as being different. She was tall, a little taller than Eunice herself. Her face was finely cut, the sort of face you saw in engravings of old portraits; there were not many lines in it. Her eyes were dark and young too, though she had quite gray hair and evidently did n't care to be in the fashion, for her black silk fell all around in ample lengths. Eunice had watched her hands. They were not small, but long and slender and very white; the two rings she wore seemed made for them.

And Eunice had not felt shy. At first she had thought she was going to; Miss Lansing had seemed at first so like a personage; but the thought of Stephen, and of the feather-stitched best set she was wearing made her

forget that Washington Square was, as Stephen had said, rather terrifying on the outside. It was Stephen's friend whom they were entertaining, and Stephen's friend was not a personage really, but a wonderful woman who had loved Stephen too.

After lunch they talked together in the parlor while her mother was clearing things away. Miss Lansing said that she had seen a great deal of Stephen that last year. He had seemed to enjoy coming to the house. He had come to dinner sometimes, but more often he had dropped in on Saturday or Sunday afternoons for tea. One afternoon he had not been quite himself. She had questioned him a little and he had confessed with a laugh that he was homesick for Ohio.

'That was the time he talked for two hours about you, my dear,' Miss Lansing said, smiling. 'Fortunately no one else came in, so he was uninterrupted. I liked to listen to his talk; he had charm.' But Eunice saw her eyes kindle: 'He was more than charming. He was great.'

'Yes,' Eunice answered very low. 'He would have been a great man, Miss Lansing. I always knew he would.'

At that Miss Lansing put out both hands and covered Eunice's that were clasped tightly in her lap. 'He would have been a great man,' she repeated, 'and you, my dear, would have made him a great wife.'

Eunice felt that never, unless she should hear Stephen's voice again, should she listen to such wonderful words as those. Ever since Miss Lansing had gone they had sung themselves in her heart like a sacred refrain. She was glad that it was night now so that she could fall asleep repeating them.

'Getting ready for bed, Eunice?'

'I'm beginning to.' Eunice opened the door to her mother, who stood outside winding the clock.

'Do you know,' said Mrs. Day as she set the alarm, 'I've been thinking again what a good idea it was to open that can of peas. They did make the chops look so tasty, and they were almost as tender as the French. I helped Miss Lansing twice.'

Eunice kissed her as she turned away.

'It was a nice dinner throughout, mother, and the table looked lovely.'

'Well, I saw Miss Lansing look at the cloth. She was too much of a lady to say anything, of course, but I could tell she noticed it.'

'Yes,' said Eunice, 'I think she did.'

Mrs. Day was closing her door.

'Put out the light in the hall before you go to bed, Eunice.'

'Yes, mother,' said Eunice, softly closing her own door.

She stood still a moment in the centre of the candle-lighted room. Then she went over to the Glory-Box and took out the kimono and laid it over the footboard so that the pink folds could catch the light. When she had undressed, she put it on. 'It will be a beautiful ending to the day,' she said, as she stood before the mirror braiding her hair.

Her eyes rested on Stephen's picture.

'I think you would have been proud to-day, dear, and I think you would have liked this.'

She turned to the mirror, and looked at the girl reflected there, at the dark eyes and hair and at the kimono draping her soft white gown.

'Dawn and apple-blossoms,' she whispered and then stretched out her arms.

'Stephen, my dear. Oh, Stephen.'

THE HOUSE OF SORROW

PROLOGUE

THE traveler looked about him. The glorious sunlight of the preceding day had gone; the glittering greenery that had frolicked with the breeze was no longer to be seen. The trees along the roadside were gnarled, stunted, sombre; the bushes were scarce more than brambles. Bleakness covered everything. Grass, such as it was, showed itself only in patches; the soil was stony, the air chill.

The traveler wrapped his cloak about him. Whether his senses were sharpened by the dreariness of his surroundings, or whether they instinctively sought a new object for their attention, he could not say; but he became aware, gradually, — as a sound sleeper slowly wakes to the things about his bed, — of some one beside him, traveling the same way, taking, it seemed, even steps with himself. He felt no surprise, but rather as if he were picking up a memory that had been lying just under the surface of consciousness, — as if he ought to have known that some one had been beside him for an indefinite time.

The traveler walked on for a while in silence; and then, overcome half by curiosity, half by a mixture of resentment and suspicion, turned and demanded a little curtly where the other was going.

‘I am going your way,’ replied the stranger; and the two walked on together, side by side.

‘I beg your pardon,’ said the traveler, ‘but I know, as I am immersed in my own thoughts, that I cannot be an acceptable companion. We had better

journey singly; I will go ahead or fall behind, as you choose.’

‘I prefer to keep even pace,’ answered the other.

Hardly knowing whether or not to be offended, the traveler hesitated; should he go ahead or fall behind? But, though he could not tell why, he did neither; he kept on the same road at the same pace, step by step with his companion.

The landscape grew still more desolate; the earth seemed hostile to vegetable life. A rare tree, here and there, shook its barren branches; prickly things rendered the walking difficult.

The traveler thought to himself: ‘I will turn round and go back, and so I shall both leave this detestable place and escape from this importunate companion.’

The stranger spoke up: ‘No, let us keep on together.’

The traveler started, and, making a feeble attempt to smile, said, ‘You seem to be a mind-reader.’ He decided to stop at once; nevertheless he continued to keep on the same road at the same pace. Then he thought, forgetting that he had not spoken aloud, ‘It was not polite in me to let him know that I wished to shake myself free of his company. I will quietly turn off to the right or left.’

‘No, let us keep on the same road,’ repeated the stranger.

At this the traveler contained himself no longer, but burst out, almost angrily, ‘Who are you?’

‘I am the Spirit of Life,’ answered the other; ‘you and I are journeying together.’

The traveler did not understand what the stranger meant; but he was aware

of a bitter chill in the air and of still greater desolation all about, and he determined to cast manners to the wind and run for it; but no, his feet kept on the same way, at the same pace.

'Be not impatient,' said his companion, 'this is our road.'

The chill struck through the traveler's cloak, his fingers trembled with cold, but he kept on. As they crossed the brow of a low hill they saw a great, gloomy building lying before them. The traveler thought of fortresses and prisons in foreign lands that he had read of.

'I shall turn here and go back,' he cried, amazed at the foolish terror of his imagination.

'We must go on,' replied the stranger.

They were now close under the shadow of the building.

'What is this abhorrent place?' asked the traveler.

'This,' answered his companion taking the traveler's arm, 'is the House of Sorrow.'

The traveler felt a sword pierce his heart, yet his footsteps did not fail; for, against his will, the Spirit of Life bore him up. He went on with even step, and the two crossed the threshold.

I

They that have experienced a great sorrow are born again. The world they are now in is quite different from their old world. In that earlier world they lived upon terms of household familiarity with Joy and Felicity; now they must lie down by the side of Sorrow and eat with Sorrow beside them at the board. Outward things may assert their identity to eye, to ear, to touch, but outward things cannot deceive the spirit within; the House of Sorrow is strange, all its furniture is strange, and the newcomer must learn anew how to live,

The first lesson is to accept the past as a beautiful day that is done, as the loveliness of a rose that has withered away. The object of our yearning has passed from the world of actual contacts into the world of art. Memory may paint the picture as it will, drop out all shadows and catch the beauty of our exquisite loss in all the golden glow of human happiness. There, within the shrine prepared by Sorrow, that picture will ever refresh us and bless us. Evil cannot touch it, nor ill-will, nor envy, nor sordid care; only our own faithlessness, our own acceptance of unworthy things, can stain the freshness of its beauty. Sorrow has constituted us the sacristans of this shrine; on us rests the care of this pictured relic, and, unless we suffer moths and beams to get in our eyes, it will remain as bright in the sanctuary of memory as in the sunshine of earthly life.

The second lesson is to receive from Sorrow the gift that we have all asked for, begged for, a thousand times. We have felt the oppression of petty things, we have been caught in the nets of grossness, we have suffered ourselves to become captives and servants to the common and the mean, till, weary with servitude, we have cried out, 'Oh, that I might rescue my soul!' And now the work of deliverance is accomplished and our souls are free. Tyranny has fallen from our necks. Vulgar inclinations have lost their ancient glamour, and the baser appetites shiver in their nakedness. Our wish has been granted; the prison doors are open wide, we may pursue with all our strength, with all the resolution we can summon, the things that we, when bound, believed that we longed for.

The third gift of Sorrow is that she will not suffer us to put up with artificial lights. We had been content with the candle-light of sensuous things, letting our souls float idly on the clouds of

chance experience; we had accepted life as a voyage down a magic river of random happenings, satisfied with such beacons as guarded our temporal prosperity. But Sorrow, with one sweep of her hand, has extinguished all those lights, and robbed the things of sense of all their shimmering. Sorrow has shown us that we live in the dark; and no great harm has been done, for we no longer care to see the flickering lights that once flared about our heads with so deceptive a glow. Sorrow has given us a yearning for inextinguishable light. All is dark; but all darkness is one great supplication for light which cannot be quenched. Shadow, mystery, blackness, the outer and the inner courts of chaos, all echo Sorrow's cry for light.

So the soul into which the iron has entered, amazed and offended by the bitterness of agony, turns to find some light, some principle, whose shining shall illumine for her these random happenings of joy and sorrow which make up what we call life, whose wisdom shall satisfy her passionate demand for some explanation why she should have been conjured up out of nothingness, to be caressed and flattered for a season, and then stabbed to the heart. What is this universe that treats us so? What animates it? What is it trying to do? What is its attitude toward man?

Who shall explain these things? We have lost the support of the Christian dogmas, and we have no new staff to lean upon; we have strayed from the old road of hope, and we do not find a new road. What can science or philosophy do for us, — science that pays so little heed to the soul, philosophy that pays so little heed to grief? We must shift for ourselves and see what we can find. Happiness left us content with happiness, but Sorrow bids us rise up and seek something divine.

The first act must be to take our eyes from Sorrow, cast memory loose, put on the magic cap of indifference and forgetfulness, and look out as from a window upon the phenomena that may chance to meet the eye, and see whether from the sample we can infer a pattern, interwoven with a thread of hope, for the whole fabric.

II

I look at the universe as it presents itself to me this morning, as if I, for the first time, were making its acquaintance. I find myself in a pleasant room. Golden light, pouring in at the window, irradiates shining breakfast things. A wonderful odor greets my nostrils; a steaming fragrance, followed by a delicious taste, quickens my whole being. Next, round, yellow fruit is presented to me, smelling as if it remembered all its blossoming origins or had packed its rind with ambrosia in the garden of the Hesperides. Added to these is a delicious bread, rich Rembrandtesque brown without, ripe yellow within, a princely kind of bread, which they tell me is called Johnny-cake.

Breakfast done, I walk out into an unroofed azure palace of light. Upon the ground a multitude of little green stalks intertwine with each other to keep my feet from touching the soil beneath; mighty giants, rooted to earth, hold up a hundred thousand leaves to shelter me from the excess of golden glory that illumines the azure palace; the leaves rustle, either for the music's sake or to let me feel their sentiment of kinship. Further on, little beautiful things, which have renounced locomotion, — recognizing that they have found their appointed places and are happy there, like the Lady Pia in the lower heaven of Paradise, — waft floral benedictions to me. And about them hover winged flowers

that spread their petals to the breeze and flit from fragrance to fragrance. Into a honey-laden cornucopia, a passionate presence, its wings humming in wild ecstasy, dips its bill, while the sunlight furnishes the jeweled magnificence of its plumage.

A troop of young creatures, far more wonderful than these, passes by, with glancing eyes and rosy cheeks, making sweetest music of words and laughter. These, they tell me, are children, and they say that there are many of them, and that I, too, was once a child. I laugh at this preposterous flattery.

Another being, well-nigh ethereal, a naiad perhaps, or the imagining of some kindly god, trips by. It is exquisite. The leaves cast their shadows before it; the flowers tremble for pleasure. 'What is it?' I whisper. Some one answers carelessly: 'That is a maiden.'

Then another young creature dances by, — head erect, all animation, the breeze blowing its hair back from what must be a temple for pure and noble thought — like a gallant ship beating out to sea. This, they tell me, is a youth.

I walk on and behold many goodly things. I hear melodies that stir yearnings to which I can give no name, start flashes of joy, or glimmering understandings of the 'deep and dazzling darkness' that surrounds the farthest reaches of terrestrial light. I am told that there are men, called poets, who have built a palace out of their crystal imaginations, where life and its doings are depicted in a thousand ways, sometimes as in a mirror, trait for trait, sometimes glorified, and all in varied cadences of music. And I am told that the wonderful things which greet my senses — dry land and its fruitfulness, ocean, air, clouds, stars, and sky — are but an infinitesimal fragment of an infinite whole, in which the curious mind may travel for countless ages and never

reach the end of eager and throbbing questionings; that there is between me and it the most wonderful of all relations, the contact, real or imaginary, of my consciousness with the great stream of phenomena that passes before it, and that this relation is the source of never-ending intellectual pleasure.

But more than by all things else I am impressed by the sentiments between creatures of my kind, between mother and son, father and daughter, husband and wife, friend and friend, a wonderful mutual attraction which makes each yield his will to the other and rouses a double joy, — from securing for the other and from renouncing for one's self, — a half-mystical bond that holds two together as gravitation holds terrestrial things to the earth, so sweet, so strong, so delicate, that the imagination cannot rise beyond this human affection at its height.

Such is the fragment of the universe which presents itself at this moment to my consciousness. Bewildered by wonders heaped on wonders, I cry out triumphantly, 'Is there not evidence of friendliness to man here?'

III

But popular teachers answer, No. In the beginning, they say, in the dark backward of time beyond our ken, is chaos, a wild whirl of primal matter in the clutch of primal energy, nebulous substance rotating through space, condensing according to laws immutable. *Æons* pass and stars emerge. In one corner of immensity the nebulous substance of our planetary system revolves and concentrates. Without pausing in its eternal course, substance shrinks and consolidates into a sun and his attendant satellites, gases condense to liquids, liquids to solids. Our particular planet, a poor relation of the distant stars, once molten, has gradually

cooled, its vapors condensing into water, its earthen crust gradually thickening and hardening; matter always rearranging itself, energy always in agitation.

Then, somehow, out of the inorganic mass of matter, emerge, perhaps in the depths of ocean, rocked into wakening by the oscillations of the water, the first rudiments of organic life. Then life, like a flame, catches what fuel it can; it creeps from vegetable to vegetable, mounting always to more elaborate forms; it pauses and hesitates upon the fringed borders between vegetable and animal life, then kindles afresh and bursts up in animal creation. In long succession type succeeds type. The flame leaps from lower structure to higher, animating sponges, corals, shell-fish, fishes, amphibians, reptiles, four-footed beasts, apes, men. So the vital fire has mounted higher and higher.

And as part of the process by which it came creeping up, this vital fire quickened the cells of which organic forms consist. It imparted a sensibility, a capacity for comradeship, by which the cells became aware of the outside world; it endowed them with sundry movements of attraction and distaste. As the cells prospered and multiplied, their interest in outside things increased; they made acquaintance with light, heat, electrical forces, and all the various prowling energies which reveal themselves to man. In certain spots a special sensitiveness entered into closer communication with the outer world; the importunities of the outer world compelled a division of labor in receiving messages, until the separate nerves for smell, taste, sound, light, heat, touch, sitting at their wicket gates, receive the thousands of messages which come to them.

But in the long course of evolution one moment stands easily supreme. In the living organism sensations quick-

ened, activities increased, closer and closer relations between the cells were established by industrious filaments, better and better paths were prepared for postal nerves, until communications became so varied, so quick, so vivifying, that an instrument was created like a mirror, like recording tablets; the vital flame leaped into conscious life. In course of time the nervous system expanded and developed, until in the brain of Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, images arise which add new regions of beauty to the universe.

After this fashion, roughly speaking, we are told, the electron, the atom, the molecule, the cell, have gradually shaped this visible universe, this heaven fretted with golden fire, this earth with its sapphire seas set in floral greenery, this race of man with his inquiring intellect and his hungry heart. Blind chemical and physical forces, after infinite experiments, after infinite failures and beginnings again, proceeding on their predetermined way, have wrought all that there is. They have created that which delights the heart of man, and with equal indifference the poisonous causes which wipe out all his delight forever.

We, the ignorant, listen as best we can to the words of popular science. We feel our incompetence, our ignorance, our inability to appreciate what we are taught. But to us an enumeration of processes and stages does not seem to be an explanation; that enumeration sounds as hollow to us as if science were to explain our personal existences by recounting every step our feet have taken since we first set foot to floor. Moreover men of science bewilder us by their respect, pushed almost to obsequiousness, for size and distance, for chemical energy and physical restlessness. Why should consciousness, 'the roof and crown of things,' toady to unself-conscious magnitude, why should

it duck and bend before unconscious energy? And where is the explanation or understanding of our two worlds, more real to us than ponderable matter or restless energy, our world of happiness and our world of sorrow?

We turn for enlightenment to the Spirit of Life; but the Spirit of Life answers:—

‘My concern is with life, not with knowledge.’

‘Whom, then, shall we ask?’

‘Ask Pain and ask Love,’ replies the Spirit of Life.

IV

Like little Jack Horner, science pulls out its plums,—electricity, radium, the chemical union of elements, the multiplication of cells,—and, like Jack, congratulates itself. But to the inmates of the House of Sorrow, far more wonderful than all these things, far more mysterious, and demanding subtler thought from philosophy, is human affection. For a generation past, human affection has been treated, and for years to come may still be treated, as the superfluous product of physico-chemical energies. The scientific mind, elated by its victories, bivouacs on the old fields of battle. But the real interest in atom and cell lies in the human consciousness, and the interest in consciousness lies in the human affections. In themselves atoms and cells are neither wonderful nor interesting; they are merely strange, and can claim only the attention due to strangers. But human love is of boundless interest to man, and should have the pious devotion of the wisest and most learned men.

Science proceeds as if the past were the home of explanation; whereas the future, and the future alone, holds the key to the mysteries of the present. When the first cell divided, the meaning of that division was to be discovered

in the future, not in the past; when some prehuman ancestor first uttered a human sound, the significance of that sound was to be interpreted by human language, not by apish grunts; when the first plant showed solicitude for its seed, the interest of that solicitude lay in the promise of maternal affection. Things must be judged in the light of the coming morning, not of the setting stars.

It is not the past which, like an uncoiling spring, pushes us on; creation faces the future, and is drawn onward by an irresistible attraction. ‘For though it be a maxim in the schools,’ says Thomas Traherne, ‘*that there is no love of a thing unknown*, yet I have found that things unknown have a secret influence on the soul, and, like the centre of the earth unseen, violently attract it. We love we know not what. . . . As iron at a distance is drawn by the loadstone, there being some invisible communications between them, so is there in us a world of love to somewhat, though we know not what. . . . There are invisible ways of conveyance by which some great thing doth touch our souls, and by which we tend to it. Do you not feel yourself drawn by the expectation and desire of some Great Thing?’

Life seems to have differentiated itself, developing a Promethean spirit within a grosser element. Life as a whole cares only to preserve itself, it seeks to live, it cringes and will accept existence on any terms, it will adapt itself to desert or dung-hill; but the Promethean spirit seeks a higher and a higher sphere. This life within life—this *cor cordium* of existence—is surely traveling on a definite road. The very passion with which it takes its direction, its readiness to seize on pain and use to the full pain’s ennobling properties, are our assurance that life follows an instinct within that guides it to that which is either its source or its full fruit.

tion. We must interpret the seed by the flower, not the flower by the seed. We must interpret life by its deepest attributes, by pain and by love.

Pain has been explained as an accompaniment of the Promethean spirit of life, which, in precipitate haste to proceed upon its journey, takes the most ready and efficacious path onward, heedless of what it breaks and crushes on the way. But pain is rather an impulse within the spirit of life. Pain is its conscience urging it on. Unless we were pricked on by pain, we should wish to stand still, content with our own satisfaction, meanly indifferent to higher pleasures; without pain all life might have been content to house itself in low animal forms, and wallow in bestiality, ease, and lust. It may be that the onward progress might have been accomplished without pain; we might have been whirled upward, insensible, toward the universal goal. But we have received the privilege of consciously sharing in the upward journey, so that each onward movement must be a wrench from the past, each moment a parting, each step an eternal farewell. These noble inconstancies are tasks imposed by pain.

In its humblest capacity pain serves as a danger signal for the body's health, or as punishment for precautions neglected; even here, however, it is more spiritual than corporeal, for it is the means by which the soul arouses the body to perpetual vigilance in the service of Life. Pain must concern itself with corporeal things, because consciousness is dependent upon the body; it must discharge its share of the general tribute that consciousness, as a dependency, pays to the body. But such services as pain may render in the material world cannot account for all pain; they cannot account for the heartache, for the depth and breadth of anguish, for the sombre majesty of

grief. An explanation must be sought elsewhere.

Pain is a function of the soul; it fosters the preservation and spiritual growth of conscious life. The pangs of conscience, the agony of the heart, nourish the tenderer elements of consciousness; they root out the docks and darnels of worldly pleasure, and so protect the little nurslings of the spirit that would else have been choked, nursing them with passion and tears, as Nature nurses with sunshine and with rain.

No man can say by what means inorganic matter brought forth organic creation, what directing Power called together its gaseous ministers, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, and imposed on them the duty of producing a new thing in the universe; nor can we say how the corporeal organism, seemingly content with processes of material decomposition and reintegration, generated mind. These great deeds were done in the dark, they have left no witnesses; but we have the testimony of our feelings that some momentous change, comparable to these great changes, is even now taking place, however slow its progress may be. Consciousness, in its own ideal world, is seething with independent vitality, eager to develop itself, eager to give birth to a more spiritual state, eager to help Life take another great onward step. The excesses of pain, that serve no corporeal purpose, seem to be caused by the violent efforts of the Spirit of Life in its struggles to take such a step; but, in reality, pain is the cause rather than the effect.

Charged, therefore, with such possibilities in the service of Life, pain — its capacities little taxed by duties of guardianship and nurture — rises to nobler offices; it gradually becomes a closer and closer companion to Life, it twines its tendrils round the tree of Life, it grafts itself on like a branch, and

becomes incorporate with Life itself, an essential element in vital energy, a function of some vital, spiritual organ. Yet this organ is not yet established at a definite task, for at times pain seems to be the trenchant edge of the Life spirit, cutting and purging the soul from whatever may impede her upward progress; at times, in the soul's more tranquil moods, pain seems to be a homesickness for the home that Life aspires to create. Moreover, pain partakes of the vast variety of Life; it announces the prick of a needle on the finger, or sweeps over the soul in the beauty of tragedy with awe-inspiring flight. Science, which deals with the things that are past, unable to fit pain into utilitarian categories, repeats its vaso-motor formulas; but faith, which deals with things that are to be, hails it as the prophet of a new heaven and a new earth. What better explanation of pain is there, than that it is the birth pangs of spirit, the assurance of new things unseen?

In this work of lifting life to a higher stage, pain is but one of many ministers, the most terrible, the most efficient. All the forces of life work to that end. The struggle for life, often ascribed to the egotism of the individual, is not properly so ascribed. That struggle is undertaken in obedience to the law of upward progress. Each vegetable and animal is in honor bound to carry on its individual life to the uttermost, for who can tell before the event what road Life will take upon its upward journey. Each is bound to prevent life from taking the wrong road. The acorn, the seed of the dandelion, the spawn of the herring, the man-child, must hold themselves always ready to carry Life upon the next onward stage; each claims the honor for itself and chooses to kill and to risk death rather than forego the chance of such supreme dignity. In the struggle

for self-preservation lies the fulfillment of the creature's allegiance to life. The struggle for life means pain inflicted and pain received; but in pain lies the honor of the organic world. We cannot imagine nobility or dignity without pain. Lower things do not experience it. Common men always flee from it and execrate it; but, now and then, here and there, men and women seek it out. They may quiver in agony, they may succumb momentarily to the weakness of the flesh, but they bear witness that pain is good. For them pain is the ploughing and harrowing which must precede seed-time and harvest. These men we have been taught to call saints and heroes. Shall we give no weight to their testimony?

As it is with pain, so is it with human love. Each is a turning toward the light ahead. The mutual attraction of cells has no meaning till it appears as the first effort of nature on her way to produce human affection. At every stage in the drawing together of cells and multiples of cells, whether in polyp, reptile, or ape, the significance of that drawing together lies in that for which it is preparing the way. So, too, is it with human affections: they shine with a light not their own, but reflected from the higher significance of the future. Our love is but a pale anticipation of that love which the universe is striving to round out to full-orbed completeness. Love, at least, offers an explanation of the goal of life, — life struggling to consciousness, consciousness rising to love. All other things find their explanation in something higher, but love is its own fulfillment.

Love has no doubts. To itself love is the very substance of reality. The phenomena of sight, sound, touch, and their fellows, are but the conditions under which life has made a foothold for itself in this boisterous world; the senses know nothing beyond their own func-

tioning, they have nothing to say regarding the end or purpose of life. But to love,—all the labor and effort of all the universe, with all its sidereal systems, with all its ethereal immensity, has been for the sake of producing love. Of what consequence is it, whether insensible matter endure a myriad years, or assume infinite bigness? In the absence of consciousness, an infinity of matter is as nothing. One flash of conscious life illumined by love is worth all the patience, all the effort, all the labor, of unconscious energy throughout an infinity of time. Consciousness is but a minister to love, to the love that is to be.

Science, with its predilection for sensuous things, for enumerations, classifications, explanations in terms of matter and energy, asserts that consciousness fulfils no useful function at all. Consciousness is an accidental creation, shot out like a random spark by the friction of living, a sort of tramp who has stolen a ride on the way. According to this theory the musician would continue to play his fiddle whether he produced a melody or not; the endless chain of propulsions from behind would impel one hand to finger the strings, the other to ply the bow. But to the non-scientific man, consciousness is the achievement to which the Universe has bent all its energies.

Had the Universe taken a different turn, or had it neglected the things which it has done, consciousness as we know it would never have come into being. But consciousness has come, and the assertion that it is a superfluous thing, an accident, seems to have been hatched from the very willfulness of arrogance. Because science—a virtuoso in motion, in attractions and repulsions—has not yet discovered the function of consciousness, is it not premature to say that consciousness has no function? To the common mind the

obvious function of consciousness—in addition to the minor occupations which its genesis from matter has imposed upon it—is to experience love, and thereby give a reasonable meaning to the Universe.

If matter, or energy, has succeeded in creating consciousness, even though only on our planet and in such little measure, may it not be that after other æons of restless activity, consciousness in its turn shall generate another state of being to which science (then absorbed by a predilection for consciousness, as it is now absorbed by its predilection for sensuous things) will deny any useful function, but which shall justify itself as consciousness does to-day? May it not be—if we let ourselves listen to the incantations of hope—that this higher spiritual sensitiveness, generated by consciousness, will create as much difference between the new order of creatures that shall possess it and ourselves, as there is now between us and inorganic matter? Does not the experience of those men who—in daily life scarce realizing material things—have felt themselves rapt into the presence of God, point to some such inference? ‘When love has carried us above all things . . . we receive in peace the Incomprehensible Light, enfolding us and penetrating us.’ But whatever our laboring, sweating Universe may bring forth, this seems to be the direction it has taken, the goal that it has set before itself.

Is it not odd that men should continue to interpret love in terms of the atom and the cell, of chemistry and physics, when the whole significance of all the doings of matter and energy comes from our human consciousness?

But shall they that suffer pain to-day, that have once lived in the Eden of love, shall these enter into the light of the day that is to dawn?

EPILOGUE

THE traveler sighed, lost in perplexity; and the Spirit of Life said, 'Come, let us walk in the courts of the House of Sorrow.' So they walked through the courts, and the newcomer beheld in the House a great multitude of windows, most of which were dark, as if there was no light within, or, as if the curtains were drawn and the shutters closed. But other windows shot forth rays of light, some faint and feeble, some stronger, while others poured forth a flood of brightness.

'Why are some of the windows so bright?' inquired the newcomer; and the Spirit of Life answered, 'Those are the windows of the light-bearers; their inmates burn lights, some more, some less.'

'With what do they feed their lights?' asked the newcomer.

'A few shine of their own nature,' answered the Spirit, 'as if they drew upon an inexhaustible source within; but most of them burn the oil of hope.'

'If they have no hope, what then?' asked the newcomer.

'Then,' said the Spirit, 'they must make their light from pain. There is an old saying, "He that doth not burn, shall not give forth light." The past lightened you with its brightness; but by your own shining you must lighten the present and the future. Hope gives the readier light; but even if hope fail, none need leave their windows dark, for where you have pain at your disposal, unlimited pain, it should not require great spiritual ingenuity to use that pain for fuel.'

The newcomer bowed his head, and the Spirit of Life led him to his appointed room within the house.

OUR 'CLASSICAL RECOLLECTIONS'

BY ANNIE KIMBALL TUELL

I

'ALL things beautiful pass away to Persephone,' wrote the mourning Greek, and I fancy he believed the burden of his song. But there is a native human trust in the immortality of whatever concerns ourselves, despite the acknowledged mutability of phenomena at large. So it may never have entered the poet's mind that the liquid music of his elegy, the fair Hellenic speech itself, might pass with body's beauty and pillar's pride and the per-

ishable loveliness of vase and amphora to the pale guardianship of 'Our Lady of Shadows.' But the Greek tongue is well-nigh silent now in our schools, and the richest of dead languages has lapsed from its immortality and ceased commonly to 'live on the lips.'

Active protest grew faint long ago. It is long since Panurge, unable to find a language familiar to his valet, tried Greek at last and was understood. It is long since Milton, declaring 'heart-easing mirth' to be called in heaven Euphrosyne, registered his belief in the

likely theory that Greek is the natural language of the celestial regions. It is almost as long since in the Battle of Books the Ancients made their easy conquest over the pert and upstarting Moderns. Indeed that protracted literary strife between the Ancients and the Moderns, once so comfortably balanced and apparently interminable, is fallen almost out of mind. The Ancients of to-day, should they have the effrontery to form a phalanx, would not venture into battle at all. They would simply stand in line, trusting to one of the 'blind hopes' of Prometheus, the assurance that they have been proved very hard to kill. And whosoever would defend their cause must no longer speak in the manner of those who expect to be heard.

The classical scholar has ceased to contend for precedence in college curricula and has accepted without rancor his partial eclipse. I daresay he remembers in his heart the good time — still to quote Rabelais — when the ancient languages were once 'to their pristine purity restored,' and above all Greek, 'without which one might be ashamed to count himself a scholar.' But the classical scholar of to-day, if he has not studied the humanities in vain, has not failed to learn from them liberality of view and tolerance for new orders for efficiency. He applauds the growing vogue of modern tongues, welcome promise that the American people shall yet be raised from its linguistic illiteracy; for he knows the discipline and potential liberty to be gained from the study of language. He is the brother and promoter of historical learning; for his life, dedicated to the vitality of the past, has known the reviving vigor to be reached through that permanent contact. He comprehends the popular avidity for modern literatures; for he is the disciple of a literature which has left, even to those who know it not, an eter-

nal legacy of strength and beauty and shapeliness. He respects the young man's alertness in the quest of new philosophies; for he guards the plentiful fountains of philosophy, and knows better than we the energy and intellectual humility which may derive from that search. Man of the present as of the past, he understands the recent leap of economics to the front both in education and in publication; for he met Demos long ago in the pages of Aristophanes, and knows that he is to be reckoned with. No, the true classical scholar is slow to oppose a progressive shift of college emphasis.

Perhaps he feels that the real check on Greek is less the eager modernity of the academic environment than the utilitarian pressure closing always more heavily on the secondary schools. If Greek is to have any intimate share in education, the initial steps in its study must be taken early. Though we are always told that Cato learned Greek at eighty, no one has yet explained the use he made of it. But a far-away voice speaking for Greek can hardly make itself heard in the current clamor that the public money be spent not for the refinements of the negligible few, but for firmer courses of industrial preparation, which shall help the workaday pupil to earn his bread with, or better, without, the sweat of his brow. Here too the conservative respects the force by which he is dispossessed. The demand that education shall serve the common need seems to him a natural impulse of elementary justice, fortunate, inevitable, requiring only a provident and discreet guidance. He knows the common need better than the dictator of the present, the practical man, appreciates the more elusive values of the humanities.

To Demos, under the pressure of his hungry generations, the scholar often seems the devotee of an obsolete

archaism and of effete cultivations, repository of sterile, old-world impracticalities, with whom there can be no productive issue. Discussion has grown with time more urbane on all subjects. Diomed no longer hurls his ashen spear into the side of Deiphobus. But the classical scholar, wrestling for a foothold in the secondary school, is likely to hear under some courteous disguise the time-honored charge, apt for the settlement of all radical differences, 'Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced.' To this unsatisfactory but irrefutable argument there is never a ready answer. The pleader for Greek must prove his fitness more humanly than by a revised dialectic.

There is now and then a promising bit of inconsistency in our school system, for whatever is Greek save the language is still preserved with solicitude. The boy is driven to learn the history of Athens and Sparta, although our courses curtail the history curriculum more and more in many an otherwise strong school. Our colleges admit — let us be frank — throngs of intelligent pupils who do not know the difference between a Saxon and a Norman and have heard but the name of *Magna Charta*. But the high-school graduate is familiar with the tale of Leonidas and has probably less difficulty than Darius the King to 'remember the Athenians.'

Greek art too is placed in the boy's way, with the hope that he may chance to notice it. As he proceeds along the corridor in these days of ardent school decoration, he goes between a double row of masterpieces which the world has still no mind to lose. High under the cornice the Parthenon horses prance in a procession of hoofless glory. In the distance looms up an armless Venus. Above the window headless Niké forever tries in vain to unfasten her sandal. Sometimes the boy notes the maimed

deities as he passes; but frankly I suppose he would prefer statues of a race less august but with all their members intact. These things appear acceptable to the educated, but for the most part, in his opinion, they are 'antiquities which nobody can know.' Yet we insist that he shall know them.

And in the grown-up world of culture the pulse of Hellenic blood still beats high. Here too the zest persists for all things Greek except the language. The lecture halls of notable classic scholars are thronged as promptly as ever. Archæology, once fearfully regarded by the vulgar as a science of dry bones for the strictly academic, makes yearly a more engaging appeal to common man. Of books of travel in Greece there is no end, for the ever-pressing vanguard of the tourist hordes, finding stale its historic stamping-ground of western Europe, long since advanced its frontier and is pushing in always larger numbers eastward into the far Ægean seas.

Yes, the next generation will look more familiarly, if more profanely, than ourselves on the ruined temples which stand for our reverence under the old Greek sky. They will step more boldly across the threshold of the gods, loiter at their ease in the pillared porticoes, and wander at will among the desecrated shrines. They too will love the yellowed softness of the weathered fanes standing in the curve of many a round shore or rising in golden hill-top light against the live blue of the southern sky. These are beautiful things which have not yet passed away to Persephone. They will find at Athens or at Paestum or at Girgenti a present loveliness and a fair symbolism of departed days. But one joy they will lack, though they praise the gods with sincerity and venerate duly the classic shrines. They will not have what Macaulay, supposing that he referred to

a universal and enduring experience, called 'our dear classical recollections.' Our children will not have heard in old school days Zeus and Athena speaking their own tongue in the clear temple of Hellenic story, — a temple big enough to celebrate 'heaven and ocean and air and the imperishable race of [all the blessed gods.]'

II

Dear classical recollections — already the phrase has a quaint ring! But we who have them still bear witness that they are precious, and we think that our witness is true. At least our testimony is not invalid through the prejudice of our erudition; for we who now dare wish the survival of our heritage for the coming generations are not the classical scholars.

We are the neglectful who have passed for the most part to other affairs, and, to speak honestly, we have forgotten that Greek 'which we so much do vaunt but nowhere show.' The grimy old books were long ago relegated to the bottom shelf, and above them has arisen tier on tier the library of our subsequent fast-slipping interests. Anacreon long since made place for Herrick, Lucian for Cyrano de Bergerac, Euripides for Ibsen. Fair-armed Nausicaa has faded before the vision of Beatrice, and Cuchulain one day cut the ground from under Achilles by a single stroke. The little red dictionary in the corner is dusted no oftener than the obduracies of housekeeping demand; Æschylus, crowned not only on earth but in Hades, is growing as Greek to us as the conversation of Cicero sounded to Casca; even the pet anthology, once lightly familiar, 'though much worn, is therein little read.'

The Iliad still opens to the Trojan walls where heaven-born Helen passes like to one of the immortal goddesses

among the aged men, or to the grim contest where the soul of Hector, defender of Trojans, is driven from the body, lamenting its bloom and its youth. But the pictures flash no longer from the words, only gleam out dimly at the sound suggestion of the noble verse. Without the little red dictionary we could hardly construe a line of Homer or chat with dear old Herodotus on the insufferable presumption of the Persians. If we would render a chorus of the 'Agamemnon,' we must invent the metre for ourselves, and our interpretation of Pindar must be, like Pindar himself to Cowley, 'a vast species alone.'

And yet in a most unscholarly fashion the Hellenic world has remained, even for us, a memory clean and potent of great old things cool and fresh, of clear simplicities and single passions, of living grace and abundant life. We stood long ago as suppliants to the blessed gods, the Lord of the Silver Bow, and Dictynna of the Mountains, and that god 'wonderful by night, leader in the dance of the fire-breathing stars,' and to 'Earth the mother of all.' We have been at the service of Bacchus, in no operatic orgy, but with Euripides in the midnight wood, while the crackle of satyr and mænad sounded nigh in the thicket, and we heard the very cry of joy when the ruddy god, the son of Semele, was born. We have rested in an authentic Arcadia, no fancy land of coral clasps and amber studs, not in court guise or ribboned masquerade or wailing a mournful threnody in the funeral train of some northern Thyrsis or Lycidas. But in a sunny Arcadia of the living we have seen the fattening of the two-year kid, have drunk pure milk from a basin round and shapely, have heard the pipes under a Sicilian sun, and watched below the shifting trace of level wind on a blue Sicilian sea. We have been in Cloud-Cuckoo-

Land and heard in the lilt of perfect anapests the primal twittering of birds on creation day, and believed for truth the word of the old poet that 'the Graces, seeking for a support to which they might cling and not fall, found the soul of Aristophanes.' And I, for one, have waited in the Vatican before the Far-Darter, careless that it is no longer permissible to adore Apollo Belvidere, and have addressed to him as a reasonable service the right invocation in his own language.

Our children will not quote Greek, but they can have their fill of translation. Indeed the ubiquity of cheap English versions is a satisfactorily commercial proof that the compulsion of the Greek spirit remains with us. But for all cosmopolitan tongues save the Greek it is an accepted platitude that poetry which has suffered a transmigration of language is quenched of its flavor like wine which has crossed the sea. Never are we asked to test the noble Prologue of *Faust*, unless we are strong enough to hear the morning stars and all the works of nature singing together in stout German. We do not presume to seek the ineffable vision of Dante without the support of the 'fine style which does him honor.' Nor can we touch the secrets of our own poets without the interpretation of their native melodies.

Chaucer, spirit of intimate cheer, we may not know without the full-voweled richness of his easy music; nor Milton, the 'mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies,' without his harmony; nor can we travel the high-rambling ways of the *Faerie Queene*, if we have not leisure for Spenser's majestic pace. How, then, is the gold become dimmed, how is the most pure gold changed, if we seek to enter too cheaply the thesaurus of classic riches, to understand the priceless values of the Greek inspiration, ignorant of the language which has given to

our own the sacred words 'poet' and 'melody,' and has taught us that 'enthusiasm' is divine, for 'a god is in it.' Ours is but lip-service to that god, if we allow to dwindle into far-off spaces the true sound of Prometheus's immense invocation, or lose the veritable echo of the great 'song which saved at Salamis.'

There will not be another revival of Greek learning so confiding as the old, when 'the ancient tongues were to their pristine purity restored.' Never again will the Greek letters carry so venerable a meaning as in the early Renaissance days when, their significance guessed only by a few, they seemed occult and fraught with marvel, potential of hoarded life and unsuspected grace, master-words yet to be spelled, able perchance to call to flesh again the grand and careless divinities of the elder days. Nor can Greek be to us, or to our children, the entrance-talisman to a brave new world of indisputable thought, unexplored country of unquestioned wisdom and reliable truth, abundant for the instruction of the nations. Centuries of scholars have explored that country, and the instruction of the nations is by no means complete. Besides, our generation hears of its unexplored countries from the complex challenge of the present, finds for its curiosity and intellectual devotion a richness of perplexity and unmeasured compass of inquiry not imaginable to the Greeks. The wholesale absorption of our master minds in the minutiae of classic scholarship, already finely chopped through the ages, is rightly and luckily unthinkable.

But to preserve within easy reach the mother tongue of our culture inheritance is but to safeguard an essential element of our present. We have learned in larger matters to distrust new orders which displace the past in wholesale rejection of experience; for in more

ways than one the world is proved 'wise, being very old.' We must, to be sure, plead for our conservatism with qualified insistence. We must not press our claims too loudly, or champion our cause with disproportionate affection. We shall not impose the humanities upon the unwilling and the unready. If the growing generation asks the means of bread, we shall not cry out upon 'blind mouths' and ordain a forcible feeding of Greek. But to urge that Greek be restored to reasonable accessibility is not to make a sentimental claim upon the public purse. After all, we do not champion our classical recollections in stiff attachment to the clustered associations of school-days, nor in too rigid a loyalty to the wholesome classic training. But with opposition our regret has turned to full persuasion that a distinct proportion of Greek must be guaranteed to popular education, if we are to insure the continued efficiency of English literary scholarship or save a necessary standard for the full enlightenment and discipline of the English literary genius.

In America at least there is needed some modest revival of Greek learning, without which in more illiterate times a man 'might be ashamed to count himself a scholar.'

III

To call one's self a scholar requires to-day perhaps more than ever the gift of tongues; for this is the generation of those who seek 'comparative literature,' no longer kept a mystery for the inner circle of the initiate, but offered freely by open invitation. The critical school of judicial and oracular pronouncement is in its grave; luckily it cannot come out of it. Even the cult of the personal 'appreciation,' though we may trust its permanency, can no longer shut itself in the private cham-

bers of its imagery to spin its web. Our more immediate zeal is to seek out the hidden sources of literary impulse, to trace through the ages the continuous action and reaction of one country upon another, anxious in a cordial spirit of cousinship to claim all our international relations. This zest for the community of literary material has been good for us. It has served to freshen with a new significance the old habit of specialized investigation, to clear the overgrown channels of research, to subdue the chaos of historical variety to a system of intersecting lines, to reveal below the swirl of local detail a simplicity of advance. It has humanized us besides to transcend even a little our provincialism, to find a home-felt pleasure at each new proof of the universal kinship.

But in our new ardor for a cosmopolitan scope of study we may need to guard more carefully against the large danger of the little learning. In our modern world thus frankly addicted to 'genealogical criticism' we must know the languages of the genealogy. The popularization of comparative literature can easily enfeeble the grip and slacken the judgment if it is undertaken without the necessary rigors, in sluggish acceptance of pre-digested manna. Without the languages to serve our individual turn, we cannot know in miniature the experience of the pioneer scholar, or take honest satisfaction in the discovery of 'a poor thing' but our own. And as we cannot with any perspicacity compare literatures seen darkly through the glass of translation, so we cannot compare their genealogies in ignorance of their beginnings, if anything has a beginning. We cannot return in seriousness to these beginnings and forget that, if Latin has contributed more of its body to the modern tongues, Greek has given a finer service of its spirit.

And the English genius, unconfined and fancy-free as it has liked at times to think itself, still needs, we may suppose, for its perpetual correction the ripe understanding of classic restraint. Ours is the tradition of liberty in artistic method, of vigorous exuberances and inspired variations. And surely we have indulged our native willfulness not blindly but in sound instinct. The independence of the English nature has been its condition of fertile and healthy production; the rich field of English letters would have yielded a less generous growth if it had not often outsprouted attempts at artificial clipping. But our unfettered energies may easily become 'outrageosities' if we fail to keep for reference the canons of Hellenic classicism. And perhaps we shall indulge our vagaries less unflinchingly, if the classic ideal does not remain a steadfast witness to the eternal rectitude of structure, absolute and immutable behind all the lively shifts of experimentalism.

Ours, we are told besides, is the literature of the personal and the particular. Ever since Chaucer went on pilgrimage to Canterbury, it has continued to marshal sundry folks each different in soul and feature from every other. 'Here she was wont to go, and here, and here,' sang the English shepherd; and whoso follows the footsteps of the English muse follows a path lined with special trees and bordered by the local wayside flower. And our zest for the significant detail has served its function in the development of the world's letters. Literary evolution, at least, if it is to be 'careful of the type,' can never be 'careless of the single life.' But we shall create our individuals and our singularities with less conviction, if the touchstone of the catholic and the universal is not kept in the singleness of Greek genius.

For a century and more we have

often been, like the rest of the world, voluble and inclined to confidence. Modern personality, zealous to search its inmost recesses, has not scrupled to handle the intimacies with familiarity and to give up its secret sins and revered privacies. And as we face the broader human interests, we do not grow less talkative; rather we become more eager to express the utmost of the personal thought and experience for the enrichment of the common destiny. Upon us presses the demand for the broader personality; around us throng the claims of the universal problems, asking practical and theoretical solution. Here too the responsibility which so easily besets us is, we hope, obedient to a normal right. Long ago in the old romance, Sir Percival, perversely silent before the procession of the Grail mysteries, taught the lesson that man's lasting duty in the presence of perplexing mysteries is to question their meaning. The modern world cannot ask its multifarious questions in silence. It must continue the ever-deepening murmur of query and tentative reply. We shall wait long before reticence will become for us a dominant literary note. Perhaps it may never rightly become so. But in tired hours we shall still do wisely now and then, if we return for a little to the dignified Greek world of noble withdrawal and controlled stress, strong with the power of abundant reserve.

And perhaps as we pass further from the repose of the classic spirit, we may but need it the more. Perhaps the poetry of the next generation, if it reaches out with more assurance in significant choice of the democratic and common subject; if, groping still toward the expression of the common need, it rejects with more resolution the poetic diction even of the present day for the dialect of the ignorant and the vulgar, may require more than ever the reminder that

sympathy of heart takes no necessary issue with serenity and dignity of tone. Certainly we shall need all the classical reminders we can get in many-blooded America, which claims as its privilege to-day in its taste for literary form, — as it claimed of old for its tenets political and religious, — 'the dissidence of dissent.'

IV

Perhaps our hope is not 'blind.' If Greek is to remain an everlasting sign of high consistencies and fine reserves, we must turn with a more loyal and comprehending trust to the public high school, the guardian of our coming culture. If we respect patiently and faithfully enough its generous ideal and far discernment, it may yet restore to the children who come after us the chance for 'dear classical recollections.' For the public high school, though tormented by a multitude of conflicting necessities, hampered by the intrusion of contradictory criticism, bewildered in its responsibility like the conscientious man in the fable, possessed of both a boy and a donkey, yet exists only to meet the composite need of the whole people, if anybody could have the astuteness to apprehend the nature of that need.

We must temperately bide our time till a more generous subsidy of public education shall be commonly recognized as the best patriotic investment. We must wait till the captivity of the secondary school-teacher is turned by a sufficiency of competent help to free and adequate service. We must not lay Greek as a last straw upon her devoted back, already weighted with a load which would tax miraculous virtue. We must wait in patience besides till, at whatever lavishness of experimental waste, we have met with a more practical intelligence the necessity of the

laboring world for efficient vocational preparation. Daily are we surer that if man cannot live by bread alone, he is not likely to live without it in any way creditable to civilization.

But already in our well-intentioned doubling of courses and differentiation of systems we may be in danger of cutting the class chasm too wide. The boy, even of the industrial school, has the right to know that the things of culture exist, that they are excellent and are unforbidden. *Life* long ago published a capital cartoon. On the pictured bottom of the sea lay an open chest stored with gold enough to stock several Treasure Islands. Near by lingered two shrewd young fishes. 'Come along,' said one. 'You won't find any worms there.' And the gold lay, we suppose, untouched, thereafter to be unregarded. It is not the least privilege of the high school to teach broadcast the gospel that there are other things than worms, to proclaim and reveal the preciousness of the world's fine gold, and to keep open the approach to all treasures of learning for those whose happier lot or more aspiring energy allows the longer search in college years.

The common cause of service for college and secondary school will appear in truer proportion when their veiled belligerency ceases for good. Perhaps the college must learn first and most. Condescension once discarded, it will comprehend better the baffling problem of the secondary system, with its double function: to perform reliably its trust toward the chosen people destined for academic enlightenment, and still to honor first its great mission to the Gentiles of the less fortunate public. It may relieve tension by a timely decision, — no vague broadening in the scope of requirements, but rather a united emphasis upon intensive precision, — that would be at once the strongest sup-

port to the secondary school and its own surest safeguard of adequate preparation.

In turn the secondary school may with grateful good-fellowship reach in less anxious times a more liberal interpretation of its calling. It may serve with a gladder response the interest of higher education, freed from the check of a too rigidly enforced economy, unchafed by the irritation of inconsiderate censure, able at last to indulge a little that heartening devotion to pure scholarship without which secondary education becomes the sorriest of modern sights. If the full culture of our nation demand the maintenance of an unpopular subject wanted by few seekers, even if that subject be Greek, the high school will maintain it. It will at some cost, at some sacrifice of utilitarian frugality, secure to the college this part of its complete faculty, wise to know that even in education the best economy is sometimes to choose an ultimate or even an unseen value. Yet again perhaps shall Greek live on the lips.

And indeed, if we are wrong, if the stimulus of Greek is to be eliminated

from the common suggestion of heart and thought, the neglect will be due in part to its past sufficiency, — so intrinsically has it modified the direction of our growth. For of other gods than Brahma it might rightly be written, 'When me they fly, I am the wings.' If we can do without Greek, we can only think that its services have been 'so splendid that they are no longer necessary.'

But that we shall long forego direct contact with this essential gift from the world's great past, the mind which has faith in the steadiness of our racial progress cannot believe. Still must the modern world give tribute of earth and water to the old. 'The ancient melodies have ceased,' and the 'fair nine' are become wanderers on the earth. But though attempts have been made to supersede them, though a Heavenly Muse has even sat upon Mount Sinai, though we may live to see the cult of muses most unclassical, when new ways prove hard and new fountains dry, we shall return gladly and not in vain to the old invocation: —

Hereth, that on Parnasso dwelle,
By Elicon, the clere welle!

THE ROAD TO DIEPPE

BY JOHN FINLEY

[Concerning the experiences of a journey on foot through the night of August 4, 1914 (the night after the formal declaration of war between England and Germany), from a town near Amiens, in France, to Dieppe, a distance of somewhat more than forty miles.]

BEFORE I knew, the Dawn was on the road,
Close at my side, so silently he came
Nor gave a sign of salutation, save
To touch with light my sleeve and make the way
Appear as if a shining countenance
Had looked on it. Strange was this radiant Youth,
As I, to these fair, fertile parts of France,
Where Cæsar with his legions once had passed,
And where the Kaiser's Uhlans yet would pass
Or e'er another moon should cope with clouds
For mastery of these same fields. — To-night
(And but a month has gone since I walked there)
Well might the Kaiser write, as Cæsar wrote,
In his new Commentaries on a Gallic war,
'*Fortissimi Belgæ.*' — A moon ago!
Who would have then divined that dead would lie
Like swaths of grain beneath the harvest moon
Upon these lands the ancient Belgæ held,
From Normandy beyond renowned Liège! —

But it was out of that dread August night
From which all Europe woke to war, that we,
This beautiful Dawn-Youth, and I, had come,
He from afar. Beyond grim Petrograd
He'd waked the moujik from his peaceful dreams,
Bid the muezzin call to morning prayer

THE ROAD TO DIEPPE

Where minarets rise o'er the Golden Horn,
 And driven shadows from the Prussian march
 To lie beneath the lindens of the *stadt*.
 Softly he'd stirred the bells to ring at Rheims,
 He'd knocked at high Montmartre, hardly asleep,
 Heard the sweet carillon of doomed Louvain,
 Boylike, had tarried for a moment's play
 Amid the traceries of Amiens,
 And then was hast'ning on the road to Dieppe,
 When he o'ertook me drowsy from the hours
 Through which I'd walked, with no companions else
 Than ghostly kilometer posts that stood
 As sentinels of space along the way. —
 Often, in doubt, I'd paused to question one,
 With nervous hands, as they who read Moon-type;
 And more than once I'd caught a moment's sleep
 Beside the highway, in the dripping grass,
 While one of these white sentinels stood guard,
 Knowing me for a friend, who loves the road,
 And best of all by night, when wheels do sleep
 And stars alone do walk abroad. — But once
 Three watchful shadows, deeper than the dark,
 Laid hands on me and searched me for the marks
 Of traitor or of spy, only to find
 Over my heart the badge of loyalty. —
 With wish for *bon voyage* they gave me o'er
 To the white guards who led me on again.

Thus Dawn o'ertook me and with magic speech
 Made me forget the night as we strode on.
 Where'er he looked a miracle was wrought:
 A tree grew from the darkness at a glance;
 A hut was thatched; a new château was reared
 Of stone, as weathered as the church at Caen;
 Gray blooms were colored suddenly in red;
 A flag was flung across the eastern sky. —

Nearer at hand, he made me then aware
Of peasant women bending in the fields,
Cradling and gleaning by the first scant light,
Their sons and husbands somewhere o'er the edge
Of these green-golden fields which they had sowed,
But will not reap, — out somewhere on the march,
God but knows where and if they come again.
One fallow field he pointed out to me
Where but the day before a peasant ploughed,
Dreaming of next year's fruit, and there his plough
Stood now mid-field, his horses commandeered,
A monstrous sable crow perched on the beam.

Before I knew, the Dawn was on the road,
Far from my side, so silently he went,
Catching his golden helmet as he ran,
And hast'ning on along the dun straight way,
Where old mens' sabots now began to clack
And withered women, knitting, led their cows,
On, on to call the men of Kitchener
Down to their coasts, — I shouting after him:
'O Dawn, would you had let the world sleep on
Till all its armament were turned to rust,
Nor waked it to this day of hideous hate,
Of man's red murder and of woman's woe!'

Famished and lame, I came at last to Dieppe,
But Dawn had made his way across the sea,
And, as I climbed with heavy feet the cliff,
Was even then upon the sky-built towers
Of that great capital where nations all,
Teuton, Italian, Gallic, English, Slav,
Forget long hates in one consummate faith.

SETH MILES AND THE SACRED FIRE

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

'RICHARD,' said my dad about a week after Commencement, 'life is real. You have had your education and your keep, and you're a pleasant enough lad around the house. But the time has come to see what's in you, and I want you to begin to show it right away. If you go to the coast with the family, it will mean three months fooling around with the yacht and the cars and a bunch of pretty girls. There's nothing in that for you any longer.'

Of course, this rubbed me the wrong way.

'Now you've got your degree, it's time we started something else. You say you want to be a scholar — I suppose that means a college professor. Of course scholarship does n't pay, but if I leave you a few good bonds, probably you can clip the coupons while you last. I don't insist that you make money, but I do insist that you work. My son must be able to lick his weight in wild-cats, whatever job he's on. Do you get me?'

I looked out of the window and nodded, somewhat haughtily. Of course I could n't explain to dad the mixture of feelings that led me to choose scholarship. For, while I am keen on philology, and really do love the classics so that my spirit seems to swim, if you know what I mean, in the atmosphere that upheld Horace and the wise Cicero of *De Senectute*, I also thought there was money enough in the family already. Was n't it a good thing for the Bonniwells to pay tribute to the humanities in my person? Did n't we,

somehow, owe it to the world to put back in culture part of what we took out in cash? But how could I get that across to dad?

He looked at me as if he, too, were trying to utter something difficult.

'There are passions of the head as well as of the heart,' he said finally. I opened my eyes, for he did n't often talk in such fashion. 'The old Greeks knew that. I always supposed a scholar, a teacher, had to feel that way if he was any good, — that it was the mark of his calling. Perhaps you've been called, but, if so, you keep it pretty dark.'

He stopped and waited for an appropriate response, but I just could n't get it out. So I remarked, 'If I'm not on the boat this summer, you'll need another man when you cruise.'

'That's my affair,' said he, looking disappointed. 'Yours will be to hold down your job. I've got one ready for you. If you don't like it, you can get another. We'll see about a Ph.D. and Germany later on. But for this season, I had influence enough to get you the summer school in the Jericho district beyond Garibaldi, and you can board with Seth Miles.'

When I was a child, before we moved to Chicago, we lived in Oatesville, at the back of beyond. Garibaldi is an Indiana cross-roads about five miles further on the road to nowhere.

'O dad!' I said, but I put everything I thought into those two words.

He instantly began to look as much like the heavy father on the stage as

is possible to a spare man with a Roman nose. So I shrugged my shoulders.

'Oh, very well!' I said. 'If you find me a fossil in the fall, pick out a comfortable museum to lend me to, won't you?'

'Richard,' said my dad, 'God only knows how a boy should be dealt with. I don't. If I could only tell you the things I know so you would believe them, I'd set a match to half my fortune this minute. I want you to *touch life* somewhere, but I don't know how to work it in. I'm doing this in sheer desperation.'

I could see he meant it, too, for his eyes were shiny and the little drops came out on his forehead.

'I don't happen to know anybody fitter than old Miles to inspire a scholar and a gentleman. So, if the summer does n't do you any good, it can't do you any harm. I shall label your season's work *Richard Bonniwell, Jr. on His Own Hook. Exhibit A*. — Don't forget that. Your mother and I may seem to be in Maine, but I guess in our minds we'll be down at Jericho school-house looking on, most of the time.'

You'd think a man might buck up in response to that, would n't you? But I did n't particularly. It made me feel superior toward dad because he did n't know any better than to arrange such a summer, thinking it would teach me anything. I suspected this indulgent attitude of mine might break down later, and it did.

It was a blazing hot summer for one thing. One of those occasional summers of the Middle West when the cattle pant in the fields and the blades of corn get limp on their stalks.

Mr. Miles, who was a benign bachelor, lived in a brick farmhouse with one long wing, and a furnace of which he was very proud. He put up his own ice, too, which was more to the point in July. His widowed sister kept house for

him, and, if the meat was usually tough, the cream and vegetables were beyond praise. He owned the store at Garibaldi as well as this large farm, so he was a man of means, and important in his own sphere. To look at, he was rather wonderful. I don't know how to describe him. He had keen, kind blue eyes; wavy, white hair; strong, regular features. There was a kind of graciousness and distinction about him that did n't fit his speech and dress. It was as if you always saw the man he might be in the shadow of the man he was. Put him into evening clothes and take away his vernacular, and he'd be one of the loveliest old patriarchs you ever met.

The school-house was brick, too, set back from the road in a field of hard-trodden clay, decorated with moth-eaten patches of grass. For further adornment, there was a row of box-alders out in front. As a temple of learning, it fell short. As its ministrant, I did the same.

There were forty scholars: squirmy, grimy little things that I found it hard to tell apart at first. I knew this was n't the right attitude, but how could I help it? I had never tried to teach anybody anything before in my life. The bigger girls blushed and giggled; the little boys made faces and stuck out their tongues. As it was a summer session, there were no big boys to speak of.

To go in for scholarship does n't at all imply the teacher's gift or the desire for it. At Oxford, you know, they are a bit sniffy about the lecturers who arouse enthusiasm. Such are suspected of being 'popular' and that, really, is quite awful. Some of our men have a similar notion, and, no doubt, it colored my views. Yet, deep down, I knew that if I was a teacher, it was up to me to teach. I really did try, but it takes time to get the hang of anything.

I was homesick, too. Mildred and Millicent, my kid sisters, are great fun, and the house is full of young people all summer long at home. When I shut my eyes I could see the blue, sparkling waters of the inlet, and the rocking of our float with its line of gay canoes.

How can I describe the rising tide of sick disgust at my surroundings that began to flood my spirit? Now that it's all in the past, I'd like to think it was purely my liver, — I did n't get enough exercise, really I did n't, for it was too hot to walk much, — but perhaps part of it was just bad temper.

You see — it takes a good deal of a fellow to stand such a complete transplanting. I hated the paper shades in my bedroom, tied up with a cord, and the Nottingham curtains, and the springs that sank in the middle. I hated the respectable Brussels carpet in the best room, and the red rocking-chairs on the porch. I hated the hot, sleepless nights and the blazing, drowsy days.

Oh, I tell you, I had a glorious grouch!

I did n't exactly hate the squirming children, for some of them began to show signs of almost human intelligence after they got used to me, and that did win me; but I hated that little school-room where the flies buzzed loudly all day long on the streaky panes. With a deadly hatred I hated it.

I got to feeling very badly treated. What did my father suppose such commonplace discomforts were going to do for *me*? What part had a summer like this in the life and work that were to be mine? I lost that comfortable little feeling of advantage over life. I mislaid my consciousness of the silver spoon. In about three weeks it seemed as if I'd always taught summer-school at Jericho, and might have to keep on.

Oh, well! — I was hot and sore. Everybody has been hot and sore some time or other, I suppose. The minute

description can be omitted. But I don't know whether everybody with a grievance gets so badly twisted up in it as I do.

These emotions reached their climax one muggy, sultry July day as I plodded, moist and unhappy, back from the school-house. I wiped my forehead, gritted my teeth, and vowed I would not stand the whole situation another twenty-four hours. I'd resign my position, wire dad, and take a train for somewhere out West in the mountains. If I had to make good on my own hook in three months, I'd at least do it in a cool place, at work of my selecting. The challenged party ought to have the choice of weapons.

My room was intolerably stuffy, so I came downstairs reluctantly and sat on the front steps. There was a wide outlook, for the house stood on a ridge of land that broke the flat prairie like a great welt. Old Miles was there, watching a heavy cloud-bank off in the southwest. Those clouds had been fooling around every evening for a week, but nothing ever came of it. The longer the drought, the harder it is to break.

I made some caustic remark about the weather as I sat down. Probably I looked cross enough to bite the poker.

Miles looked at me and then looked away quickly, as if it really was n't decent to be observing a fellow in such a rage. I knew the look, for I've felt that way myself about other men.

'Yes, bad weather,' he said. 'When it gets too hot and dry for corn, it's too hot and dry for folks. And then — it always rains. It'll rain to-night. You wait and see.'

I mumbled something disparaging to the universe.

'Richard!' said Mr. Miles suddenly and strongly, 'I know what ails you. It ain't the weather, it's your teaching. You're discouraged because you can't make 'em sense things. But it ain't

time yet for you to get discouraged. I hate to see it, for it ain't necessary.'

This made me feel a little ashamed of myself.

'Did you ever teach, Mr. Miles?' I asked, for the sake of seeming civil.

'Yes, I did. So I know there's a secret to teachin' you prob'ly ain't got yet. I dunno as I could help you to it. It ain't likely. An' yet —'

Unlikely indeed! I thought. Aloud, I said politely, 'I'd be glad to hear your views.'

'I know what you feel!' he said with extraordinary energy. 'My Lord! Don't I know what you feel? You want to make 'em sense things as you sense 'em. You want to make 'em work as you can work. You won't be satisfied until you've given 'em the thirst to know and the means of knowing. Yes, I know what you feel!'

I stared at him, dumbfounded. I knew what I felt, too, but it was n't much like this.

'There are pictures in your brain that you must show 'em. There's a universe to cram inside their heads. God has been workin' for a billion years at doing things — and just one little life to learn about 'em in! To feel you're on his trail, a-following fast, and got to pass the feeling on — I guess there's no wine on earth so heady, is there, boy?'

I could n't pretend I did n't understand him. I have had it too — that wonderful sensation we pack away into two dry words and label 'intellectual stimulus.' But it had n't come to me that I could, or should, pass it on. I thought it was an emotion designed for my private encouragement and delight. And what was old Seth Miles doing with intellectual stimulus? I would as soon expect to unearth a case of champagne in his cellar. But, however he got it, undeniably it was the real thing.

A dozen questions rushed to my tongue, but I held them back, for he was looking me up and down with a wistful tenderness that seemed to prelude further revelation.

'I'm going to tell you the whole story now,' he said with an effort. 'I promised your father I would. He told me to. And I'd better get it over. Mebbe there's something in it for you — and mebbe not. But here it is: —'

'I've lived right here since I was a little shaver. My father cleared this land on the Ridge, and as I grew up, I helped him. We were a small family for those days. I was the only boy. There was one sister, Sarah, who keeps house for me now — and Cynthy. Cynthy was an orphan my folks took to raise for company to Sarah. My father was her guarddeen and she had two thousand dollars, so it was n't charity, you understand. She was the prettiest child, an' the gentlest, I ever see, with her big brown eyes, her curly bronze hair, an' her friendly little ways. I made it my business to look after Cynthy, the way a bigger boy will, from the time she come to us. Sometimes Sarah, being larger an' self-willed, would pick on her a little — an' then I'd put Sarah in her place mighty sudden. P'raps Cynthy was my romance, for she was a little finer stuff than we were. But I was n't a sentimental boy. Quite the other way. Mostly I was counted a handful. You ain't got anybody in your school as hard to handle as I was when I was a cub.

'When I went to school, I went for the fun of it, and to torment the teacher. I had n't another thought in my head. If I did n't get a lickin' once a week, I thought I was neglected. When I was sixteen, I'd been through Day-boll's Arithmetic, and I could read and spell a little for my own use, but my spelling was n't much good to anybody else. That was all I knew and all

I wanted to know. You see, the little I learned was all plastered on the outside, so to speak. It had n't called to anything inside me then.

'One fall there come a new teacher to our school, a young fellow earnin' money to get through college. He got on the right side of me somehow. I can't tell how he did it, because I don't know. But first he set me studying and then he set me thinking. And I began to work at books *from the inside*. They were n't tasks any more. He made me feel like I had a mind and could use it, just like I knew I had strong muscles and could use them. Seemed's if when I once got started, I could n't stop. I got up mornings to study. I studied nights an' I studied Sundays. There could n't nothing stop me. I thought I'd found the biggest thing on earth when I found out how to make my mind work! Jerusalem! Those were days! I was happy then! Sometimes I wonder what the Lord's got saved up for us in the next world as good as that tasted in this.'

He stopped, threw back his head and drew in a long, ecstatic breath, as though he would taste again the sharp, sweet flavor of that draught.

'I studied like that for nigh two years. Then a new idea struck me. It was one spring day. I remember father and I was ploughing for corn. I said, "Father, if I could get a school, I guess I could teach." He had n't no more idea I could teach than that I could go to Congress, not a bit, but I finally drilled it into him I was in earnest, and that fall he helped me get a school near home.

'I never did any work as hard as that. It was against me that I was so near home and everybody knew I'd never studied until just lately. I could tell you stories from now till bedtime about the times I had with the big boys and girls. But I never let go my main

idea for a minute — that it was n't just so much grammar and 'rithmetic I was tryin' to cram into them, but that I had to show 'em how to sense it all. By and by, one after another found out what I was after. The bright ones took to it like ducks to water. It was just wonderful the work they'd do for me, once they understood.

'A notion took shape in my head. For all I could see, the things to learn were endless. They stretched ahead of me like a sun-path on the water. I thought, "Mebbe I can go on learning all my days. Mebbe I can teach as I learn, so young folks will say of me as I said of my teacher, *He showed me how to sense things for myself*. That notion seemed wonderful good to me! It grew stronger an' stronger. It seemed as if I'd fit into such a life the way a key fits in its lock. And I could n't see no reason why I should n't put it through. So I spoke to father. He did n't say much, but I noticed he did n't seem keen about it. He'd bought the store at the Corners two years before, and it seemed to me it would work out pretty well if he sold the farm and just tended store and had a little house in Garibaldi, as he and mother got along in years. I thought likely Sarah would marry, and anybody might be sure Cynthia would. She an' Sarah had had two years' schooling in Oatesville by this time, and they held themselves a bit high. Cynthia was grown up that pretty and dainty you caught your breath when you looked at her. There's some young girls have that dazzling kind of a look. When you lay eyes on them, it hardly seems as if it could be *true* they looked like that. Cynthia was one of that kind.

'My plans took shape in my mind the second winter I taught. I set my heart on teaching one more year and then going to school somewhere myself. I got the State University cata-

logue and began to plan the studying I did nights so it would help me enter. It was just then that I ran against the proposition of teaching Greek. A boy from York State come out to spend the winter with an uncle whose farm joined ours. He'd lost his father, and I guess his mother did n't know what to do with him. I don't mean Dick was n't a good boy, but likely he was a handful for a woman.

'Living so near, we saw a lot of him. He was always coming in evenings to see the girls, and he pretended to go to school, too. He was sort of uppish in his ways, and I knew he made fun of me and my teaching, all around among the neighbors. What did he do one day but bring me some beginning Greek exercises to look over, with his head in the air as if he was sayin', "Guess I've got you now!" I took his exercises and looked at 'em, awful wise, and said those was all right, that time. Bless you, I did n't know Alphy from Omegy, but I meant to, mighty quick! I walked seven miles an' back that evening to borrow some Greek books of a man I knew had 'em, and sat up till two o'clock, tryin' to get the hang of the alphabet.

'Well, sir! I just pitched into those books an' tore the innards out of 'em, and then I pitched into that fellow. You'd ought to have seen him open his eyes when he found I knew what I was talkin' about! He got tired of his Greek inside of two weeks. But I held him to it. I made him keep right on, and I did the same, and kept ahead of him.

'It interested me awfully, that Greek. I borrowed some more books and got me some translations. I don't say I got so I could read it easy, but I got on to a lot of new ideas. There was one book about a fellow who was strapped to a rock for a thousand years for bringing the fire of the gods to mortals.

Probably you've heard of it. I liked that.'

All this sounded to me a good deal like a fairy-tale the old gentleman was telling. Of course, all education is so much more rigid nowadays that the idea of anybody pitching in, that way, and grabbing the heart out of any form of knowledge was novel to me. Yet I'd read in the biographies of great men that such things had really been done. Only — Mr. Miles was n't a great man. How, then, had he come to accomplish what I understood was essentially an achievement of genius? The thing staggered me.

'*Prometheus Bound*,' said Seth Miles meditatively. 'That's the one. You may think I was conceited, but it seemed to me I knew how that man felt. To make them look up! To kindle the flame! Did n't I know how a man could long to do that? Would n't I, too, risk the anger of the gods if I could fire those children's minds the way my own was fired?

'You see, it's this way, Richard: a feeling is a feeling. There are only just so many of 'em in the world, and if you know what any one of 'em is like, you do. That's all.

'When I spoke to father about my plans again, he looked as if I'd hurt him. A pitiful, caught look came in his eyes, and he said, "Don't let's talk about it now, Seth. I — I reelly ain't up to it to-day."

'There was something in what he said, or the way he said it, that just seemed to hit my heart a smashing blow. I felt like I'd swallowed a pound of shot, and yet I did n't know why. I could n't see anything wrong, nor any reason why my plans was n't for the best, for all of us. But those few words he said, and the way he looked, upset me so that I went off to the barn after school that afternoon and climbed into the hay-mow to find a quiet place to

figure the thing out. I had n't been there long before I heard voices down below, and Cynthy's laugh, and somebody climbing the ladder. It was Cynthy and Dick. Sarah had sent 'em out to hunt more eggs for a cake she was bakin'.

'I didn't think they'd stay long,' and I wanted to be let alone, so I just kept quiet.

'Now I want to say before I go any further that Dick would have been a great deal more no-account than he was if he had n't admired Cynthy, and it was n't any wonder she liked him. Besides what there was to him, there was plenty of little reasons, like the kind of neckties he wore and the way he kept his shoes shined. There was always a kind of style about Dick.

'They rustled round, laughing and talking, till they got the five eggs they was sent for, and then Cynthy made as if she started down the ladder. Dick held her back.

"Not till you've kissed me!" said he.

"I'm ashamed of you," said she.

"I'm proud of myself," said he, "to think I know enough to want it. Why, Cynthy, I ain't never had one, but I'd swear a kiss of yours would be like the flutter of an angel's wing across my lips."

"That's foolishness," said she, but she said it softly, as if she liked foolishness.

'Mebbe you wonder how I remember every little thing they said. It's like it was burnt into my brain with fire. For I no sooner heard 'em foolin' with one another that soft little way than something seemed to wring my heart with such a twist that it stopped beating. — Dick kiss Cynthy? Why — why, Cynthy was mine! She'd always been as close to me as the beat of my own heart. From the minute I first laid eyes on her I'd known it, in

the back of my mind. I'd never put it into words, not even to myself. But that was the way it *was*. So now my soul just staggered. Nobody could kiss Cynthy but me. That was all.

"Foolishness!" said Dick; his voice was sort of thick and blurry, and, of a sudden, I could hear him breathing hard. "Foolishness! I guess it's the only wisdom that there is! — My God! — My God! — *O Cynthy, just one kiss!*"

"Dick! Why, Dick!"

'Her little voice sounded like the birds you sometimes hear in the middle of the night, just that soft, astonished, questioning note.

'I suppose I was across that mow and beside 'em in five seconds, but it seemed to me I took an hour to cross it. I never traveled so long and hard a road, nor one so beset with terror and despair.

'They turned and faced me as I came. Dick's face was red, and in his eyes was agony — no less. Cynthy was very white, her little head held high on her slender neck. Her eyes was brave and clear. Mebbe I was excited, but it seemed to me that she was shinin' from head to foot. You see, to her it was so wonderful.

'We stood there silent for a long minute, lookin' clean into one another's souls. Dick's eyes and mine met and wrestled. I never fought a fight like that. Without a word nor a blow — and yet we were fighting for more than our lives.

'His eyes did n't fall. He did n't look shamefaced. Oh, he too had pluck!

'As my brain cleared of the queer mist, that cry of his seemed to sound pitifully in my ears.

"*O Cynthy, just one kiss!*"

'I don't suppose there's a man on earth that ain't said that from once to fifty times, just as much in earnest as Dick, and just as little thinkin' them

words are the key in the Door — the door that gives on the road runnin' down to Hell or up to Heaven. You've got to move one way or the other if you open that door. It ain't a road to linger on. Love marches.

'That was the way it come to me then. For most men, love marches. — But me. How about me? The love that come to me had been silent and patient. It'd sat in my heart like a bird on its nest. Was I different from other men? Did I ask less, give more? I was just a boy — how was I to know?

'It was Cynthy broke the tension. She was always a bit of a mischief. Suddenly she smiled an' dimpled like the sun comin' out from a cloud. She caught Dick's finger-tips quick an' brushed 'em across her lips.

'Well, Seth!' she says to me, cheerful and confident again.

"Is he your choice, Cynthy?" said I. "Dare you leave us — *all* of us — an' go to him forever?" I asked her, steadying my voice.

'She looked a little hurt and a little puzzled.

"Has it come to that?" she asked me.

"Mebbe it has n't with you," I answered, "but it has with Dick — an' with me, Cynthy."

'She looked at me as if she did n't know what I meant, and then the color rushed up into her face in a glorious flood.

"Not — not you too, Seth?" she cried. "Oh — not you too!"

"Yes, Cynthy, — now and always."

'She looked from me to Dick an' back to me again. In her face I saw she was uncertain.

"Why did n't you tell me before?" she cried out sharply. "Why did n't — *you* — teach me! O Seth, he needs me most!"

'Dick's eyes and mine met and clash-

ed again like steel on steel. But it was mine that fell at last.

'We all went back to the louse together without saying any more.

'It come to me just like this. Dick was tangled in his feelings, and the feelings are the strongest cords that ever bind a boy like him. Cynthy was drawn to him, because to her Dick was a thing of splendor and it was so wonderful he needed her! I need n't tell you what it was tied me. I still had a fighting chance to get her away from him, but was it fair of me to make the fight?

'Every drop of blood in my body said, Yes! Every cell in my brain said, No! For, you see, life had us in a net — but I was the strong one and *I could break the net*.

'I went off and walked by myself. Sundown come, and milking-time, and supper. But I forgot to eat or work. I walked.

'No man can tell you what he thinks and feels in hours like them. There ain't no words for the awful hopes or the black despairs or the gleams that begin like lightning-flashes and grow to something like the breaking dawn. — I could n't get away from it anyhow I turned. It was n't a situation I *dared* leave alone, not with Dick at white-heat and Cynthy so confident of herself and so pitiful. It was n't safe to let things be. I must snatch her from him or give her to him. — It was my turn now to cry out, *O my God!*

'T was long after dark when I come back. My mind was made up. They should have each other. I'd do what I could to make the thing easy. "After all," I told myself, "you ain't completely stripped. Don't think it! You have the other thing. You can carry the torch. You can bring down the flame. Folks will thank you yet for the sacred fire!"

'I laid that thought to my heart like

something cool and comforting. And it helped me to come through.

‘When I got back to the house, it was late and everybody was abed but my father. He was sitting right here where we are, waiting up for me. There was a moon, some past the full, rising yonder. I sat down on the step below him and put it to him straight.

“‘Father,” said I, “Dick’s in love with Cynthy. She’s eighteen an’ he’s twenty. I judge we’d better help ’em marry.”

‘He give a heartbroken kind of groan. “Don’t I know she’s eighteen?” he said. “Ain’t it worryin’ the life right out of me?”

“‘Whatever do you mean?” I asked pretty sharp, for I sensed bad trouble in his very voice.

“‘It’s her two thousand dollars,” he said. “She’s due to have it. If she marries, she’s got to have it right away. And I ain’t got it to give her, that’s all!”

“‘Where is it? What’s become of it?”

“‘I bought the store at the Cross-roads with it, and give her my note. But I had n’t no business to do it that way. And the store ain’t done well, and the farm ain’t done well. The summer’s been so cold and wet, corn ain’t more’n a third of a crop, and I put in mainly corn this year. I can’t sell the store. I dunno’s I can mortgage the farm. I dunno what to do. If you leave home like you talk of, I shall go under. Somebody’s got to take hold an’ help me. I can’t carry my load no longer.”

‘So — there was that! And I had to face it alone.

‘I did n’t despair over the money part of it, like father did. I knew he’d neglected the farm for the store, and the store for the farm. If I’d been with him either place, instead of teaching, things would have gone on all right. I thought Dick could have his choice of

the store or a part of the land to clear up the debt to Cynthy. But, whichever he took, father’d need me to help out. I could see he was beginning to break. And Dick would need me too, till he got broke in to work and earnin’. So — now it was me that life had in the net, and there was no way I could break out.

‘Father went off to bed a good deal happier after I told him I’d stand by. He even chippered up so he said this: “You’re all right, Seth, and teachin’ ’s all right. But I’ve thought it all over and I’ve come to the conclusion that teachin’ and studyin’ ’s like hard cider. It goes to your head and makes you feel good, but after all, there ain’t nothing nourishing about it. I’d like to see you make some money.”

‘I sat on those steps the rest of the night, I guess, while that waning moon climbed up the sky and then dropped down again. ‘Tain’t often a man is called on to fight two such fights in a single day. I ain’t been able to look at a moon past the full since that night.

‘And yet — toward morning there come peace. I saw it this way at last. To help is bigger yet than to teach. If Prometheus could be chained to that rock a thousand years while the vultures tore his vitals just so that men might *know*, could n’t I bear the beaks an’ the claws a little lifetime so that father and Cynthy and Dick might *live*? I thought I could — an’ I have.’

Mr. Miles stopped short. Something-gripped my throat. I shall never see again such a luminous look as I caught on his face when he turned it toward the darkening west. The black clouds had rolled up rapidly while we were talking and, if you’ll believe me, when he had finished, it thundered on the right!

‘Is — is that all?’ I said chokily.

‘Cynthy’s had a happy life,’ he said.

'Dick made good in the store, and he's made good out yonder in the world. Dick has gone very far. And as for me, there's only one thing more I want in this world. If — if I could see her boy and his pick up the torch I dropped, and carry on that sacred fire —'

It was mighty queer, but I found I was shaking all over with an excitement I hardly understood. Something that had been hovering in the air while he talked, came closer and suddenly showed me its face.

'But,' I said thick and fast, 'but — why, *mother's* name is Cynthia!'

'Yes, Richard.'

'And father — *father* —?'

'Yes, Richard.'

It was my turn to feel something squeeze my heart as in two hands. I'll

never tell you how I felt! For I saw a thousand things at once. I saw what dad meant by my touching life. And I saw the meaning of the path I had chosen blindly. Before me, like a map, were spread their lives and mine, to-day and yesterday. I shook with the passions that had created me. I vibrated with the sacrifices that had gone to make me possible. For the first time in all my days I got a glimpse of what the young generation means to the elder. On my head had descended all their hopes. I was the laden ship that carried their great desires. Mine to lift the torch for all of them — and thank God for the chance!

I struck my tears away and reached out blindly to grasp Seth Miles's bony hand. I guess he knew I meant it.

RAB AND DAB. II

A WOMAN RICE-PLANTER'S STORY

BY PATIENCE PENNINGTON

[In the first installment of this true chronicle, the author told of her adoption, under tragic and dramatic circumstances, of two pickaninnies, Jonadab and Rechab. They grew plump and prosperous under the care of Patience Pennington and her colored servants, but developed an appalling aptitude for chicken-stealing and general devilishness. — THE EDITORS.]

I

THE second summer after the transplanting of the orphans found them growing in favor with every one. Really Chloe was becoming proud of them. When Jonadab started to school every

morning, in his dark blue denim suit, he was pleasing to the eye, he was so shiningly clean with his startlingly white teeth. As soon as he got back from school, he studied his lessons, had his dinner, and then, with the little axe and the wheelbarrow, followed by Rechab with the hatchet and little cart, which Dab now looked down upon as a plaything, he went out into the woods and cut a good supply for the kitchen, never waiting to be told. Chopping wood was his favorite relaxation, as it was that of Mr. Gladstone; and so long

as he had this safety valve for his superfluous energy he could keep out of mischief.

Rab got into endless trouble in the long summer mornings while Dab was at school. One day I was sewing in the parlor, with the thick board shutters nearly closed, to keep out the heat, when I heard a shrill woman's voice, raised in angry abuse in the yard. I listened attentively but all I could distinguish was, 'I'll beat dat limb o' Satan, sho's you bawn.'

I went out on the back porch and saw in the yard a tall brown woman working herself into a fury. She held in one hand a big stick, and led, or rather dragged, a small boy with the other, — he screaming aloud to add to the clamor.

'What is the matter?' I repeated several times before I could make myself heard.

Then her shrill angry voice rose to a shriek, and I could only hear Rab's name coupled with that of the Prince of Darkness.

At last I said, 'I cannot possibly listen to such language; if you speak properly, in a moderate voice, I will hear what you have to say; otherwise I will go in.'

The woman quieted down then and told her story.

'I sen' dis chile, Ben, to de sto' wid t'ree cent fu' buy salt, en dis yah black wicked boy meet um ne path, en fight um, en tek de money, en I gwine bruk eb'ry bone in 'e body.' And she waved the big stick.

I was greatly distressed at this highway robbery on Rab's part and I said to the woman, 'I am shocked beyond measure at what you tell me, and though I cannot allow you to beat Rechab, I promise that I will have him severely punished. Here are the three cents he took; indeed, here are five cents which were to have been Re-

chab's on Saturday if he had been good. He has entirely forfeited them, and he must pay them to you'; and I placed the five coppers in Rab's hand and made him give them to the woman, who went off more than satisfied at this unexpected good luck.

As soon as she had gone, I called Ancrum, the old man whom I had employed cutting down underbrush and trimming up trees in the grounds. He was a most respectable old darkey, who did faithfully and thoroughly everything that was given him to do, and bore a high character for honesty and industry; and though he was nearly eighty he was a strong, able-bodied man. When he came I said, 'Daddy Ancrum, would you mind giving little Rechab a good whipping for me?'

'Not at all, my missis, I'll do um wid pledger.'

'Now, Daddy Ancrum, I do not want you to beat him, but he must be well punished, for he met a boy smaller than himself on the road, fought him and took his money from him, and if he is not punished, he will end his days in the penitentiary, if not on the gallows.'

Daddy Ancrum went off to cut a good switch. He took quite a time, as he wanted to find a hickory; and while he was gone I used all my powers of speech on Rab, trying to make him see the wickedness of his action, and brought him at last to confess his guilt, — which he had stolidly denied at first, — and even to tell what he had done with the money. He had bought three sticks of mint candy at the store. When Daddy Ancrum came for him he was penitent. I told Ancrum to take Rab some distance out in his own beloved woods, so that the little village would not be disturbed too much, for I knew Rab's voice would wake the echoes in the tall pines. Again I charged the old man not to be too

severe. I did this without Rab's hearing me.

Ancrum answered, 'Miss Patience, you need n't fret. I had twelve chillun en I know how fu' lick chillun widout beat um.'

I went into the sitting-room and closed it up as much as possible and took up my sewing again. In spite of my efforts not to hear, however, I was much agitated by Rab's yells; it sounded really as though he were being killed, and I was debating whether I should not send Chloe out to say that was enough, when there was a change, a sudden cessation of the shrieks, and, instead, a fierce barking of dogs and Rechab's voice raised loud in command. I rushed out to see what had happened. The three dogs, Rag, Tag, and Bobtail, were devoted to Rab, and hearing his cries of distress, they had rushed to the rescue and attacked the executioner with such ferocity that Rab had to keep them off, and actually had to use the rod which he had been feeling, to prevent their biting the old man. Needless to say the punishment ended therewith, Rechab, as usual, in the ascendant, and much elated by his position of controller of the dogs. I must say I felt proud that Rechab had used all his strength to keep the dogs from biting Daddy Ancrum. A mean nature would have rejoiced in seeing him bitten, instead of doing all he could to protect him.

The solemnity of the preparations, and, no doubt, the solidity of the few strokes given, impressed Rab very sensibly, and for a few weeks after that he was alarmingly good. I had the hickory hung up on the back porch as a reminder.

During this interlude of perfection Rechab devoted himself to Chloe: he brought immense bundles of fagots for the kitchen stove, scoured the pantry, and caused Chloe great anxiety by his

zeal in drawing water; the well was deep, the bucket heavy, and the curb low, and there was always a moment when it was uncertain whether the bucket would come up or Rab would go down. I felt that sooner or later he would join Truth at the bottom of the well, and most uncongenial companions they would prove.

It was during this period of calm that Rab told Chloe, as he sat by her on the kitchen steps, that when he was a man and made plenty of money he would give her a big silver dollar for her own, and he would give 'Miss Patience a half dollar.'

When I made the boys their summer outfit, I made the usual blue denim trousers and jacket, but I put bands of red on some of the little shirts and bands of blue on others, which gave the boys great pleasure; and I thought it would make the washerwoman respect the clothes more and take more pains in washing them, for they were really very pretty and I liked to see the bright colors. Altogether this was a time of respite and happiness; and even Chloe went so far as to say to me, 'I declar', Miss Patience, dese chillun is great company an' great sarvis.'

II

About this time I was called away by illness in the family, and I left with a comfortable feeling that the boys had passed their worst stage and were now on the upward path. A great misfortune had befallen our little community. Miss Beth and her lovely mother had moved away. The school had passed into other hands, however, and Jonadab seemed to get on pretty well, and I left home with a quiet mind, telling Jim to write me a letter for himself one week, and for Chloe the next. Though he did all the writing, their letters were as different as possible, as he wrote

down exactly what Chloe said and her letters were much more interesting than his; and in this way I heard everything, having the two points of view.

The first two letters reported everything as serene and satisfactory. Then came a mysterious letter from Chloe: she did not want to make me anxious, but the boys were not as good as they had been. She did not state anything definite. At last a letter showing great excitement came. Miss Somerville, the teacher, had gone to see Chloe to ask if Jonadab had been sick, for he had not been at school for two weeks.

This was a great blow to Chloe, for she had, she said, started him off at eight o'clock every morning with his bag of books, and the school-house was in sight from the front gate. She began investigating and found that he went past the school every day and waited in the woods until he knew Jim and herself had gone to the plantation four miles away, where Jim ran the cultivator in the corn and she tended the vegetable garden. As soon as Jonadab felt sure they had driven far enough away, he returned to the yard with a few kindred spirits and joined Rechab, who was left with the dogs, Rag, Tag and Bobtail, and a large supply of lunch.

Chloe did not go on to say in the letter how they occupied themselves, but asked me to write and tell her what she must do about Jonadab and the school. I wrote back at once and told Jim to give Jonadab a good switching and take him back to school, and to write me of the result. As soon as the distance would allow I heard from Jim; he had followed my directions but Jonadab would not go to school; he simply spent the days in the woods. I then wrote a solemn letter to Jonadab telling him that I was shocked and distressed at his conduct, that I had expected better things of him, that I had given

him the opportunity to learn, which was all I could do; that, as he would not go to school and learn his lessons, he must now learn to work, and that he must go with Jim to the plantation every day and work in the garden, and his books must be locked up until I got home; and I wrote to Jim to see that he did work.

After this the letters from Jim and Chloe showed great reticence and I was thankful to be spared the knowledge of anything going wrong at home, for after nursing my niece through an illness and back to health, I broke down completely and was threatened with nervous prostration, and had to remain in Asheville till the middle of October. When I did come home, instead of writing to have the wagon sent for me as usual, I got a vehicle in Gregory and drove up to the plantation, Cherokee.

Chloe and the boys were delighted to see me. I walked all around the garden and complimented them on the fine crops of turnips they had raised; then I ordered the wagon to drive out to Peaceville. Chloe called Jonadab and said, 'Bring up de pee-pee.'

In a few minutes Dab appeared driving before him five half-grown turkeys. 'These are very fine turkeys, Chloe,' I said, 'but where are the rest? I left twenty.'

'Dis is all dat's left, Miss Patience.'

So solemn was her tone that I forbore to ask questions.

Chloe fed the turkeys some cracked corn and then said, 'Bring de coob, Jonadab.'

Dab brought forward a small and very rough wooden coop.

'Put een de pee-pee,' ordered Chloe.

I watched with wonder, but did not interrupt what seemed to be a drill. With wonderful docility the little turkeys stepped leisurely into the coop, as Dab drummed on it with his fingers,

having first scattered corn over the floor.

'Now fetch de wheel-barrer.' This was done. 'Rechab, help Jonadab put de coob een de wheel-barrer.' This was also done. Then came the final orders. 'Now, Jonadab, you sta't fu' de village, en don't you stop ne path to pass de time o' day. Rechab an' me'll ketch you ef you do.'

Thus adjured, Jonadab seized the handles and trotted off with the wheelbarrow at a brisk pace.

I did not speak until he was out of hearing, Rab having gone to open the gate for the equipage; then I asked, 'What is the meaning of this, Chloe? What are you going to do with the turkeys?'

'Miss Patience, I don't wan' ter cast yu down, jes' es yu get home, but I had to do dis way to save dese pee-pee fo' yu. I'll tell you all about it to-morrer.'

I said, 'Very well,' and by this time the wagon was ready and I got in, and told Chloe to get in with Rab by the driver. Before we had gone far we saw Jonadab ahead, trotting gayly with his remarkable turnout. When we caught up with him, which he tried his best to prevent, Rab asked me to let him get out and run along with Jonadab, which I allowed him to do.

As soon as he was out Chloe said, 'Well den, Miss Patience, yu'll hab to drive slow, sence yu let Rab git out, fo' ef yu let dem git out o' sight, dat's de las' o' dem pee-pee.'

The boys were in such high spirits, and made such good time, that only once or twice did I have to tell Jim to drive slowly. When we reached the pine-land house, I was thankful to rest in the hammock swung on the broad piazza, and to feel the joy of getting home, even when there were only daries and dogs to welcome me. Chloe got very quickly a nice savory supper

for me, and the boys expended themselves in offering me fresh water drawn by them from the well, which they assured me was 'cool as ice.'

III

The next morning after breakfast Chloesent the boys out to get wood and then appeared in the sitting-room in a glistening white apron and head-handkerchief and, dropping a curtsy, began.

'Now, Miss Pashuns, ef yu feel rested, I'll tell you 'bout de chillun. I did n't wan' to write you, fo' both Jim en me know'd 't would mek yu sick. We had to write yu 'bout Jonadab not goin' to school, but Jim en me talked about it, en said we could n't tell yu w'at Jonadab done w'en 'e did n't gone to school.'

Here Chloe stopped as though she had reached a climax, and I was obliged to ask, 'Chloe, what did he do?'

'Miss Pashuns, Jonadab lef' dis ya'd wid 'e book es good en sanctify es any chile kin be, en 'e gone pas' de school un de wood, en 'e stay dere 'till 'bout ten o'clock, den 'e cum home yere wid a gal en a boy en meet Rab, en dem tek de axe en brokee en de house winder, en dey gone through de house, en eat up eberyt'ing dem find, all de can ob tomotus, en de sa'mon en de sa'dine yu lef' een de closet, dem chillun eat all. Den w'en dey done eat eberyt'ing een de house, dem projek 'round, till dem fin' de store-room key w'ey I had um hide, en dey gone een dey, en tek de meat, en de grits, en de rice, till dem eben carry dem off by de wheel-barrer-ful down to Elsy en dat 'dulterous man w'at libs wid 'er. I keep a-miss t'ing ebery day, miss t'ing, en miss t'ing, en kyant mek out how de t'ing go so fas', en dem chillun was dat sma't dey hab sense fu' lef' eberyt'ing de look jes' like 'e ain't tech. En de only way I

do fu' find out, is w'en yu write de letter fu' tell Jim fu' lick Jonadab, after Jim dun lick um, I 'quisit Dab by himself en I 'quisit Rab by himself, en at last dem confess en tell me de truf.'

I felt perfectly dismayed. I cross-questioned Chloe and felt that there was no doubt of the truth of every word she had uttered; and she looked old and worn, as though by an illness, from the strain.

After giving me time to digest this, and hearing my expressions of disgust and dismay, she went on, 'En den de turkey. When I fus' begin to miss de pee-pee, Miss Vanderbilt had twelve good big one; 'e had had much mo', but dey been a drap off befo' I begin to notice dem dat mo'nin'. I count um keerful, en was jes' a dozen — dat day I lef' Jonadab fu' min' de ya'd till I step down to de plantation en pick de vegetable, en dat night dey was two gone. De nex' day I tek Jonadab wid me en I lef' Rab, en dat time no pee-pee loss, but de nex' day I lef' Dab again en two gone; en ebery time I lef' Dab fu' min' de ya'd I miss two pee-pee, till at las' dere was only seben pee-pee lef', en dat day Rab sick de t'ree dog on Miss Vanderbilt en dem tear she most to pieces en de nex' day him dead, tho' I done all I could fur she.

'Den I say to Jim, "Miss Pashuns mus' see some turkey w'en she come home en I know wha' fu' do."

'Jim say, "Wha' kin yu do?"

'Den I mek answer: "I gwine put de seben pee-pee een de little coob, en I gwine put de coob een de wheel-barrer en I'll mek Dab roll 'em down to de plantashun."

"All dat four mile, An' Chloe? Dab kyan't do dat."

'Den I say, "De only way to mek Dab behave 'eself is to keep um stirrin', en I calkilates to stir um dis time."

'So de nex' mo'nin', Miss Pashuns,

I put dem seben pee-pee een de coob, en I put de coob een de wheel-barrer, en I mek Jonadab roll dem down to Cherokee, en dat chile was jes' as pleased as if I bin a play wid um. I aimed to lef' de pee-pee down to de plantation dat night een de fowl-house to de ya'd, but w'en I tell Uncl' Bonaparte dat, 'e say, "Yu kyant lef' dem here, fo' I won't tek de 'sponsibility." En I say, "Uncl' Bonaparte I'll lock de fowl-house do' befo' I lef' en yu won't have no 'sponsibility." But Uncl' Bonaparte would n't let me lef' dem, so I had to mek Dab roll dem back, en after dat I jes' kep' it up ebery day I went down to work een de gya'den, en dem seem to prosper.

'But dem chillun keep me drawed out. One day we all sta'ted together en we git 'bout half-way down, en Rab was behind w'en 'e holler to me, "An' Chloe, I have fu' go back, I furgit some-thin'"; en befo' I cud say a wud 'e was gone. Dat ebenin' w'en 'e cum, I ax 'im wha' mek 'e stay so long, en 'e tell me say 'e was dat tyad 'e had to lay down ne path to rest. He had a little boy 'e bring wud um, en w'en Rab gone out de chile say, "An' Chloe, Rab neber lay down ne path, Rab gone to Miss Penel'pe sto', en 'e tell Miss Penel'pe say yu sen' um for a box o' red herrin' en say yu say mus' 'scuse yu fu' not come een, but yu'se bery hurry, en yuse to de gate een de buggy waitin.' Den Miss Penel'pe wrop up de box quick, en gie um to Rab, en 'e walk out to de road bery fas', en w'en 'e git half-way down 'e brek open de box en 'e eat en 'e gie me some. Den 'e hide de res' in de bush."

'Now yu know, Miss Pashuns, I was shock! W'en Rab come I ax um ef 'e buy herrin' fu' true, en 'e say no, but I ketch 'e han' en smell um en 'e was convict, fu' 'e neber t'ought to wash 'e hand.

'W'en we cum 'long de road dat eben-

in' I tell um fu' show me w'ere 'e had de herrin' hide, but 'e wun't. But about a week after dat, one ebenin' 'e say, "An' Chloe, I'll show yu' wey I hide de herrin'," en 'e tek me een de t'icket of bush en sho' me de box, but w'en 'e open um rat or some oder varmint most done eat all. Den 'e offer me one, but I tell um, I neber accept anyt'ing dat is stole.

'Arter dat Rab was bery good fu' a while, but one mo'nin' w'en Dab en me bin a walk purty fas', w'en we git to de gate en I open de gate fu' Dab roll de wheel-barrer trou', 'e look back en 'e say, "An' Chloe, Baby slip' us, en gone." I look up de road en I see Rab goin' back as ha'd as 'e kin. Den I walk fas' en mek Dab hurry till we git to de ba'n ya'd en I tu'n de pee-pee loose, en den we wheel right back en walk fas' fu' ketch Rab, till I begin to blow and Dab say, "An' Chloe, yo'll mek yo'self sick ef yo' walk so fas'; let me run on ahead, en I kin ketch Rab." Den I tell um 'e cud do so, en run on en ketch Rab en fetch um right back to me, en I set down a minit fu' blow, fu' I was plum wore out, but I did n't stop long, en w'en I git to de villige I fin' my room do' broke open, en my trunk lock broke, en all my t'ing on de flo', en a dollar I had en ten cent, wrop een a piece of silk cloth, was gone, en I could n't fin' neder Rab nor Dab. I put my t'ing 'way as well as I could, en den I wheel right back to de plantation. 'Long 'bout dinner time Jonadab cum bery hurry, en say 'e bin a hunt fu' Rab, but 'e could n't fin' um.

'Miss Pashuns, I was dat discourage 'bout de chillun I was weak, but I hoe out de young tunup, en I try fu' set my min' on scriptur', en I say, "How long, oh Lord, how long!" En arter dat I feel better, but I neber eat a piece o' dinner.

'When sun most down Dab put up de pee-pee, en we gone back to de pine-

land. W'en Jim cum, en I tell um wha' Rab done, 'e say, I'll gie Rab a lickin' to-night, but w'en sundown cum, we call Rab en we sen' Dab fu' hunt um, but we could n't hear not'ing of um, en I was miserable, en I neber sleep a wink dat night, fu' Rab neber did come till de middle o' the next day, en I was dat glad to see um I would n't let Jim lick um again.

'Two days arter dat, Rab tell me 'e spen' de night right under de big house; say soon as Jim en me gone to bed, 'e mek fire in de chimbley under de house en cook a chicken en a pee-pee en roast two ear o' corn en had a fine supper, — en yo' know, Miss Pashuns, dat was provokin'. When I bin a fret so 'bout de chile, en him bin a eat yo' chicken, en yo pee-pee, right under yo' own house, en Dab know all de time way him bin, en soon es Jim en me gone to bed, him jump out de winder en jine Rab under de house, en dem cook en eat all night.'

Here Chloe's breath gave out, to my great relief, for this reeling off of the terrible doings of the boys was most distressing. I felt absolutely hopeless. What was the use of struggling with such degenerates? Chloe had been perfectly right, and knew her own race when she warned me of the danger of 'harboring furriners.'

Any one looking at Chloe and then at the boys could see that they were descendants of different tribes. She was a rich chocolate-brown color, with the regular kinked hair, while the boys were black as ebony, with long straightish hair, and rather aquiline features; they were slender and straight in their build, and the whites of their eyes were very blue. Stanley, in his *Darkest Africa*, describes the great differences in the characteristics of the tribes, some being by nature absolutely honest and others absolutely dishonest. All this I called to mind, and realized

that by my own foolhardiness I had taken upon myself two of the worst shoots of one of the very worst African tribes.

During the interval, Chloe had recovered her breath and now began to tell how she had seen Dab deliberately kill with a stick one of the much traveled pee-pees, so now there were only five.

I interrupted her and said, 'Chloe, I cannot stand another word about the boys. I feel almost distracted already. I have never heard nor dreamed of such creatures! No gratitude, no affection, no fidelity; it is awful, and I do not wonder you look thin and badly. I don't see how you managed to get through at all, and from my heart I thank you for all your efforts. Now I want to beg you not to let the boys know that you have told me all, for I have not the least idea what to do to them as punishment, and yet it is my clear duty to punish them severely; so let them think you have not told me, and to-morrow I will tell them that I cannot give them the suits I brought them from Asheville, as you tell me they have given you a good deal of trouble; but I will give them the mouth organs I brought them.'

I wrung her hand and thanked her again and said, 'Remember, my good Chloe, our Saviour's words, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these . . . ye did it unto me."''

IV

As if to reward me for my leniency, the boys blossomed into wonderful goodness. All their little duties were well and faithfully performed. The turkeys made no more journeys, for I had them rolled down to the plantation the day after my return and put them in the poultry-house, and giving Bonaparte a lock, I told him he

must be responsible for them. Every morning Rab donned his clean white apron and churned, one of the regular duties which he had absolutely refused to do during my absence.

In the move from the pine-land, Rab and Dab insisted on carrying heavy loads in the wheelbarrow, the only danger being that in their zeal to roll it and their fights over which had had it longest, the freight would suffer. They came and begged me to let them move the 'gereenium' in it, representing that it was much safer for the plant than either the ox-wagon or the horse-cart. I was very much pleased to excite their interest in doing anything well and carefully, so daily I packed as many plants in the little vehicle as it could carry. They took them most successfully. After the move was over, they were very diligent and made the large grounds beautifully clean, one raking up the live-oak leaves, which had fallen during the summer, while the other carted them off to the manure heap in the beloved wheelbarrow.

Jonadab went daily for the mail, proving himself perfectly reliable in that important function, never stopping to play on the road; so that I had the pleasure of giving them every Saturday evening the nickels which their good conduct brought them, and which they had great joy in spending at Miss Penelope's store for candy, of which they got a surprising amount for the money.

At Christmas I told them to hang up their little socks in the kitchen, but not content with the holding capacity of these they borrowed each a stocking of huge proportions from Chloe, which they hung beside their own. I told Dab to hang up his red socks and Rab his blue pair, so that we should know them apart, for they were very nearly the same size.

By daylight Christmas morning the

yard resounded with their shouts of delight and the blasts of their trumpets, horns, and the various instruments of torture to the ear, with which the stockings were filled, besides apples, oranges, peanuts, almonds, raisins, and candy. In the toe of each stocking was a dime. When they came to show me their treasures I gave them the Asheville suits, telling them they had been so good for the past two months that it was a pleasure to give them the new suits and caps.

I was very happy over this beautiful period of calm, and so was Chloe. She said to me one day, 'You see, Miss Pashuns, de Laud sen' yo' dis blessin' to comfort yo', kase yo' loos' all yo' rice crap f'um de freshit, en yo' co'n crap f'um de dry drought, en so 'e won't let Satan worry yo wid dese chillun, en 'e mek dem good, en dey sure is sarvice to you en to me.'

Oneday Chloe said to me mysteriously, 'Miss Pashuns, Jonadab tell you anyt'ing?'

'No,' I answered, 'what do you mean?'

Chloe came nearer and said in a low voice, 'Dem see somet'ing.'

'What kind of something, Chloe?'

But Chloe would say nothing more except, 'Ax dem.'

So the first time I had an opportunity of talking to Jonadab alone I said, 'What have you seen strange lately, Jonadab?'

Without the least hesitation he answered, 'A'nt Cinthy.'

'Oh, no, Dab,' I said, 'I know that's not so. When God takes people's souls into the next world they stay there; they do not come back here.'

But Dab was firm, and began to narrate. He had almost lost his stammer now.

'Night befo' las' I bin asleep, en I hear A'nt Cinthy call me, en I open my eye an' dere was A'nt Cinthy fo' true.

Him had she head tie wid a w'ite handkerchuff en 'e was all dress in w'ite, wid a bow of black ribbin on she breast, an' she look at me an' Rab very hard, an' I say, "W'at yo' want, A'nt Cinthy?" En him answer, "I wan' me bed, gi' me me bed." En I say, "I ain't got yo' bed." Den she say, "Wey is me bed?" Den I say, "Yo' bed dey een de orchaid." Den she say, "I wan' me shoe, gi' me me shoe." En I answer, "I ain't got yo' shoe, en I do' kno' wey dem dey." Den she say, "Gi' me me five cent, I wan' me five cent." En I say, "I neber see yo' five cent, go way en le' me 'lone." En den she gone.'

I said, 'Jonadab, you dreamt all this, for Cinthy could not come back if she wanted to, and she would not want to. Where she has gone she has no use for shoes, nor beds, nor five cents, so you may be sure this was a dream.'

I took the earliest opportunity of interviewing Rechab alone, and I asked him a leading question, and he repeated the incident and conversation word for word as Jonadab had done. He told what A'nt Cinthy said and how she looked, laying great stress on the 'bow o' black ribbin on she breast.'

I was quite puzzled over this, but thought it best not to make too much of it, and said nothing more.

At the end of a week Chloe came to me and said, 'Miss Pashuns, we got to do somet'ing. Cinthy do worrit dem po' chillun too much. I know my fault now. I shud 'a bury dat five cent I fin' een a tubacca bag tie tu de head o' de bed, een Cinthy han'. I'll neber ketch een dis trouble agen, I'll know wha' fu' do next time, but de ole lady wha' bin 'e fren', baig fu' de five cent, fu' trow een de chutch, en I gie um to she; en now de po' soul kyant res' un 'e' grave, en de my fault. Dab say eb-ery night, w'en dey de sleep, en de fus' cock crow, she does call um, en some time 'e call Rab. I bin hear people

say if you bu'n sulfer een de room dat 'll lay de speret.'

I tried to divert her thoughts from this subject, and began to talk to her about the seasoning of the sausage-meat.

A few days passed and Jim came to me and said, 'Miss Pennington,' — Jim's parents had not belonged to my family, so he does not call me Miss Patience as all the others do, — 'I wish you would do something about the boys. Aunt Cinthy has run them clean out o' the house. They don't pertend to sleep there now.'

'Where do they sleep?' I asked.

'In the straw in the loft of the horse stable, ma'am. They bin dere now five nights, en they wun't go back to sleep in their house.'

Chloe came in and added her testimony to Jim's, as to the children's sleeping in the stable; then she added that their poor mother was much to blame in the matter. She said, 'I ax Jonadab, I say, "Yu' ma tell yu' any t'ing?" 'E say, "No, ma'am, she neber tell menuting." But Miss Pashuns, dat chile born wid a caul, en ef 'e ma had a mek um swaller de caul, 'e neber 'ood 'a see speret, but long as 'e ma t'row

'way de caul, dat po' chile haf fu' see speret.'

I thought earnestly how I could do anything to reach this situation; then I said, 'I think I know how to quiet the poor spirit; and Jim, I need your help.'

Jim answered with enthusiasm that he was at my command, and I went on, 'Take Jonadab and Rechab and go into the orchard and get Cinthy's bed, and let them each take a corner and help you carry it.'

Jim interrupted, 'It's very light, ma'am; I can carry it myself.'

'I know you can, Jim, but I want you to let each of the boys take a share in carrying it to the burying-ground and placing it over Cinthy's grave, and I am sure the boys will have no more visions of the darkness.'

Jim was very reluctant when he heard this. He said he did n't 'want to meddle in the matter.' But I talked with him about the foolishness of fearing the dead, until he promised to obey my instructions exactly. Whether he did it or not I did not inquire, but I heard no more of Cinthy's nocturnal visits and the children returned to their room quite cheerfully.

(To be concluded.)

BROWNING AND THE SPECIAL INTERESTS

BY WILLIAM AUSTIN SMITH

Come now let each of us awhile cry truce to special interests.

— *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau.*

I

To the poet, not to Mr. La Follette, belongs the distinction of sending the phrase 'special interests' to the mint. When it rolled from the poet's pen, however, it was less bulky with connotation than now. To envisage the 'interests' of Browning's Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau one must begin by stripping the phrase of some of its more recent honors. 'The Saviour of Society' was written in 1871. Mr. Roosevelt had not yet entered upon his career, and we in America had not been taught to think of oil and tobacco, sugar and copper, as predatory interests. Watts, in the brutal splendor of his Mammon, has helped us to clothe the idea in color.

Browning, we recall, would have us see the thing at a different angle. One of the political enigmas of the last generation was Napoleon III, the target at once of furious scorn and adulation. In a poem of some two thousand lines, Browning gives this client, under the title of Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, opportunity to defend himself and his theory of civilization.

In that leisurely apology the quartette of glowing causes — 'Liberty, Philanthropy, Enlightenment, and Patriotism,' which since Rousseau have been declaimed uninterruptedly — are styled 'the special interests.' As the Prince saw it, the most insidious lobby against which civilization must brace

itself is the activity of gracious sentiments. He believed that only by holding these interests in the leash of common sense can society be maintained on a decent footing. The Prince had reason for the faith that was in him, and Browning with the urbanity of a good listener lets him tell his unromantic story.

The audacity of the Prince lies in his irreverent imputation. To place Liberty, Philanthropy, Enlightenment, and Patriotism in the same fetid lobby with sugar, oil, and tobacco is to toy perilously with romanticism. We have been taught to think of these dignitaries with respect. To call Philanthropy a special interest, along with soap and copper, is an insult to the spacious sentiments of our time.

But the poet lays down his hand before the whole goodly company of us, — agitators, reformers, philanthropists, clergymen, and all the restless adventurers of light. 'I call you special interests,' he seems to say. 'You declaim about Enlightenment, Progress, and Philanthropy. These are interests I grant you, but they are special. Civilization has its other concerns as well, — "workshop, manufactory, exchange and market-place, sea-port and customhouse o' the frontier, mouths that wanted bread, hands that supplicated handiwork, men with wives and women with the babes, — all these pleading just to live, not die."'

Now, once grant that any interest is 'special,' with all the potential alarm of that phrase, and you have disarmed it.

There is no real danger to democracy from any special interest branded as such. By classifying it, we have plucked the sting of its eloquence and compelled it to defend its innocence of intention before the bar of public opinion.

But the heady atmosphere of reform has been too tonic for the growth of humility on the part of Liberty, Philanthropy, Enlightenment, and Patriotism. We may expose the so-called 'special interests' and hale them into court, but who in this enlightened century dares summon Philanthropy into court and say, 'You must have supervision and control?'

It requires courage to urge indictment against these 'interests.' There is an appealing chivalry about their calling, and they know it. Their benevolent intention shelters a goodly brood of noble causes — shorter hours for labor, child-labor laws, mothers', widows', and orphans' pensions, child culture, eugenics, and all the insurgent forces of modernity. Benign enough these interests look as we name them in glowing capitals, 'Liberty, Philanthropy, Enlightenment, and Patriotism'; but oppose their lobby and we shall discover their power. A legion of forces have they at command, — power to petition and to plead, to pamphleteer and denounce, to organize leagues, to storm the halls of legislation and compel us into joining or losing our sociological position in the community. Never were sharper claws hid beneath pussier cushions.

II

In the realm of religion, things have fallen pretty much into the hands of one of the four big interests — 'Enlightenment.' Here the specialist stalks through the land unmolested. Thus far the plain people have been less a prey

to Enlightenment than the clergy, and only the initiated are disturbed when one reads in our most modern authority such a paragraph regarding the Apostle Paul as this: 'The peculiarity of the mysticism which arises out of the Apocalyptic is that it does not bring the two worlds into contact in the mind of the individual as Greek and Mediæval mysticism did, but dovetails one into the other, and thus creates for the moment at which the one passes over into the other an objective, temporarily conditioned mysticism. This, however, is available only for these who by their destiny belong to both worlds. Eschatological mysticism is predestinarian.'

Now I know this, and the distinguished author knows it, but did St. Paul know it? Tolstoi once wrote: 'It is the worst of educated men that they cannot speak about any great question till they have read everything that has been written about it, for fear that some one should say, "But have you read Schwartzenburg?" Then, if they have not read Schwartzenburg, they are done.'

But the moment one starts upon the business of 'reading up' in religion, he finds Schwartzenburgs springing up like mushrooms in the night, and he falls at once into the hands of special interests. For example: Comparative Religion has been maintaining for years a most insidious lobby against the faith once delivered to the Saints. It is battenning on the credulous. Of all the interests which despoil the innocent of their rights, comparative religion is the most arrogant.

One can get on very well with his religion till he starts to reading up. It is the Schwartzenburg interests which undo him. One recalls how under one of these benevolent specialists he was first let in on the ground floor of some rich vein of discovery which Compar-

ative Religion had just struck in Asia Minor.

One month there fell into my hands, the current *Hibbert Journal*, Gilbert Murray's *Four Types of Greek Religion*, and Schweitzer's *Paul and his Interpreters*, and I was tossed helplessly about among a number of mutually exclusive theories of Christianity. One Heitmüller, with unctuous consideration for weaker minds, as if loath to break distressing news, yet firmly as who should say, 'You must sooner or later be told and who better than I to soften the news,' — Heitmüller admits us into the garish light of the most modern discovery when he tells us that our beloved Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is merely an expansion of the ancient Pagan custom of eating one's God in order to obtain the God's special virtue.

Trembling in every article of my creed, I cut the pages of my *Hibbert Journal*, hoping for some word of denial of this terrible report from Germany, and lo! I am again regaled with the 'Peter versus Paul' explanation of the New Testament, and its hard sayings are convincingly explained by a theological quarrel in the college of the Apostles.

But my card has been in the circulating library awaiting the return of Schweitzer's *Paul and his Interpreters*, and just as I am about to throw up the flag of surrender before the bombardment of light from the specialists in Comparative Religion, behold Schweitzer comes to my rescue with battalion upon battalion of footnotes, Schwartzenburgs, Kabishes, Gunkels, Maurenbreckers and the rest, all in battle-array, to smash the lines of Comparative Religion. The battle over, I venture forth wounded in spirit; but at least my Sacrament is safe. But I am not yet out of the hands of the Special Interests. Schweitzer, too, must have his little

fling, and I am now let in for eschatology, which is his mollifying mixture of scholarship and orthodoxy. Again I begin to see the thing single and whole. Why had I not seen it before? There it is, clear as daylight, between the lines of the Gospels.

If only the specialists would let the matter rest there, all would be well, but I have a friend who goes seriously into this business of reading up and whose religion is pitched to the highest key of modernism. He finds me poring over my Schweitzer and rather patronizingly asks, 'But have you read Reitzenstein?' Whereupon, refusing further to face the light, I reach for my Borrow, hoping to find sanctuary in his eighteenth-century evangelicalism, unchilled as yet by Schwartzenburgs. My solace comes from *The Bible in Spain*. The Schoolmaster of Cohares had been telling Borrow that he had a copy of the New Testament in his possession which Borrow desired to see; but on examining it he says, 'I discovered it was only the Epistle by Pereira, with copious notes. I asked him whether he considered that there was harm in reading the Scriptures without notes: he replied that there was certainly no harm in it, but simple people, without the help of notes, could derive little benefit from Scripture, as the greatest part would be unintelligible to them; whereupon I shook hands with him, and, on parting, said that there was no part of Scripture so difficult to understand as those very notes which were intended to elucidate it, and that it would never have been written if not calculated of itself to illumine the minds of all classes of mankind.'

What damaging opaqueness to Enlightenment, but how in secret we envy his smug detachment from Modernism. I am not decrying scholarship as an aid to the study of religion, but if one is to keep his House of Faith in perfect

repair he must be ever on the alert to catch the latest Schwartzburg on the wing.

III

But there is a group of Special Interests with interlocking directorates which ought to be indicted for conspiracy in restraint of morals and religion. They have won almost complete control of the press, schools, and politics, and they are beginning to invade the churches with their efficiency tests. Sociology is one of these interests. It started its benevolent career as meek as any missionary. That is the way with the interests until they obtain certain valuable concessions. Sociology seemed amiable enough until it began to set forth certain cubist conceptions of morals and to meddle with religion.

Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau did not include religion among his special interests, but he did mention philanthropy. Philanthropy, with its kindred sciences, is certainly a pampered interest battenning on tax-ridden religion and government franchises. It is dictating terms to our churches, exacting time and tribute from the clergy, rewriting our theology, and to-day is robbing us of our last ancestral relic, — the sense of sin.

In the short Catechism the obligations involved in man's duty toward his neighbor are set forth with the frankness and precision of the out-and-out realist. There they are, just as we meet them in real life: obedience to the law; to keep my hands from picking and stealing and my tongue from evil-speaking, lying, and slandering; to keep my body in temperance and chastity; not to covet or desire other men's property; but to learn and labor to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.

The programme thus set forth is mat-

ter-of-fact and unscientific. Nothing is said about inheritance or environment, wages, or cubic feet of air-space affecting chastity. The fascinating problem of responsibility which we are impotent to solve, it does not undertake to handle. The Catechism does not attempt to explain exhaustively why people go wrong. It goes no further into psychology than the warning that it is impossible to live a clean, honorable, and Christian life without Special Grace, which we 'must learn at all times to call for by diligent prayer.' There is, you see, a decent tactful restraint in this old-fashioned treatment of sin. It saves our self-respect and also our morality.

But the soft-hearted philanthropists feel a more anxious concern for humanity than did the writers of the Catechism. Little Emily, now famous through the investigations of the State Senate Vice-Investigating Committee of Illinois regarding the relationship between wages and prostitution, is taught by the most modern school of philanthropy not to call upon God by diligent prayer if she would preserve her chastity, but to call upon Brown, Jones & Company for higher wages, and the state legislature for a minimum-wage law.

I shall not undertake to deny that wages and prostitution, ventilation and morals, food and faith, shelter some common factor; but in the interest of decency, the fact must not be over-emphasized. The last rag of respectability to which the sinner desperately clings is a sense of sin. Rob him of that and you have robbed him of his good name. He has sold his birthright and is no longer a child of God. Little Emily on the witness-stand, unless betrayed by the sociologist, does not wish the world to think that her chastity is an affair which rests entirely with labor legislation.

Here is my quarrel with so many of the public-service sciences. They are robbing us of our self-respect. St. Paul's psychology was more true to human nature, and far more chivalrous. There is a mechanical side to morals, as eugenic experts and the futurists in morals undertake to show; but they have overcapitalized the shabby fact.

In one of the late art exhibitions, I was brought to pause before a futurist cow. The picture called for a radical readjustment of my old-fashioned notions of fitness of form and figure. Were cows really made in such dissonant, warring entanglements of lines and surfaces? But the next time I visited my dairy I caught my best Ayrshire in the very act of reproducing the futurist attitude — its massive spreading back in veritable imitation of those awkward masses. There, behold, was the cubist cow in all her garish disregard of classical detail, flaunting her futurism in my face! Had she too been to the art exhibition, and had I here proof of Oscar Wilde's contention that Nature slavishly copies art?

My quarrel with the futurist was that he had betrayed me. He had taken my best Ayrshire and with his foul wand converted her into a cubist monster. Henceforth I must wander through dairy and pasture seeing cubist bovines where once Nature exulted in comely masses of tans and brownish reds spreading in graceful surfaces upon the ground.

Something like this is happening all the while at the hands of our specialists,—neurologists, criminologists, psychologists, sociologists, and the rest. They betray the confidence placed in them. In certain matters they speak with authority. They have a truth but they overcapitalize it. They have read Schwartzburg, taken time-reaction tests, gathered statistics relating to wages, ventilation, prostitution, sew-

age, tenement-house dimensions, child culture and infant mortality; then they begin to generalize about life.

The cow in some respects does resemble the cubist presentment of her, but has she not other delightful appearances as well? Why tarry in the slough of an occasional degrading fact? The futurist, riding his mechanical truth, has failed to grasp the cow's real æsthetic intention and the redemptive lines of her beauty. In clothing one of our dear old racial possessions in the odious garment of his special idea, he has outraged and betrayed us.

IV

None of the Special Interests can rightly be called predatory until it allies itself with government. Here is the real stigma attached to sugar, oil, and other odious specials which have brought the so-called 'Interests' into bad repute. But of late Philanthropy has been despoiling the interests of their most facile weapon, taxation. St. Francis no longer takes the open road bent upon errands of mercy. He light-heartedly boards a tram for the Halls of Legislation. That is the simplest way 'to fix the matter up.' Instead of helping our neighbor in the old-fashioned way, modern philanthropy is more constructive. It is teaching him to go to the public treasury and help himself.

Mind you, there is nothing indecorous about these newer interests, — none of the rough scrambling for concessions as among the old money barons under the robust régime of plutocracy. All is courteous and generous-minded. The advocates of the six-hour day for workingmen graciously wave forward the advocates of the eight-hour day with, 'After you. There is enough to go round and plenty for everybody.'

Any theory is harmless so long as it good-naturedly submits to the law of

the survival of the fittest. That is the real gospel of Democracy. Everybody given a chance, and everybody a good listener. Since religion accepted these terms, it has been getting along amiably with its neighbors. We have abolished the rack, and instituted the religious quarterly and Parliaments of Religion. Conflicting theories can fight the matter out in debate till everybody is convinced or bored and no particular harm is done. It is the *subsidized* theory which is dangerous. If, for example, Comparative Religion were to add to its arrogant demeanor the ancient weapon of the law, we should think it highly predatory. Fortunately Schwartzburg has not gone into politics.

We must treat some of the pretentious chivalry of the Special Interests with restrained admiration. There is a skeleton in their closet. Brotherly love, on which the Public-Service sciences are built, presupposes sacrifice. But 'love, justice, self-sacrifice,' as Nietzsche points out, 'are generally praised by the wrong people. You talk of self-sacrifice,' he exclaims to his contemporaries, 'but you have nothing to sacrifice. You are weak persons who desire that others should sacrifice themselves to you.'

Heretofore the Millennium has been deemed a spiritual task. It involved a cross. Religion has, in the past, bred men and women extravagantly willing to pay for their unselfish dream out of their own earnings. Martyr's blood has enriched the programme of the saints. But the Millennium is now in the hands of less robust teachers. It is no longer

the gospel of sacrifice, but a dexterous triumph of legislation.

There is many a facile programme for bringing in the kingdom of happiness here on earth. We are persuaded that if only we can get more — more health, more money for our labor, more comforts and play — we shall have solved our problems and supplied our moral deficiencies. But, despite our restless efforts for the common good, we are not made brothers. The disintegrating forces of envy and suspicion are tearing at the heart of life. The special interests of the 'have-nots' do battle with the special interests of the 'haves,' and while both are 'cajoling and cudgeling the state' into granting concessions, they cleave us further asunder.

'The atmosphere of a common will' can come not by the monopoly of any special interest nor yet by magnanimous concessions to pity, but by the regenerating power of a great idea. Religion claims this power. But she too, in the lean seasons of her loyalty, became a special interest. Then Humanitarianism undertook the neglected task. Because her chivalrous intention led us to expect the best, we will not accept from her a meagre millennium of loaves and fishes for the poor.

We have lately seen how, in England, a new patriotism inspired by the war has welded together the dissenting and predatory groups into self-forgetful servants of the state. Religion, if we despair not of her, will yet again lift us out of our separate interests and make us partners in the tasks of life.

CHANGELING

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

I HAVE two horns upon my head.
They please me, being garlanded
With creepy pine, and berries red
From some old secret hawthorn tree.

I have two horns, and hoofs also:
Brown questing hoofs, that clip and go
Over the mountain, high and low,
From sky-crack to the droning sea.

My mother would have shame of me
If she could see — if she could see —
Those horns and hoofs that make too free
With what she bore and bred so straight.

She taught me to be still and good;
To walk demure as maidens should;
Wear dainty slippers, silken snood,
And not come loitering home too late.

But now I dance, I dance all night,
By faint starlight or fierce moonlight,
Over the mountain, till the white
Dumb dawn comes fingering, soothing me.

With whom I dance, with whom I sing,
My mother need not know this thing. —
In my green chamber slumbering
She finds me sweet and white, when she

Strokes down my curls. She does not know
Two horns beneath her fingers grow:
Rough horns: and I have hoofs also,
Not feet like pale flow'rs on the floor.

Oh, if you met me on the hill,
 Moon-maddened, dancing to my fill, —
 Oh, Mother, could you love me still, —
 This wild-heart Thing you never bore?

AN ESTIMATE OF GERMAN SCIENTIFIC CULTURE

BY JOHN TROWBRIDGE

GERMANY's claim to preëminence in culture is upheld by the largest body of professors in the world, and there is a tendency in America, a neutral country, to accept it. But is Germany preëminent in science?

In my discussion of this claim, I shall concede that the Germans lead in the subject of organic chemistry, which demands patient industry and the assiduous collection of facts, and which has not yet been absorbed by the subject of electrodynamics, which is so rapidly becoming all-embracing; I shall confine my discussion to physical science, — which treats of those fundamental subjects, light, heat, electricity, and magnetism, — and to mathematics and physical chemistry.

Physics may be called the subject of energy, upon the ramifications of which all life depends. Achievement in it demands the highest powers of the human mind — imagination, mathematical knowledge, and the philosophical insight to plan crucial experiments. It is my contention that the Anglo-Saxons have shown these powers to the greatest degree; that in the exhibition of scientific culture England and France lead Germany; and moreover, that under the Empire, since the Franco-Prus-

sian war, Germany has fallen to the third place in physics. The question whether this deterioration has been due to militarism and commercialism I leave to the psychologists.

Let us consider the history of physical science. The subject did not exist until, in the thirteenth century, Roger Bacon advocated the necessity of experimental science and wrote his *Opus Majus*, which is full of philosophical and scientific insight. Bacon also outlined the principle of the telescope. Four hundred years later, Francis Bacon, enlarging upon the work of his predecessor and namesake, established the doctrine of inductive reasoning pursued to-day in all laboratories.

Sir Isaac Newton, taking Kepler's carefully ascertained principles concerning planetary motions, established the law of gravitation. In doing so, he manifested the peculiar strength of the British mind in scientific generalization. It is probable that no man ever combined the demonstrative and inductive faculties in such a high degree as Newton. The Germans claim that Leibnitz anticipated Newton in the great mathematical discovery of differential and integral calculus; a study of the minds of the two men, however,

brings out forcibly the preëminence of the Englishman's culture.

While Huygens of Holland, as well as Newton, contributed greatly to our knowledge of optics, it may be said that the undulatory theory was established by Thomas Young. Young's reasoning upon the phenomena of interference of light was one of the greatest contributions ever made to science; the interference of waves of light has long since been recognized as an incontrovertible fact.

It was Count Rumford, an Anglo-American, who measured the heat developed in boring a cannon, compared it with the amount of work done, and thereby proved that heat has its exact equivalent in motion. Here was exhibited the Anglo-Saxon power of trying crucial experiments. Rumford's philosophical views were tersely expressed in the words, 'I hope to live to see the day when phlogiston and caloric will be buried in the same grave.' Phlogiston was the supposed agent in supporting fire, and caloric was the essence of heat. Priestly, who proved that combustion was supported by oxygen, contributed with Rumford to make the burial a fact. The labors of these two men, together with the contributions of Lavoisier, Regnault, and a great number of other distinguished Frenchmen, laid the foundations of chemistry in the subject of energy. Hydrogen was discovered by Cavendish in England, which thus gave to the world the knowledge of both oxygen and hydrogen.

In the field of electricity, too, Cavendish was a leader, being the forerunner of Faraday in researches concerning the behavior of electricity toward insulators, or in other words concerning its specific capacity; these researches were of great importance to ocean telegraphy. He also anticipated Ohm in the fundamental law which connects the strength of an electrical current

with electromotive force and the resistance of the circuit. Sir Humphry Davy contributed, besides the discovery of chlorine, that of the effect of strong electric currents in decomposing earths and alkalis, — a discovery which has led to the establishment of great metallurgical works in Germany and also in America, notably the great plant at Niagara Falls.

Michael Faraday proved the fundamental law that the amount of decomposition of fluids is proportioned to the amount of electricity employed. He was also the father of all the great practical employments of electricity; his experiments and reasoning led to the invention of the dynamo, the telephone, and the apparatus employed in wireless telegraphy. We can imagine with what elation of spirit he wrote to a friend, during his experiments on induction, saying that he had caught hold of a fish which might prove a large one! Faraday's reasoning was said by Maxwell, the author of the greatest physical hypothesis since the time of the Franco-Prussian War, to be essentially mathematical.

De Candolle, a distinguished Swiss scientist, gives in an interesting book entitled *Histoire des Sciences et des Savants pendant deux Siècles* some suggestive statistics with regard to the foreign membership in the French Academy from its inception in 1666 to 1883. De Candolle's list offers an interesting basis for a comparison of English and German scientific culture. In physics, mathematics, and chemistry I find the following Englishmen: Cavendish, Watt (the inventor of the steam-engine), Davy, Young, Faraday, Brewster (distinguished in optics), Wheatstone (a pioneer in telegraphy), Lord Kelvin, Franklin, Rumford, and Newton. These men were the movers of the world. The Germans in the same subjects were Leibnitz, Gauss, Olbers, Dirichlet, and

Bunsen, the latter being, with Kirchhoff, the discoverer of spectrum analysis. (Helmholtz, who is not in De Candolle's list, was probably elected later. It is interesting, by the way, to note that Helmholtz's mother was partly Anglo-Saxon; she was a lineal descendant of William Penn, the Quaker.) There are in De Candolle's list eleven Englishmen and seven Germans.

It is worth remarking as well that the rise of scientific culture in England came largely at the time when peace and liberty prevailed over the pursuit of war. That this culture cannot flourish to the highest degree in a country given over to militarism is an incontestable fact. De Candolle remarks, in his book above mentioned, that science was at a low ebb in England and Scotland during the period of unrest, of dissensions, and of wars in the eighteenth century. His words are especially interesting as he continues: 'Later, after fifty or sixty years of completely established security, the torch of science burst into fresh flame in the hands of Hunter, Priestly, and Hutton, and eventually when the social order was still more solidly organized, the world beheld the great epoch of Anglo-Scottish science represented at the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries by Cavendish, Davy, Wollaston, Brewster, Herschell, Robert Brown, Dalton, Faraday, Murchison, and the rest.'

The comparative peace which prevailed in Europe between 1840 and 1870 had probably much to do with Germany's scientific advance during that period. She went far ahead of all other nations in building and equipping laboratories. She developed by patient routine work the general subject of physics. Yet although there was a marked increase during this period in the number of Germans admitted to the French Academy, her work in general failed to

show those qualities which I have ascribed to the British. It is a fact that the great physical hypotheses have been Anglo-Saxon in origin. And culture is noticeably lacking in German scientific literature. For clearness of expression and style we must go to the French.

Since Sedan, Germany has fallen into third place in the subjects I have mentioned; England and France have led her. It is significant that with the growth of militarism Germany's undoubted genius for science has been repressed. Meanwhile England has supplied her with mental food by Maxwell's electrodynamic theory of light, which postulates that light and heat are electrical phenomena, and that electric waves differ from light waves only in length,—a theory which makes electricity the most important physical agent in the world. Then, too, England and France together have laid the foundations of the new great subject of radioactivity, which is based upon the action of the electron. The electron, the smallest particle known to science, being one thousandth the size of the hydrogen atom, was discovered and measured in England. Its discovery was not accidental, but was due to the methodical application of the mathematical work of Stokes in regard to the internal friction of gases, or what is termed viscosity.

It is true that the discovery of the X-rays in Germany—a fortunate accident, by the way—enabled the English to make the crucial experiment which measured the electron; but the phenomenon of the X-rays remained an isolated one until the English applied it to the theory of radioactivity. This theory is at present the leading one in physical science, and England may be said to have made it her own. It received its name from the discovery of radium by Professor Curie and Madame Curie, in Paris. The centre of

investigation in this subject is now Cambridge, England, and American students flock there in preference to going to Germany.

The epoch-making isolation of the electron is profoundly modifying our views of the constitution of matter. At present English thought is grappling with the idea of intricate motions even within the atom. Think of the conception of what may be called planetary motions in a particle so minute that it is forever invisible to human eyes! The world has never seen such an exhibition of scientific imagination. Long before the discovery of the electron an English poet wrote these lines in *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*: —

Sees the shadow of Himself, the boundless, thro'
the human soul;
Boundless inward, in the atom, boundless out-
ward, in the Whole.

Tennyson's parallel is apt; in their speculation upon motions within the atom, English scientists have pushed into a region apparently as impenetrable as the space beyond the fixed stars.

Germany is strongest in chemical science. But what achievement in chemical science in Germany equals Lord Rayleigh's contribution of argon, which led to the discovery of neon and crypton and other gases by Ramsay; or can compare with Ramsay's discovery of the change of radium into helium, — a fact which profoundly modifies our views of the constitution of matter?

There is always a chance for partisans in science to argue that So-and-so, when he made his great discovery, was merely acting on a previous worker's suggestion. I suppose that if Democritus and Lucretius should come back to earth to-day, national pride would lead them to claim the origin of both the molecular hypothesis and the electron theory. Germany can reasonably claim that Hittorf anticipated the Englishman Crookes in his discovery of the

cathode rays. Hertz may be said to have led the way to wireless telegraphy. But the facts serve to show that Hertz was working on Maxwell's electrodynamic theory of electric waves; that Marconi had probably not read Hertz's work before he made his great invention; and that the discovery was made possible by Branly, a Frenchman, who discovered the first receiver of electric waves, the so-called coherer, — a collection of magnetic particles in a tube which becomes an electrical conductor under the influence of these waves. And American experimenters have now contributed still more sensitive receivers. Altogether the German share in the work is not so very great after all.

Those Americans who are loudest in their praise of German culture often argue from an imperfect knowledge of the history of science. How many Americans realize the importance of the work of their own countrymen? Josiah Willard Gibbs of Yale University gave German chemists a physical foundation for their facts. Langley's work in aerodynamics led to the invention of the aeroplane. Michelson and Rowland have made the greatest advances in the subject of optics since the Franco-Prussian War. The Anglo-Saxons invented the telephone, which has profoundly modified and enlarged our views of electrical induction, and has made possible wireless telegraphy. America has lighted the world. It is only too easy for Americans to overlook these facts; and it is equally certain that we are too likely to underestimate England's achievements in science.

In scientific culture, exemplified by the use of imagination, by mathematical knowledge, and by philosophical insight leading to the performance of crucial experiments, Great Britain stands first.

THE WAR AND THE WAY OUT¹

BY G. LOWES DICKINSON

I

To put myself right with the reader at the outset, I begin by stating that this is not a 'stop the war' paper. Being in this war, I think, as all Englishmen think, that we must go on fighting until we can emerge from it with our territory and security intact, and with the future peace of Europe assured, so far as human wisdom can assure it. Nor do I here discuss the question whether or not it was necessary for us to enter into the war. Nor whether the direct and immediate responsibility for it rests mainly with Austria, Germany, or Russia. My point is a different one. I believe that this war, like all wars for many centuries in Europe, was brought about by governments, without the connivance and against the desires and the interests of peoples; that it is a calamity to civilization unequaled, unexampled, perhaps irremediable; and that the only good that can come out of it is a clearer comprehension by ordinary men and women of how wars are brought about, and a determination on their part to put a stop to them.

If any one, having read so far, is clear that he has no interest in this point of view, or that he is hostile to it, I hope that he will throw the article aside. For it is not an exercise in dialectics or a theme for exasperated argument. It is an act performed in what I believe to be the interest of civilization; and it is meant to bear fruit. I am suggesting a way in which Europe may be saved in the future from such wars as that in

which we are involved. It is a way not for England alone, but for all countries, and it is possible only if all countries accept it. But for the moment it is only Englishmen and Americans whom I can address. I address them, to the best of my ability, without prejudice, without sophistry, without rhetoric.

My intention is not to carry away, but to convince; and I ask the reader only to give me a hearing and to judge for himself. For on that individual judgment of his, on its clearness, its tenacity, its conviction, will depend his contribution to the future of civilization. Public opinion has weight only in proportion to the number of convinced individuals who compose it. And public opinion alone can save what is to be saved of Europe, when this cataclysm has passed by.

The position I intend to put forward and defend is this: War is made — this war has been made — not by any necessity of nature, any law beyond human control, any fate to which men must passively bow; it is made because certain men who have immediate power over other men are possessed by a certain theory. Sometimes they are fully conscious of this theory. More often, perhaps, it works in them unconsciously. But it is there, the dominating influence in international politics. I shall call it the governmental theory, because it is among governing persons — emperors, kings, ministers, and their diplomatic and military advisers — that its influence is most conspicuous and most disastrous. But it is sup-

ported also by historians, journalists, and publicists, and it is only too readily adopted by the ordinary man, when he turns from the real things he knows and habitually handles to consider the unknown field of foreign affairs.

Very briefly, and, therefore, crudely expressed, the theory is this: 'The world is divided, politically, into states. These states are a kind of abstract beings, distinct from the men, women, and children who inhabit them. They are in perpetual and inevitable antagonism to one another; and though they may group themselves in alliances, that can be only for temporary purposes to meet some other alliance or single power. For states are bound by a moral or physical obligation to expand indefinitely, each at the cost of the others. They are natural enemies, they always have been so, and they always will be; and force is the only arbiter between them. That being so, war is an eternal necessity. As a necessity, it should be accepted, if not welcomed, by all sound-thinking and right-feeling men. Pacifists are men at once weak and dangerous. They deny a fact as fundamental as any of the facts of the natural world. And their influence, if they have any, can only be disastrous to their state in its ceaseless and inevitable contest with other states.'

Stated thus briefly, and in its most uncompromising terms, this is what I have called the governmental theory. I propose to criticize it in detail. But before doing so, I will ask the reader to compare with it the ordinary attitude of the plain men and women who inhabit these states, and who have to bear the burden of the wars in which the theory involves them. These ordinary people, in the course of their daily lives, do not think at all in terms of the state. They think about the people they come in contact with, about their business, their friends, and their fami-

lies. When they come across foreigners, as many of them do, in business or in travel, they may like or dislike them, but they do not regard them as predestined enemies. On the contrary, if they are intelligent, they know themselves to be coöperating with them in innumerable complicated ways, implying mutual advantage. Differences of language and of social habit make it easier for most people to associate with their fellow countrymen than with foreigners. But that is all. There are, of course, among these men and women, real enmities and spontaneous quarrels. But these do not occur because men belong to different states. They occur because they really have injured one another, or hate one another; and they occur, naturally, for the most part, between men of the same state, because it is these who most often come into direct contact with one another. It is not, therefore, these enmities of ordinary men that give rise to wars.

Wars are made by governments, acting under the influence of the governmental theory. And of this fact — for a fact it is among civilized Western peoples in modern times — no better example could be given than the present war. Before it broke out nobody outside governmental and journalistic circles was expecting it. Nobody desired it. And though, now that it is being waged, all the nations concerned are passionately interested in it, and all believe themselves to be fighting in a righteous cause, yet no ordinary citizen, in the days preceding its outbreak, would have maintained that there was any good reason for war, and few even knew what the reasons alleged were or might be. Even now the different nations have quite opposite views as to which government was responsible. We believe it was the German government; and with equal conviction Germans believe it was the British. But

nobody believes that it was the mass of the people in any nation. The millions who are carrying on the war, at the cost of incalculable suffering, would never have made it if the decision had rested with them. That is the one indisputable fact. How can such a fact occur? How is it possible for governments to drag into war peoples who did not desire war and who have no quarrel with one another?

The immediate answer is simple enough. In no country is there any effective control by the people over foreign policy. That is clear in the case of the great military empires. But it is true also of France and of England, where, in other respects, government is more or less under popular control. The country has no real choice, for it gets its information only after the decisive action has been taken. That is an important truth which ought to lead to important changes in our methods of conducting foreign affairs. But it is only part of the truth. For we have now to notice this further fact, that in all countries, in Germany no less than in England and France, no sooner is the war declared than it is supported by the whole nation. The voice of criticism is silenced, and every one, whatever his opinion about the origin of the war, gives his help to see it through. Why is that? The reason is obvious. As soon as war is made, the people of one country, conscious, just before, of no cause of enmity, do really become enemies of the people of another country; for armed populations are marching on armed populations to massacre them. Everybody, therefore, is bound to fight in self-defense. It is too late to ask whether there was any real cause of quarrel; for, quarrel or no, there is real and imminent danger. To meet that danger becomes, therefore, the immediate necessity which overbears every other consideration. And that is the

deepest reason why wars made by governments without, and even against, the will of peoples, will always be supported by peoples.

But though that is the most powerful reason, it is not the only one. There is a further fact. The ordinary man, though he does not live under the obsession of the governmental theory, is not protected against it by any knowledge or reflection. As far as he is concerned, he knows no reason for war, and, left to himself, would never make it. But he has a blank mind open to suggestion; and he has passions and instincts which it is easy to enlist on the side of the governmental theory. He has been busy all his life; and he has no education, or one that is worse than none, about those issues which, in a crisis like that which has come upon us, suddenly reveal themselves as the issues of life and death. History, no doubt, should have informed him. But history, for the most part, is written without intelligence or conviction. It is mere narrative, devoid of instruction, and seasoned, if at all, by some trivial, habitual, and second-hand prejudice of the author. History has never been understood, though it has often been misunderstood. To understand it is perhaps beyond the power of the human intellect. But the attempt even has hardly begun to be made.

Deprived, then, of this source of enlightenment, the ordinary man falls back upon the press. But the press is either an agent of the very governments it should exist to criticize (it is so notoriously and admittedly on the Continent, and, to an extent which we cannot measure, also in England), or else it is (with a few honorable exceptions) an instrument to make money for certain individuals or syndicates. But the easiest way for the press to make money is to appeal to the most facile emotions and the most super-

ficial ideas of the reader; and these can easily be made to respond to the suggestion that this or that foreign state is our natural and inevitable enemy. The strong instincts of pugnacity and self-approbation, the nobler sentiment of patriotism, a vague and unanalyzed impression of the course of history, these and other factors combine to produce this result. And the irony is that they may be directed indifferently against any state. In England, for instance, a hundred years ago, it was France against whom they were marshaled; sixty years ago it was Russia; thirty years ago it was France again; now it is Germany; presently, if governments have their way, it will be Russia again.

The foreign offices and the press do with nations what they like. And they will continue to do so until ordinary people acquire right ideas and a machinery to make them effective. To contribute to that result is the object of this article. I propose to show, first, that the governmental theory is false; secondly, that a settlement of Europe is desirable and possible which will make that theory impotent in the future. I now proceed to the first of these points.

II

The governmental theory holds that states are the great realities, and that they are natural enemies. My reply is that states are unreal abstractions; that the reality is the men and women and children who are the members of the states; and that as soon as you substitute real people for the abstract idea that symbolizes them you find that they have no cause of quarrel, no interests or desires of a kind to justify or necessitate aggressive war. And, if there were no aggressive war, there could, of course, be no cause for defensive war. I shall try to show this in

detail, taking as my illustrations the principal points which are said to underlie and justify the present war.

I will begin with an example sufficiently removed from immediate English and American concern for us to be able to examine it without prejudice. Let us take the relations of the German and Russian governments and the German and Russian peoples in the present war. The official case of the German government, as laid before the Reichstag, puts it that they were driven into this war by Russian aggression. Russia was preparing to attack them; so, in self-defense, they were obliged to attack Russia. On the other hand, the official case of the Russian government states that Austria-Hungary, supported by Germany, was preparing to attack Russia, and that Russia was acting in self-defense. Whichever of these views may be the true one, it is certain that it was aggression, or fear of aggression, by Russia, or by the German powers, that brought on the war.

Now, to the governmental mind, this appears as an inevitable conflict. It is labeled 'the conflict of Slav and Teuton,' and is the theme of many learned lucubrations. But why should there be a conflict of Slav and Teuton? And what is there inevitable about it? If all that is meant be that, as a matter of fact, the Russian government was intending to attack the German government, or the German government to attack the Russian, that is merely to accept my contention that governments make war without rhyme or reason. But what is meant is, of course, something more than this. It is meant that there are certain vital interests of the peoples of Germany and of Russia which governments understand but peoples do not, and for which it is worth while to go to war. What can these be?

Let me quote from an author who has acquired of late a deserved and sinister reputation, and who is a master of the theory and practice of the governmental mind. 'The requirements of the mighty Empire,' so General Bernhardi writes of Russia, 'irresistibly compel an expansion toward the sea, whether in the Far East, where it hopes to gain ice-free harbors, or in the direction of the Mediterranean, where the Crescent still glitters on the dome of St. Sophia. After a successful war, Russia would hardly hesitate to seize the mouth of the Vistula, at the possession of which she has long aimed, and thus to strengthen appreciably her position in the Baltic. Supremacy in the Balkan Peninsula, free entrance into the Mediterranean, and a strong position on the Baltic, are the goals to which the European policy of Russia has long been directed. She feels herself also the leading power of the Slavonic races, and has for many years been busy in encouraging and extending the spread of this element into Central Europe.'

Let us take it from General Bernhardi — I think we may safely do so — that these really are the purposes of the Russian government. Those which concern the Far East let us leave aside, for they bring Russia into conflict with the English, the Chinese, and the Japanese, rather than with Germany. Let us take the points that immediately concern Germany. Russia, we are told, wants to acquire the mouth of the Vistula. I have no doubt she does. She has, I am told on good authority, actually published in her official organ her intention to take the whole shore of the Baltic up to and including the Kiel Canal, if, by the help of French and English arms, she is victorious in this war. It is that danger that Germany fears, and, so far as Russia is concerned, I believe Germany to be on

the defensive. Let us admit, then, that this is the aim of the Russian government, entangled in the traditional idea that the Russian state is a being demanding expansion of territory.

Now let us turn to look at the Russian people. The immense mass of these are peasants living in villages, as they have lived from time immemorial. They have one interest, and one only, the land. To own sufficient land, to live on it in comfort, to work on it free from interruption and free from extortion, to continue in their traditional routine, that and that only is what they want. They probably do not know, most of them, what and where the Baltic is. They have probably, most of them, never met a German. If they did meet one, they would probably feel the antagonism all ignorant and inexperienced men feel for strangers who cannot speak their language. But what interest have these peasants in the acquisition of the coast of the Baltic? How would they be better off? Do they want to colonize it? Not at all. The region of colonization for Russia is the vast, almost uninhabited territory of the East.

No Russian peasant would be the happier, the richer, the better, if the Russian government fulfilled its ambition on the Baltic. Yet, that it may fulfill that ambition, they have been torn from their homes by millions, leaving the harvest unreaped, leaving their accustomed work on the soil of their fathers, leaving weeping wives and starving children, to kill and to be killed by men of whom they have never heard, and in whom they have no interest either to hate or to love them, men living in countries of which they know and care nothing, men who on their part have no quarrel with them and no wish to attack them. And all this they are to do, and are doing, because a few men of the military and

diplomatic caste have a theory about states, their interests and destinies.

But the peasants are ignorant men! True, they are almost the whole of the population of Russia. True, they compose almost the whole of the army. True, upon them falls almost the whole of the loss and the suffering. But they are ignorant men! They do not count! Let us turn, then, to the intellectual class. What about these brilliant men and women, known to us through a literature unequalled in the annals of mankind for its poignancy, its subtlety, its breadth, its profundity? What about the intellectuals? Is it the Baltic they are thinking of? Is it the Balkan Peninsula? No! Since there has been in Russia a class of thinkers and of writers, that class has given all its energy to destroy the power and discredit the ideas of the Russian government. Persecuted with a horror of persecution of which we can form but the palest image (for such experiences lie outside our ken), exiled, imprisoned, tortured, by hundreds and by thousands, they have never ceased to protest, in season and out of season, against the whole conception of the state which animates the soulless bureaucracy of Russia.

Shall I be told that, in spite of all this, the Russian people have an interest in the acquisition by the Russian government of the coast of the Baltic, because they will then be in a position to send ships of war safely and easily into the North Sea? Yes, indeed! If somewhere in the North Sea, or beyond, there are ships of war bent on destroying Russian ships and Russian trade. But why should there be, except because some other government, possessed by the same illusion of power, wants to expand at the cost of Russia? And we have only to begin our argument over again against that government and its aims and ideas. It is, indeed, the very irony of the whole

situation, that every government will protest that it is innocent, it is harmless, it has no ambitions contrary to the interest of any other state; but that these other states have ambitions contrary to its own. Every government, we are told, is on its defense — against another government on its defense! Was ever folly so disastrous? Or else hypocrisy so base?

What has been said of the Baltic applies equally to the Balkans, the other cause of the war between Russia and the German powers. Here both Austria and Russia wish to predominate. That was the immediate cause of this war. And here, too, so far as mere power and expansion is concerned, no plain man or woman in either country will be the better for success in such a cause, or the worse for defeat. But here there comes in another factor, deeper and more capable of making a genuine appeal to real people. The Balkan States have been for centuries an example, the most salient and the most terrible, of the results of that policy of expansion and conquest which dominates the governmental mind. The Turks have maintained for centuries in those unhappy lands the rule of Hell. No law has been known but the law of force. And the peoples subjected to that law have accepted it as their own. The expulsion of the Turks has meant only the application of the methods of the Turks by each nationality to every other. But now among the inhabitants of these states are a number of Serbs, and Serbs are Slavs, racially akin to the Russians; and some of these Serbs, those included in Bosnia and Herzegovina, have been brought by force, in the usual way and on the usual principle, into the Austrian Empire. The Russian government desires to bring these Serbs into its own system. And that desire brings it into conflict with the Austrian government.

Now, in this conflict, no doubt, both governments are moved only by the ordinary superstition of the governmental mind. But it is possible that, in issues like this, the people of a country may be inspired by a genuine interest of an ideal kind. The Austrian people, of course, cannot feel this, for there are not, in the Balkan States, any Germans or Hungarians oppressed by other powers. But some Russians, of those who are educated, intelligent, and sympathetic, may feel inclined to support their government in a policy which can be represented as aiming at the deliverance of people of a kindred race from the oppression of an alien government. That such an appeal may be genuinely felt and genuinely responded to, those of my readers will understand who remember on what grounds England was invited to intervene by force in South Africa, and the response, not all unreal and hypocritical, which that appeal evoked among the English. Some Russians, therefore, outside of governmental circles, may think, and think sincerely, that an interest of an ideal kind requires them to go to war with Austria to help Servia.

But now, mark! This situation has arisen because Austria has incorporated against their will some of these Serbs in her Empire, and desires to incorporate the rest. And, further, because the Russian government is not aiming merely at the deliverance of the Serbs, but at their incorporation in her own system. That races with a natural homogeneity, races desirous of governing themselves, should be allowed to do so without interference, is a real interest of peoples, and one which the new statecraft of Europe must recognize. But that principle, honestly applied in the Balkans, could never lead to war between Austria and Russia. For the true solution, on that principle, would be a referendum to the Slav peoples

included in the Austrian Empire on the point whether they wish to remain under Austria or to join Servia, or to come as a separate unit into a Balkan federation. And nothing prevents this solution, except the fact that governments are possessed by false ideas and bad ambitions. Thus we are confronted once more, by the conception of the abstract state over-riding the true aims, interests and ideals of peoples. That, and that only, has caused this war. That, and that only, will cause future wars.

There remains the point of the possession of Constantinople. Russia is supposed to aim at this, and for many years British policy aimed at thwarting her. But why did, or does, Russia want Constantinople? And what interest has England in the matter? So far as I have ever been able to learn, the interest here is purely a war interest. Russia wants to be able to send warships through the Dardanelles. England, and some other powers, object, for fear her ships should threaten their possessions. It is the old obsession again, that states are natural enemies. For all purposes of trade, for all peace purposes, the Dardanelles are open, and it is the interest of all nations alike that they should remain so. But no real interest of any people would be served by the possession of Constantinople, once the supposed war interest is set aside. At every point we meet the same illusion. Everywhere and always, fear in every state of aggression on the part of every other. And never any reason for the aggression feared that can be stated in terms of the true values of human life.

III

Let us turn now from the situation between the German powers and Russia to the situation between Germany

and France. Behind this is a long history, and it is, as always, a history of the aggression of the state. The perpetual and futile wars, so disastrous to France, which occupied the reign of Louis XIV, were wars to secure for the French state the hegemony of Europe. They had no reference to any real interests of the French people; and they left that people, after years of unsuccessful struggle, decimated and exhausted. The enterprise was taken up again by Napoleon. It failed again; but if it had succeeded, no advantage would have accrued to the French people. They would have been neither wealthier, healthier, nor happier; and no one can say they would have been better, except those who hold — as General Bernhardi and his followers hold, but as, I hope, no Englishman or American holds — that the arrogant temper of a dominant race is a good thing in itself, and worth wasting, to secure it, the lives, the fortunes, and the happiness of millions.

The years went on, and during the period from 1859 to 1866 the first great steps were made toward German union. The German state had come into being; and instantly the French state took the alarm. To the governmental mind, on either side of the frontier, the greatness and prosperity of the one people involved the ruin of the other. War became what is called inevitable; and both governments manœuvred for it. It duly came; the French were crushed; Alsace and Lorraine were taken from them; and there began another period of preparation for another war.

During that period new ideas penetrated the French people. They became more and more what is contemptuously called 'pacifist'; that is to say, they began consciously to care for the real interests of civilization, for social justice, for science, for art, and for a

religion that should worship some other god than the God of War. Similar influences and tendencies became predominant in all other countries, and especially among the great mass of the German people, represented by the Social Democrats. But the philosophy of the state remained unchanged. The idea of dominating Europe obsessed the governing caste in Germany. The French, in fear, only too well justified, of what might happen, made alliance with a power as military as Germany, and as alien to all the purposes for which France has fought through a century of revolutions. This unnatural alliance is the main root of the tragedy in which the British are involved. For it was that which brought France into the war, and that which brought in England. But, observe, what was really responsible for all this was the obsession of the governmental mind. That the German state, being great, must become greater at the cost of the French state; that the French state, having been weakened, must strengthen itself again at the cost of the German state; these are the presuppositions of the conflict. And so long as those presuppositions are held by the few men who have power to determine policy, so long they are and will be a menace to peace and a menace to civilization. But, once more, they have nothing to do with the real interests, desires or convictions of the millions of Germans and the millions of Frenchmen.

Ask any of these men who, without a word of warning, have been torn suddenly from their homes, their occupations, their friends and wives and children, whether they would choose, if the decision rested with them, to sacrifice all that they hold dear and to destroy, so far as in them lies, all that is held dear by all the people of a neighboring nation, in order to aggrandize the

French or the German state — ask them this, and what answer would you get? But it is not so that the matter is presented them. ‘March,’ they are told, ‘in defense of your homes and your dear ones.’ What! And those against whom they are to march are marching also to defend theirs! What ghastly irony is this! What net, woven not by Fate, but by human folly and illusion! And let us not idly think that that folly and that illusion lies all at the door of one government. It lies at the door of every government, and of every man who holds the governmental theory and thinks with the governmental mind.

IV

I pass, lastly, to the relation between Germany and England. It is the same story. Germany is great; the British Empire is great; there is not room for them both; and therefore one of them must smash the other. That is the main position; the rest is a question of choosing the appropriate moment. Such, for many years past, has been the attitude of British and of German Imperialists. I do not propose to attempt the idle and hopeless task of apportioning the blame between them. That, if it can be done at all, will be better done by one who does not belong to either nation. I will only reiterate that no Englishman and no German has any interest, material or ideal, in the destruction of the empire of the other.

Let me illustrate; and if, in so doing, I take as my text the ambitions of the German rather than of the British government, that is not because I hold the latter innocent. I believe it to be true that, as Germans complain, at every point the British have thrown themselves across the German enterprises, under the influence of jealousy

and fear. But the ambition of the British being satiated by the acquisition in the past of more territory than they well know how to handle, they have been acting on the defensive. It is from German, not from British ambition that the conflict has arisen; German ambition, of course, being now precisely what British ambition has been in the past. The German government, then, is credited with the intention to gain a colonial empire at our cost. Why? Let us inquire. What interests of German men and women are to be served by this policy?

We are told by the advocates of a colonial policy in Germany that Germans who emigrate settle in non-German countries and are ‘lost’ to the German state. Well, what of it? What does that matter to the Germans who go abroad, and who find themselves so much at home in the new country of their choice that the second generation of Germans in America are more American than the Americans, and the second generation of Germans in England more English than the English? And what does it matter to the Germans who remain at home? Are they less happy, less prosperous, less cultured, less good, less German? The question answers itself. Or will it be said that the Germans at home are poorer because other Germans go to America instead of to German colonies?

I cannot here touch upon the economic arguments which have been so ably developed in recent years by Mr. Norman Angell. If he and his followers cannot convince the reader that, from an economic point of view, the prosperity of one nation implies and enhances that of another, and that political power is a consideration irrelevant to economic power, I cannot hope to convince him. But I will put this point. It has been held, apparently, by the German Im-

perialists that it is worth while to go to war with us in order to acquire colonies. Have they ever tried to balance the cost of war against the supposed advantage to trade? Have they ever tried to strike the economic balance? Has the governmental mind anywhere ever made such an attempt? And is there the smallest presumption that, if it were made, the balance would be in favor of war?

That, however, after all, is but the smallest point. What may be gained or lost in war economically — and I believe that all competent judges would agree that the loss must exceed the gain — is but one and the least important consideration. To go to war to gain wealth, even if you could gain it, is like murdering a man to pick his pockets. To the governmental mind, with its cynicism, its blindness, its lack of touch with realities, such a procedure may seem right and normal. But go to the plain man and woman, and put it to them in time of peace: 'Would you think it right to sacrifice lives by tens of thousands, and to leave to the world a legacy of hate, so that you or your descendants may gain wealth?' and what answer will you get? Go to them in time of war, say to the mother weeping for her son, say to the wife weeping for her husband, 'We asked of you this sacrifice that Englishmen or Germans may have more money to spend' — what answer will you get? Yet that, and that only, is what you can say, you who make war for the sake of trade. Yes! and the same people will be accusing pacifists of sordid materialism! Reader, will you laugh or will you weep?

There remains, however, another possible plea for the seizure of colonies by force. The possession, it may be urged, of dominions beyond the seas, inhabited by a population of a lower stage of culture, gives to a people a

larger horizon, a nobler task, than can be supplied by domestic activities. And a strong and growing nation should not consent to be deprived of this outlet for its energies. That there may be some truth in this view of colonial dominions I am not concerned to deny. The possession of their Indian dependencies by the British and the Dutch has set those nations many difficult problems which, after many discreditable failures, they have partially solved. Some fine men in both countries have found in such work opportunity for their talents. But, speaking as an Englishman, I have never been able to see that the English national consciousness, the habitual state of mind of the ordinary citizens, and even of the ordinary politicians, is affected, one way or the other, by the possession of India. The nation lives, and always has lived, in profound ignorance of and indifference to the problems of Indian government. They rarely raise in Parliament even the most perfunctory debate. To the mass of the people they are utterly unknown and utterly uninteresting. And, if we lost India to-morrow, I do not believe there would be any perceptible change, after the first shock, in our national consciousness.

Even, however, if the possession of foreign dominions really made more difference than I believe it does to what may be called the spiritual life of a nation, and even if that difference were all to the good, — an immense assumption, — will it be maintained that it is justifiable for one state to go to war with another in order to deprive that state of this kind of activity and appropriate it to itself? The governmental mind, no doubt, will answer this question in the affirmative. But ask the individual German, man or woman, those who carry on the life of the country, who create its

wealth and sustain its culture, ask them, one by one, in their calm and sane moments, what they think of plunging Europe into war in order to appropriate territory now British; and what will these, the real people who have to bear the brunt of war, reply? The proposition is, in fact, to all plain sense, to all simple human feeling, preposterous. To none but the governmental mind could it appear self-evident.

But I shall be told, and this especially by Germans, — for there are some absurdities the English do not allow themselves, — that the 'culture' of a nation depends upon its political power. The larger the empire, the better its science, its literature, its art, and, I suppose it will be added, the purer its religion. This is, in fact, the contention of General Bernhardt in his notorious book. Yet it is the plain fact that, alike in religion, in literature, in art, in philosophy, in everything except science, whatever has done honor to the German name was produced before there was a Germany; and that since 1870 the prestige, the influence, and the value of German culture have declined.

What German names stand so high as those of Luther, Kant, Goethe, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven? And was Germany an empire when these men lived and worked? General Bernhardt quotes again and again in the course of his book, and as though he were quoting a supporter, the works of that Goethe whom I, too, put among the greatest of mankind. But what was Goethe? A poet who passed all his long life at a tiny German court, in a Germany divided against itself; a poet so notoriously indifferent to politics, to nationality, to war, that German patriots, from that time to this, have sought excuses in vain for his attitude in the war of liberation; a man who was so good a European that he could not be

a good German, and who made no attempt to conceal his admiration of Napoleon, at the moment when all Germany was prostrate at his feet. This is the general's witness to the truth that great literature is founded on great political power! On the same view, the literature, the philosophy, the art of Rome must have been greater than that of Greece! The idea of the state must be hard put to it indeed if it is to such arguments that it has recourse!

And when one turns to science the argument is even more absurd. No nation has done greater service to science than the German. And the world of science, which is cosmopolitan, not national, gladly and freely recognizes it. But does any one who knows anything of the conditions of scientific work, suppose that that work would not have been done by Germans unless there had been a German Empire? To state the notion is to refute it. A man of science may be a patriot, but his patriotism has nothing to do with his science. He goes to learn where he can learn best, and to work where he can work best; and the result of his work is a treasure, not for his country alone but for mankind.

Nothing that is included under what the Germans call 'culture' is or can be developed or enhanced by the pursuit of political dominion. Those influences spread by imitation and contact, regardless of the country of their origin or of its place in the system of states. What German dramatist of our time has, or deserves, a reputation equal to that of Ibsen, the citizen of politically insignificant Norway? What German critic can stand beside the Dane Brandes? What German saint of the last century ranks with that Rabindranath Tagore whose country is subject to an alien domination? Indeed, if religion be taken as the test,

it may be questioned whether between that and empire there is not, in the nature of things, a sheer antagonism. Between Christianity and empire that is so, beyond all question. General Bernhardt purports to be a Christian. I will not argue the point with him. But if there should come that last reckoning in which he must be supposed to believe, and if he, with the others who have made this war, should stand before the judgment seat of Christ, I would wish to see the look that would be turned upon them there by the Man who died on the Cross to bring peace to mankind.

I have dwelt upon this point of culture at greater length than its plausibility merits, because it is the kind of point that appeals to generous minds who are revolted otherwise by the sheer brutality of the governmental attitude. But it is all relevant to my main contention.

Culture in that wide sense in which the Germans use the word, in the sense of the intellectual, æsthetic, and spiritual life, is not only an interest of real men and women, it is their main interest. Everything else exists for the sake of it. But it has nothing to do with the state, as the governmental mind conceives it. No aggrandizement of the state can help it, no diminution of it can hinder. Government may or may not wisely foster it; but the extension of political power, with or without war, cannot foster it. Here, too, and in this highest field, the supposed interest of the state and the real interests of men and women stand out of all relation to one another. And a war waged in defense of culture is even more preposterous than a war waged in the pursuit of wealth.

But there remains yet one point which the reader may expect me to deal with. The expansion of a state, it may be urged, even if it does not imply the

expansion of its culture, does imply the expansion of its political system. And if any one holds the political system of his state to be better than that of other states he is right to will the expansion of his state even by war. It is on these lines that the existence and extension of the British Empire is sometimes justified; and on the same grounds, it may be assumed, some Germans would justify the extension of theirs.

This view is less brutally selfish than most of the views which attempt to defend conquest. But, as applied to the case we are considering, the colonial rivalry of Germany and England, it has no relevance. For no sane and instructed German can really suppose that German administrative methods are so much better than British that it would be good for hundreds of millions of British Indians, or of native Africans, to be transferred by force, at the cost of a bloody war, from British to German rule. And if — which I do not for a moment believe — any German has supposed that any British dominion was crying out for German deliverance from British tyranny, the events of the last few weeks must have undeceived him. What India wants is more self-government, not an exchange of masters. What the great native protectorates and colonies in Africa need is sympathetic and skilled administration in the interest of the natives. And this, to put it moderately, they are at least as likely to obtain from the British, with their long experience, as from the untried methods of Germany. As to the self-governing dominions, they do not enter into this question. They are, and intend to remain, self-governing. And I do not suppose that the wildest advocate of German expansion ever dreamed that Germany could germanize them. There is no sense in the notion that, at this stage in the

world's history, any part of the world now under British control could benefit by a transference to German control.

What every people needs is self-government, as and when it becomes capable of it. And that cause is the last that is likely to be served by the present German government and its present methods.

Look at it, then, which way we will, we find no justification for the supposed policy of the German government to create a colonial dominion at the cost of the British Empire. This may be said without making any arrogant pretensions about that Empire, without idealizing it, without justifying the methods by which it was acquired. With all that controversy I am not now concerned. I am concerned only to press home what I believe to be the unassailable contention that the German people have no interest in the supposed policy of their government to create a colonial empire at the cost of the British by war.

But equally I do not believe the English people have any interest in thwarting the expansion of Germany where it can be obtained without war, and is likely to extend the general interest of civilization. It does not appear that the British Foreign Office can be held guiltless of doing this. But all such action rests on the superstition I am combating — the superstition of the state, expanding by an inevitable law, at the cost of other states, by means of war. That, and that alone, on both sides, is the bottom of the rivalry between Germany and England. And that is simply an illusion.

V

I have now reviewed, as fully as is possible within the limits of a single article, the main causes which, according to the governmental theory, may

be held to have necessitated and to justify the present war. It is nothing to the purpose to reply that the English are fighting a defensive war, for every nation says the same, and with the same conviction. Somewhere, everybody admits, there must have been aggression, although everybody puts it in a different place. And wherever there has been aggression it has been due to the governmental theory possessing the minds of rulers and statesmen, and imposed by them, by suggestion, persuasion, or otherwise, upon ordinary men.

I ask the reader to consider very seriously what I have laid before him, and to extend and apply it further for himself, whenever and wherever he is met by the kind of arguments I have been endeavoring to refute. For until he has convinced himself that the causes which make war do not lie in the nature of things, and need not persist, he will not take seriously proposals for drastic remedies. And it is only with a view to those remedies that I have written these pages. I am asking the reader not merely to condemn the past — let the dead bury their dead! — but to help to mould the future. And, believe me, it cannot be moulded to any good purpose unless the plain men and women, workers with their hands and workers with their brains, in England and in Germany and in all countries, get together and say to the people who have led them into this catastrophe, and who will lead them into such again and again, 'No more! No more! And never again! You rulers, you soldiers, you diplomats, you who through all the long agony of history have conducted the destinies of mankind and conducted them to hell, we do now repudiate you. Our labor and our blood have been at your disposal. They shall be so no more. You shall not make the peace as you have made the war. The

Europe that shall come out of this war shall be *our* Europe. And it shall be one in which another European war shall be never possible.'

Let us turn, then, from the past to the future and ask, first, what the governmental mind, left to itself, is likely to make of Europe when the war is finished; secondly, what we, on our part, want and mean to make of it.

What the diplomats will make of it is written large on every page of history. Again and again they have 'settled' Europe, and always in such a way as to leave roots for the growth of new wars. For always they have settled it from the point of view of states, instead of from the point of view of human life. How one 'Power' may be aggrandized and another curtailed, how the spoils may be divided among the victors, how the 'balance' may be arranged, these kinds of considerations and these alone have influenced their minds. The desires of peoples, the interests of peoples, that sense of nationality which is as real a thing as the state is fictitious, — to all that they have been indifferent.

Take, as an example, the settlement made by the diplomats a hundred years ago, after the Napoleonic wars. What did they do? They forced back on France the dynasty whose works and whose ideas the revolution had been made to destroy, and involved her in a century of civil strife. They put back Italy under the heel of Austria and necessitated the war of 1859. They reimposed upon Spain the infamous régime of the Bourbons and the priests, and opened there too the long vista of civil war. They united Belgium with Holland in defiance of racial distinction, and Sweden with Norway in defiance of history. Everywhere they left untended wounds, unnatural conjunctions, reactionary tyrants in power, and peoples divided, broken,

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and enslaved. With the result that their house of cards had hardly been completed when it began to collapse; and the history of the nineteenth century is one continuous record of internal revolution and international war. What such men have done before, be assured they will do again. They work still with the same conceptions. They are as barren as ever of imagination, of humanity, of sense for real life.

What the issue of this war may be at this moment of my writing no one can foresee. But what can be foreseen with certainty is, that if the peace is to be made by the same men who made the war, it will be so made that in another quarter of a century there will be another war on as gigantic a scale.

Let us suppose that the German powers win. We know well enough what kind of peace they will impose, for they have been at no pains to conceal their ambitions. 'France must be so completely crushed that she can never again come across our path.' So General Bernhardi, voicing, it may be presumed, the policy of the military caste that is master of Germany. The same, of course, applies to England. She shall be shorn of her empire, of her command of the seas, of all that the German state has envied and hated in the British state. Italy and the Balkans will be pillaged to the benefit of Austria, and Russia rolled back — though that would be all to the good — from her ambition to expand in the west. At the same time every democratic movement in every country will be discouraged or annihilated. The principle of a brutal military domination will be established as the principle of Europe. The countries that are not militarist will become so. And another period of armed peace will begin, in which every genuine interest of civilization, all the true life of men and

women, will be sacrificed to the desperate effort of the defeated nations to recover their position, and of the victorious ones to maintain theirs.

If, on the other hand, the Allies should win, the outlook is no more promising, if the diplomats are to have their way. The Allies, in that case, will endeavor finally to crush the German powers, as the latter are determined finally to crush the Allies. The English and the French will divide the German colonies. Russia will dominate the Balkans, and probably appropriate Constantinople, and a great slice of German territory. And France and England will be left face to face with what they will regard as the new menace of the Slav. With the result that, in another quarter of a century, or less, they will combine with their present enemies to resist the advance of their present ally.

In either case, the state of Europe will be the old bad state: the piling up of armaments, at the cost of the continued poverty and degradation of the mass of the people; the destruction of all hope and effort toward radical social reform; and, when the time comes, as in this case it infallibly will, the new war, the new massacre, the new impoverishment, — the perpetual and intolerable agony of a civilization forever struggling to the light, forever flung back by its own stupidity and wickedness into the hell in which at this moment it is writhing.

Lord, how long, how long?

Till such time as we, the plain people of every nation, say we will endure it no longer. And let that time be now! When this war is over Europe might be settled, then and there, if the peoples willed it, and made their will effective, in such a way that there would never again be a European war. To do this it is only necessary to change our ideas. Or, rather, to make clear to ourselves

the ideas we really have, the purposes we really will, and impose them on those who are to act for us.

VI

We will to perpetuate European peace. How are we to accomplish it? By keeping in view and putting into effect certain clear principles.

First, the whole idea of aggrandizing one nation and humiliating another must be set aside. What we are aiming at is, not that this or that group of states should dominate the others, but that none should in future have any desire or motive to dominate. With that view, we must leave behind the fewest possible sores, the least possible sense of grievance, the least possible humiliation. The defeated states, therefore, must not be dismembered in the hope of making or keeping them weak; and that means, in detail, that, if the allies win, the English and the French must not take the German colonies, or the Russians the Baltic coast, the Balkans, or Constantinople; and that, if Germany wins, she must not dismember or subordinate to her system France or England or the neutral powers. That is the first clear condition of the future peace of Europe.

Secondly, in rearranging the boundaries of states — and clearly they must be rearranged — one point, and one only, must be kept in mind: to give to all peoples suffering and protesting under alien rule the right to decide whether they will become an autonomous unit, or will join the political system of some other nation. Thus, for example, the people of Alsace-Lorraine should be allowed to choose whether they will remain under Germany, or become an autonomous community, or be included in France. The same principle should be applied to the Poles. The same to Schleswig-Holstein.

The same to the Balkan states. The same to the Slav communities included in Austria-Hungary. There would arise, of course, difficulties in carrying this principle through. For, in the Balkan states, in Bohemia, and elsewhere, there is an almost inextricable tangle of nationalities. But with good will these difficulties could be at least partially met.

Even the wholesale transference of peoples of one nationality from one location to another is a possibility; and indeed it is now going on. In any case the principle itself is clear. Political rule must cease to be imposed on peoples against their will in the supposed interest of that great idol, the abstract state. Let the Germans, who belong together, live together under the same government, pursuing in independence their national ideal and their national culture. But let them not impose that ideal and that culture on reluctant Poles and Slavs and Danes. So, too, let Russia develop her own life over the huge territory where Russians live. But let her not impose that life on unwilling Poles and Finns. The English, in history, have been as guilty as other nations of sacrificing nationality to the supposed exigencies of the state. But of late they have been learning their lesson. Let them learn it to the end. Let no community be coerced under British rule that wants to be self-governing. The British have had the courage, though late, to apply this principle to South Africa and Ireland. There remains their greatest act of courage and wisdom — to apply it to India.

A Europe thus rearranged, as it might be at the peace, on a basis of real nationality instead of on a basis of states, would be a Europe ripe for a permanent league. And by such a league only, in my judgment, can its future peace, prosperity, happiness, goodness, and greatness be assured.

There must be an end to the waste upon armaments of resources too scanty, at the best, to give to all men and women in all countries the material basis for a good life. But if states are left with the power to arm against one another they will do so, each asserting, and perhaps with truth, that it is arming in defense against the imagined aggression of the others. If all are arming, all will spend progressively more and more on their armaments, for each will be afraid of being outstripped by the others. This circle is fatal, as we have seen in the last quarter of a century.

To secure the peace of Europe the peoples of Europe must hand over their armaments, and the use of them, for any purpose except internal police, to an international authority. This authority must determine what force is required for Europe as a whole, acting as a whole in the still possible case of war against powers not belonging to the League. It must apportion the quota of armaments between the different nations according to their wealth, population, resources, and geographical position. And it, and it alone, must carry on, and carry on in public, negotiations with powers outside the League. All disputes that may arise between members of the League must be settled by judicial process. And none of the forces of the League must be available for purposes of aggression by any member against any other.

With such a League of Europe constituted, the problem of reduction of armaments would be automatically solved. Whatever force a united Europe might suppose itself to require for possible defense would clearly be far less than the sum of the existing armaments of the separate states. Immense resources would be set free for the general purposes of civilization, and especially for those costly social

reforms on the accomplishment of which depends the right of any nation to call itself civilized at all. And if any one insists on looking at the settlement from the point of view of material advantage — and that point of view will and must be taken — it may be urged, without a shadow of doubt, that any and every nation, the conquerors no less than the conquered, would gain from a reduction of armaments far more than they could possibly gain by pecuniary indemnities or cessions of territory which would leave every nation still arming against the others with a view to a future squandering of resources in another great war. This is sheer common sense of the most matter-of-fact kind.

A League of Europe is not Utopia. It is sound business.

Such a league, it is true, could hardly come into being immediately at the peace. There must be preparation of opinion first; and not less important, there must be such changes in the government of the monarchic states as will insure the control of their policy by popular opinion; otherwise, we might get a league in which the preponderating influence would be with autocratic emperors. But in making peace the future league must be kept in view. Everything must be done that will further it, and nothing that will hinder it. And what would hinder it most would be a peace by which either there should be a return to the conditions before the war — but of that there is little fear — or by which any one power, or group of powers, should be given a hegemony over the others. For that would mean a future war for the rehabilitation of the vanquished.

The mood, therefore, which seems to be growing in England, that the British must 'punish' Germany by annihilating her as a political force; the mood which seems to be growing in Germany, that

she must annihilate the British as the great disturbers of the peace, — all such moods must be resolutely discouraged. For on those lines no permanent peace can be made. Militarism must be destroyed, not only in Germany but everywhere. Limitation of armaments must be general, not imposed only on the vanquished by victors who propose themselves to remain fully armed. The view of peoples must be substituted once for all for the view of governments; and the view of peoples is no domination, and, therefore, no war, but a union of nations developing freely on their own lines, and settling all disputes by arbitration.

VII

I have thus laid before the reader, as clearly as I can in a brief space, both what I believe to be the deepest cause of war, and what I believe to be its only cure. At this moment it is only Englishmen and Americans that can be addressed in this sense, for on the Continent there is martial law, and every man, Socialists and Pacifists as well as others, is at the front. But, of course, the opinion that can influence the result must be international. And that such weight of international opinion can be elicited and made effective in a short time, as soon as agitation can begin, I myself have little doubt. The considerations I have laid before the reader, if they be as valid and important as I believe them to be, are valid and important for every one, irrespective of nationality. What is imperative is to get them stated in such a way that they come home with real conviction to a vast number of individuals.

This paper of mine is but a forerunner of what I hope will be a general and active propaganda. But the only end and purpose of all such propaganda is to produce a quiet, firm, unassailable con-

viction, in one after another individual mind, heart, and will. For the moment, the voice is mine, and the listener that one person who at any moment, in any place, may peruse these lines. I do not aim at sweeping him away by frothy rhetoric. I appeal to his common sense, his reason, his conscience, and his heart. And I ask him, whoever he be, laborer with the hand, laborer with the head, man of business, or thinker, to make up his mind for himself in the terrible and lurid glare of the events actually passing before him.

I ask him first to realize what war means. If he has been at the front, he knows from personal experience. Let him realize, again and again, without ceasing, till it is burned upon his soul, what that experience has been. If he has not been there, let him try to realize it through such detailed accounts of what has been happening as filter through the press.

Then when the horror has possessed his soul, let him ask himself, Why all this? And let him not be put off and satisfied by such answers as 'the invasion of Belgium,' 'the ambition of Germany.' These may be causes why England went into this particular war. They are not causes why the war happened. The war happened because the governmental theory was held and applied by those few men who control policy and armaments; and because the ordinary people, whom this war is massacring and ruining by hundreds of thousands, had neither the knowledge, nor the education of heart and mind, nor the organization, to control those men. That is what we have to alter. And we must begin by discrediting the governmental theory.

I have endeavored to show, by examples relevant to this war, how the reasons it puts forward break down in the light of mere common sense and mere decent human feeling. Let the

reader practice and pursue that method in dealing with every book and with every press article that he comes across in which the fallacy is maintained. Let him ask himself always, when there is talk of power, of prestige, of markets, of expansion, and all the other shibboleths, — what exactly do these things mean in terms of the life of men and women. And if sometimes he detects among the objects aimed at by governments one that seems to imply a real benefit to real people, let him then ask himself, 'Is it tolerable for a decent human being to pursue this advantage at the cost of other human beings, by means of war, as war has now been freshly and vividly revealed to me?'

If he perseveres in this course I believe that he will come to agree with me that the world is being controlled by men who are the victims of sheer illusion; whether it be defect of mind, of heart, or of soul that has fastened the illusion upon them. And then, if he gets so far, let him ask the further and crucial question, How is it that such men, victims of illusion, have been able to involve millions and millions of men in universal massacre; to waste their labor on instruments of destruction; to keep them starved of spiritual, even of material sustenance, for the purpose of piling up armaments and waging war for no purposes relevant to life at all?

He will then have come to the point at which action for him begins. For then he must get together with all others who think and feel as he does, not in England and America only, but everywhere throughout the world, to stop this thing by any and every means. For, let him remember, the power that rulers have is the power of the assent of the ruled, an assent almost always purely passive. That passive assent on his part must stop. He is an active soldier now in the cause of peace.

GERMAN METHODS OF CONDUCTING THE WAR

BY HEINRICH FR. ALBERT

THE present war, in which many millions of men are engaged, has opened up a great variety of new problems of organization and of military technique; and these in turn have influenced the methods of warfare. Wireless telegraphy, submarines, and airships have created new and terrifying possibilities in the conduct of war which have shocked the public sensibilities. Added to the charges arising from the use of these new weapons are the old charges of atrocity and cruelty which every war brings. Many of these charges are willful falsifications, many of them are of psychopathic origin, and many are mythical.

Admitting that, in the passion engendered by war, brutal instincts may be let loose and occasional atrocities be committed by individuals on either side, a German may be permitted to point out in reference to the army of his own country that it is inconceivable that the iron discipline of German troops, whose efficiency in every other direction is recognized, should have broken down here.

Omitting, then, a discussion of these atrocity charges, and confining itself, as far as possible, to admitted facts and uncontested reports, this article will examine the methods of warfare employed by Germany and her adversaries in the present conflict, under three main heads:—

- I. *Methods of Warfare in the Air.*
- II. *Methods of Warfare on Land.*
- III. *Methods of Warfare at Sea.*

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I. METHODS OF WARFARE IN THE AIR

In this connection the first things to be considered are the attacks of aircraft and the throwing of bombs from them. Many have believed this method of warfare to be a violation of international law; while others, who made no such claim, declared it to be inhuman and absolutely useless.

Let us first look at the legal aspect. Even the first conference at The Hague in the year 1899 considered this question. The second conference, in 1907, practically confirmed the findings of the first with a few exceptions. In one of the declarations made at this conference, it was laid down that the 'contracting powers agree to prohibit for a period extending to the close of the third peace conference, the discharge of projectiles and explosives from balloons or by other new methods of similar nature.' This declaration was signed by the representatives of twenty-seven states out of the forty-four present.

Among the seventeen states which did not sign were France, Italy, Roumania, Russia, Servia, and Germany. Thus practically all the big military powers at the convention, with the exception of Austria-Hungary, failed to sign this agreement, and for a very good reason; for if ever war has to be made, which is regretted by none more than by Germany, there is no reason why the latest technical inventions should not be made use of. It will be observed that none of the big

military powers which are in possession of airships signed this declaration.

It is easily understood why England signed this declaration, and was the only power to ratify it: her interests lay in such a declaration, for her insular safety is threatened by attacks from the air. Furthermore, every attempt in England to develop an effective type of airship has been a failure. The airships which England built had all sorts of other good points, but either they were not able to fly or they collapsed after the first few attempts. Only of late has England had any conspicuous successes in aviation. England's interest therefore is quite different from that of the nations which have had airships for a long time, especially France and Germany.

According to recognized international practice, Germany is not bound to abide by this declaration, since, like the seventeen other states, she did not sign it. The bombardment from airships and flying machines therefore is not forbidden by any international agreements, and Germany is altogether within her rights in making use of this new weapon in which she is so far superior to the Allies. International agreements of this kind are not and cannot be ideal. They are compromises in which each side makes concessions.

It cannot even be shown that the throwing of bombs from airships is an especially inhuman method of warfare. There is no difference between such bomb-throwing and a bombardment from land. It is impossible to arrange any bombardment so that non-combatants will not be struck, or so that some of the shots will not strike other places than those aimed at and often destroy private property. Private property damaged in war on land is no different from private property destroyed and captured on the high seas,

as, for instance, by the superior British fleet. One is just as justifiable as the other. It is well known that Germany tried repeatedly in the Hague Peace Conference to put an end to the confiscation of private property on the high seas, for the simple reason that Germany's interest lay in such an international pact, owing to the fact that its navy is very much smaller than the British. Germany would have been willing to offset such a concession with an agreement not to throw bombs from the air, but England's interests were opposed. This fact is not stated here in the sense of rebuking England; but it is only just that if Germany does not object to Great Britain using her means of warfare as best she can, Germany on the other hand should not be criticized for making the best use of her weapons.

Now, however, the objection is raised, and this at first glance seems to be a point well taken, that the throwing of bombs from airships is really a waste of effort, as it accomplishes nothing. The American is apt to ask what is the use of throwing bombs into a city that is not even being besieged at the time. This seems senseless to him, and especially inhuman when a German airman throws bombs into Paris, or when a Zeppelin sends projectiles of a similar kind into Antwerp before the city is even invested. A calm and judicial consideration, however, will show that this view is not justified. The airman over Paris did not aim at the unfortunate woman and the unhappy children who became the innocent victims of war in the immediate vicinity of the Eiffel Tower; the bombs were meant for the wireless station on the Eiffel Tower. It is hardly necessary to explain how enormously important the destruction of this station would have been.

When one realizes that modern war-

fare is conducted, not only by the physical strength and endurance of the troops, but above all by the inventions of mechanical genius and the proper use of modern appliances, one easily sees the *enormous importance* of the Eiffel Tower wireless station. It distributes the orders of the French War Office to the armies in the field. From it news is sent out over the entire world. Instructions to the French fleet are 'wirelessed.' The communication between the Allies — between the British and French governments, between the allied fleets and the armies in the field — is conducted from this station. The destruction of this means of communication under the circumstances would be more important than that of an entire army corps. If the airman missed his target and unfortunately struck non-combatants, such is the inevitable risk of war. He can be reproached for what he did no more than Germany has reproached the British for the brave but unsuccessful attempts of the English flyers to destroy German Zeppelin sheds and Zeppelins at Düsseldorf and other unfortified towns.

Attacks by airships are even more useful than those by aeroplanes, according to the general opinion of military experts. There is no doubt whatever of the fact that the prompt aid rendered by the Zeppelins above Liège contributed greatly toward hastening the fall of that fortress. If one wishes to judge rightly the value of Zeppelin attacks upon Antwerp even before its investment, one must have in mind the immense complicated organization of such a modern fortress. Defense of a modern fortress no longer consists merely in leading the troops to the walls where guns are placed and then firing at the attacking enemy. Even more important than the bravery and deeds of the troops is the technical or-

ganization. One look at the map of the fortifications of Antwerp shows clearly how such an organization works.

The far-extended double line of forts demands a careful organization of the railroad system, with every detail so thoroughly regulated that troops can at a moment's notice be taken from places where they are not needed and be thrown into other positions where the enemy's attack is the stronger. There must be complicated machinery for properly placing heavy artillery material, for moving ammunition, for transporting the wounded, for operating canals and sluices in order to flood certain districts. In short, it is necessary to operate a large technical apparatus which must work with the precision of a clock; and the threads connecting the various parts of such an apparatus run together at a few points. These points may be likened to the brain, with which the outer members of the body are connected by nerves. If this brain is injured, the entire body is made useless, and the greatest bravery cannot offset destruction of the inner mechanism. To this must be added the importance of arsenals, of magazines for ammunition, of oil-tanks, of grain-elevators, the importance of the headquarters of the chief commander, the general staff, and so forth.

The destruction of the central points must hasten the surrender of such a fortress by weeks. Their destruction through bombs thrown from airships may therefore be a much more humane method of warfare than the destruction of the entire fortress by a bombardment from all sides could possibly be. At all events, this more modern warfare — which paralyzes the body of a fortress through the destruction of the central nervous system, and thus forces the fortress to surrender — may spare many thousands of lives and property of incalculable value.

II. METHODS OF WARFARE ON LAND

1. The fundamental rules for the conduct of war on land are laid down in the 'Convention Concerning Laws and Customs of War on Land' which forms part of the conferences at The Hague of the years 1899 and 1907. The source of this convention is, as is well known, an American authority, namely, the 'Instructions for government of armies of the United States in the field, drawn up by Dr. Francis Lieber and revised by a Board of Officers of the United States army at the instigation of President Lincoln, and issued from the office of the Adjutant General to the army in General Order No. 100 of 1863.'

These instructions have been justly called 'a deed of great moment in the history of international law and of civilization.' They have formed a basis for similar work on the part of France, England, and Germany, and have been incorporated, in spirit at least, into the Hague Conventions. These conventions must be considered valid, because the Convention of 1907 was, so far as the warfare on land is concerned, only a revision of the Convention of 1899, which is binding by reason of ratifications deposited by all the nations now at war. At any rate, the Peace Foundation is right in stating that instructions in the form of general orders are issued to the different armies having all the force of the sanctions of martial law behind them. The German code of 1870-71 was entirely based on the American document, the terms of which were in part almost verbally followed. The new instructions are practically the same in a modernized form.

2. The Conventions of 1899 and 1907 are amplified by a number of special declarations, of which one concerns the use of shells containing asphyxiat-

ing or deleterious gases,¹ and another refers to expanding bullets.' Charges have been made that the French have used such shells, and both sides have charged the use of expanding bullets by the enemy. We shall not enter here into the question whether this violation of the laws of nations has been practiced.

3. The greatest discussion has been roused by the methods of war used by Germany in Belgium for the suppression of sniping, and in the treatment of an enemy's territory occupied during war, such as the treatment of non-combatants who have been found with weapons in their hands, the taking of hostages in towns and villages, the destruction of houses in various places, the levy of war contributions, and so forth.

What is sniping? Sniping is the participation in the hostilities of non-combatants of a territory invaded or occupied by the enemy. Non-combatants are all people not belonging to the army. As Belgium has a standing army, volunteering forces are admitted only under the conditions of Article I.² The fundamental principle is that the vol-

¹ 'The contracting powers agree to abstain from the use of bullets which expand or flatten easily within the human body, such as bullets with a hard envelope which does not entirely cover the core but is pierced with incisions.'

² Annex to Convention IV of the Hague Conference of 1907, Regulations respecting the Laws and Customs of War on Land; Section I, Chapter I, Art. I: 'The laws, right, and duties of war apply not only to the army but also to the militia and corps of volunteers fulfilling the following conditions: —

1. That of being commanded by a person responsible for his subordinates;
2. That of having a distinctive emblem fixed and recognizable at a distance;
3. That of carrying arms openly; and
4. That of conducting their operations in accordance with the laws and customs of war.

In countries where militia or corps of volunteers constitute the army, or form part of it, they are included under the denomination 'army.'

unteers must be recognizable as soldiers and must carry on the war openly.

In Belgium the German troops have been attacked by non-combatants, not belonging to any military organization. The question of recognizing the 'Garde Civique' as lawful has never been raised. But the Belgian population took part in the fight without having any distinctive or recognizable emblem, without openly carrying arms, or otherwise conforming with the foregoing article. The attacks upon the Germans were made from ambush, from houses, and so forth, in places where the population, at the time of the occupation by German troops, had appeared to be peaceable. They had hidden their weapons to produce them later. Snipers' warfare has been carried on in Belgium with all the horrors of a guerilla campaign, and has even been glorified by French and English papers as something heroic.¹ Whether this franc-tireur war was waged by the people at the behest of their government or not, may be left undecided.

The suppression of sniping has been recognized by all nations as a dire necessity. All military instructions in regard to it have been with the object of assuring the greatest efficiency in suppression. The most vigorous methods are undoubtedly the most humane ones in this respect, for they act as a preventive. During the Boer War, for instance, Lord Roberts issued the following army order: —

'Wherever any attempt has been made to destroy the railroad line, all the farms and residences within a cir-

cumference of ten miles must be destroyed, cattle and all provisions taken away, and the residents driven away without food or shelter.'

The reason for such Draconian measures against sniping is the immense danger it means to the army. Of what particular importance it is to Germany in this struggle that the occupied territory of Belgium should be kept quiet is evident. Communication with the German front from Verdun to Rheims, Roye, Arras, Lille, and Ostend depends absolutely upon the Belgian railway system and roads. Destruction of this line of communication would endanger the provisioning of the army, the bringing up of ammunition and supplies, the transportation home of the wounded and of prisoners of war, and in case of defeat — which every commander-in-chief must include in the possibilities — would lead to the complete destruction of the German army.

Under these circumstances, even the most criticized act, the so-called destruction of Louvain, will gain quite a different aspect from that which it had in the discussion in the press. What are the facts? The occupation of Louvain had taken place in an entirely peaceful manner. In order to be as impartial as possible, I take as basis, not the official German report, most unfavorable to Belgium, but the report of a neutral, the Dutch correspondent of the *Nieuw Rotterdamsche Courant*.¹ He states: 'The city was occupied in the regular way by comparatively few soldiers. Suddenly a shot was fired out of the house opposite to the headquarters of the staff. Immediately afterwards a number of shots were fired from houses nearby, and in a moment this shooting spread from house to house, from street to street, with such a speed that the German sol-

¹ In *The Sphere*, London, of August 22, 1914, there is a picture which shows a woman surrounded by her children shooting at Uhlans from the opening of the door. Another picture shows armed workmen defending their homes with scythes, hoes, and cudgels.

The French paper *L'Avenir Reims* pictures in an article the heroic defense of Herstal by the women.

¹ August 30, 1914.

diers fell in great numbers; many were wounded. The horses of the train were killed or bolted. A general confusion was the result.' During this fighting fires broke out which spread with terrific speed over the city.

It is evident that in such a fight no distinction between public and private buildings could be made, as artillery had to be used in the most endangered places, especially against buildings from which shots were fired. All the same, the German troops did all they could to save works of art. Lieutenant Thelemann, in private life a high official of the Prussian Ministry of Public Works, attempted, together with a number of soldiers, to save works of art endangered by flames. While he was engaged in doing this, he was shot at from ambush by non-combatant residents of Louvain, and was severely wounded. In the face of such facts, no claim can be made that architectural monuments of art and of historical value were wantonly destroyed or attacked. Whenever any such buildings were struck, it was in self-defense, or was an absolute military necessity. Herein a number of the foremost American correspondents are unanimous. Their reports are confirmed by the Vice-Regent of the University of Louvain, Dr. Coenrad.

The treatment of Louvain was an act of self-defense, and cannot be stigmatized as a barbarous method of war. Besides, the damage done must be calmly judged, without undue exaggeration. The well-known director of the German Bank in Berlin, Dr. Helfferich, who was in Louvain shortly after the above occurrences, writes: 'It is quite absurd to speak of a total destruction of the town. Only the eastern quarter, whence, after the apparently peaceful surrender of the town, our troops were in a treacherous manner persistently and systematically

fired at, and also the streets leading from the railway station and from the direction of Tirlemont into the interior of the town, have had to be shelled and burned down. All the houses and walls in those streets are thickly strewn with bullet marks, which bear evidence that every single quarter in those streets had to be taken by storm.

'On the other hand, the whole of the southern half of the town and also part of the west have remained almost completely intact. Numerous houses there bear inscriptions, such as 'Good people in this house, please spare,' and the like. The Town Hall, the pearl of Louvain, is preserved in its entirety. It was saved by our troops. Officers who took part in the street fighting at Louvain relate that our soldiers applied the steam hose, in order to extinguish the fire in the buildings close to the Town Hall and thus to save this architectural jewel from destruction. They never stopped in this work of preservation, although they were, in the very act of rescue, incessantly fired at by the citizens of Louvain. Unfortunately it was not found possible to preserve the valuable library of the University. A tower of the Cathedral has tumbled down while the nave is unimpaired.'

In the meantime the report of the German Art Commission¹ appointed to investigate these charges has been received in the United States. The report confirms the statements of Dr. Helfferich.

It has seemed necessary to treat the destruction of Louvain somewhat in detail, as it is characteristic of the exaggeration of all such reports.

The destruction of cities and other places is only the climax of measures necessary for the suppression of sniping; as a rule, fortunately, less vigorous measures are sufficient for this pur-

¹ New York *Sun*, October 16, 1914.

pose. Among these are the searching of towns or villages for weapons hidden by non-combatants. Only people who, upon order of the occupying troops, do not deliver whatever arms they have in their possession, or are later found with them, or have made use of them, are doomed to death. Sometimes hostages are taken to insure the quiet behavior of the population of occupied places. Only if this measure proves insufficient and the attacks upon the occupying troops are renewed by non-combatants, is no other course left to the occupying army than to destroy such places.

There is one method of war which particularly has been much misunderstood: the levying of contributions. It will, however, be conceded that the levying of contributions as a preventive measure against sniping is, compared with the other methods, the mildest. Instead of taking life, it takes only property; for this reason it may, however, be perhaps most effective. Articles 48, 49, and 50 of the Hague Conferences¹ cannot be applied, so far as sniping is concerned. The instructions to the various armies do not contain these rules, so far as the writer has had the opportunity to study them. They hold, on the contrary, the whole population responsible for acts of snip-

¹ Article 48. If, in the territory occupied, the occupant collects taxes, dues and tolls, imposed for the benefit of the State, he shall do it, as far as possible, in accordance with the rules in existence and the assessment in force, and will in consequence be bound to defray the expenses of the administration of the occupied territory on the same scale as that to which the legitimate Government was bound.

Article 49. If, besides the taxes referred to in the preceding Article, the occupant levies other money contributions in the occupied territory, this can only be for military necessities or the administration of such territory.

Article 50. No general penalty, pecuniary, or otherwise, can be inflicted on the population on account of the acts of individuals, for which it cannot be regarded as collectively responsible.

ing and allow the infliction of pecuniary exactions from the point of view of prevention and military necessity. But it may be pointed out that war contributions have been levied in Belgium, not only for the purpose of discouraging sniping but also, as the writer has been informed, for use in the administration of occupied territory.

According to the Articles quoted, the levying of war contributions 'for military necessities' and 'the administration of such territory' are common and are expressly permitted. Belgium is at the present time practically administered by Germany, and the situation has brought forward military necessities to be met by contributions. If the estimate as to their amount is somewhat summary and roughly based on the existing Belgian methods of taxation, who will reproach an administration organized with the utmost speed and kept up in good working shape within a few miles of the firing lines?

4. Public opinion in the United States has, furthermore, been greatly concerned with the bombardment of cities and villages in the north of France, during which were struck buildings of historical and artistic value, devoted to religion and art. Not all cases can be mentioned here. Therefore, the writer proposes to discuss only the bombardment of Rheims, as the most conspicuous example. It must first be established that according to Article 25 of the Hague Convention of 1899, 'the attack or bombardment of towns, villages, hospitals or buildings which are *not defended* is forbidden.' If, therefore, the French placed weight upon the preservation of such cities as Rheims, Lille, Arras, and so forth, they should not have been occupied by military forces. The French, however, made Rheims a main pivot of their artillery position, and, according to the testimony of English and American corre-

spondents, massed enormous quantities of artillery in direct proximity to the cathedral. The French occupied Rheims for military purposes, that is, to secure for themselves the strategic advantages offered by such places for the movement of troops, — the easier method of quartering them, greater protection, quicker disposition, and so forth. This, of course, obliges the opponent to take such places by force, and possibly even destroy them by bombardment. Germany has done so even with towns of her own; with Soldau, for instance, an unfortified place in East Prussia, when it was occupied by the Russians. Soldau has been completely destroyed.

During such bombardment it is not always possible to spare historical buildings, devoted to religion, art, science, and charity. The particular rule of the Hague Peace Conference of 1899, Article 27,¹ decrees that such protection should go 'as far as possible,' and makes this subject to the provision that 'they are not used for military purposes.' This view fits the actual conditions. During a bombardment it is not possible to prevent accidental shots from striking such buildings. Let us recall that the English, during the bombardment and storming of Delhi in 1857, did not respect monuments of art, nor could they have done so. During the siege of Rome by the Garibaldians, Nino Bixio even considered the cannonading of the entire Vatican.

It is important to state again that the bombardment of the Cathedral of Rheims was a military necessity. The official report of the Headquarters of the German army is as follows: —

¹ Article 27. In sieges and bombardments all necessary steps should be taken to spare, as far as possible, buildings devoted to religion, art, science and charity, hospitals and places where the sick and wounded are collected, provided they are not used at the same time for military purposes.

(OFFICIAL)

ARMY HEADQUARTERS,

September 22, 1914.

After the French, through the building of heavy fortifications, had made Rheims the main stronghold of their defense, they themselves forced us to attack the city with all available means. The German Army Commander-in-Chief gave orders to spare the Cathedral, so long as the enemy refrained from using it to his advantage. On September 20th, the white flag was raised on the Cathedral and respected by us. In spite of this we were able to locate a military observer on the tower of the edifice, which explained the effectiveness of the enemy's artillery against our attacking infantry. It was necessary to dislodge him. This was accomplished with shrapnel fire by our field artillery. Our heavy artillery was even then not allowed, and firing was stopped as soon as the observer was dislodged. We are able to state that the tower and the exterior are standing intact. The roof burst into flames. The attacking forces therefore have gone only as far as they were absolutely compelled to go. The responsibility rests with the enemy, who attempted to misuse a monument of architectural art under the protection of the white flag.

For a German the fact that an official communication is issued by the army headquarters is proof sufficient of its absolute truth to facts; and the truthfulness of this German official announcement is beginning to be recognized in the United States as well.

It may be noted, by the way, that the French, by establishing an observation station in the tower, compelled the Germans to fire upon and damage the 'Muenster' in Strassburg, the most famous monument of German Gothic architectural art and a document of old German history.

III. METHODS OF WARFARE AT SEA

The methods of war on land have been discussed chiefly in connection with German warfare, but now the methods of war at sea bring us in more intimate touch with English warfare. Here also only the most important facts can be taken into consideration, the field of controversy being too large to be dealt with in one article. Minor questions, therefore, like the sinking of the German auxiliary cruiser *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* within the three-mile zone on the coast of Spanish possessions; the chasing of German ships within the three-mile zone right into the mouth of New York Harbor itself; the taking of German and Austrian reservists, on the way to their colors, off neutral ships, — a method by which New York Harbor has for a long time been blockaded by British cruisers like a harbor of a belligerent nation; the searching and destroying of German mails on neutral steamers,¹ and a series of other alleged infractions of international law, may be altogether omitted from this discussion.

The main feature of English methods of warfare at sea is the seizure of food-stuffs, destined for and shipped to Germany, as contraband of war. The intention is to bring Germany to her knees by starving her out. I do not wish to raise the question whether this method of warfare is a very humane one. It cannot be compared with the starving out of a fortress, inasmuch as non-combatants are permitted to leave a fortress before its investment,

¹ International Peace Conference, 1907. Restrictions on Capture in Maritime War, Chapter 1, Postal Correspondence, Art. 1: —

The postal correspondence of neutrals or belligerents, whether official or private in character, which may be found on board a neutral or enemy ship at sea, is inviolable. If the ship is detained the correspondence is forwarded by the captor with the least possible delay.

whereas the non-combatant population of fifty-seven million people can hardly leave Germany. Besides, as a practical measure, this method is of no avail in this war. Germany is self-supporting, as has been shown in detail by Dr. Dernburg, the former German Colonial Secretary, in the *Review of Reviews*.² Furthermore, it is doubtful, even if Germany were not, whether England would be able to carry out such a plan. Germany has occupied Belgian and French territory. There seem to be plans under consideration by the German government to feed the Belgian population by importing food-stuff. Certainly Germany will not oppose this measure, so long as she herself has sufficient food to live on. But if the aforesaid method of England should cause a real shortage of food in Germany, no one could expect Germany to treat the residents of the occupied territory differently from her own people at home. So England would be starving out not only the Germans, but the Belgians and many of the French.

In this article the question of starving out a country will be discussed only from the general aspect of the justification of such a method of war. The legal basis for the theory is the question of contraband of war. It is determined by the 'Declaration of London of 1909 concerning the Laws of Naval War.' To be sure, the Declaration of London has not been ratified up to the present time, and is, therefore, not formally binding. But as all the contracting nations have assented to and signed the convention, England herself having invited the conference and the discussions having been carried on in London, the Declaration forms the moral and written code of the nations. Furthermore, Great Britain has recognized the principle of the Declaration in former wars. Having accepted the

² November, 1914.

law as binding when it was to her own advantage, she should accept it now, even though it favors others.

So far as the legal foundation is concerned, Article 24, in connection with Article 33, of the aforesaid Declaration is decisive.¹ According to Article 24 conditional contraband includes foodstuffs. But according to Article 33, conditional contraband is liable to seizure only if it is shown to be destined for the use of the armed forces, or for a government department of the enemy's state. Foodstuffs, therefore, cannot be confiscated as contraband so long as they are intended for the sustenance of non-combatants and consigned to private parties. The taking away of all foodstuffs sent to a nation at war is certainly not permissible. The intention of starving out a nation — leaving the human side out of the question — can, in compliance with international law, be carried out only by an effective blockade. But the German ports are for very good reasons (submarines) not effectively blockaded.

This method, employed at present in regard to foodstuffs, is also opposed to former British practice. The same question was raised between the United States and Great Britain, during the recent Boer War, in connection with the seizure of the vessels *Beatrix*, *Maria*, and *Mashona*, which were taken by British cruisers to Delagoa Bay. In the course of the correspondence, Lord Salisbury thus defined the position of the British government on

the question of contraband: — 'Foodstuffs with a hostile destination can be considered contraband of war *only if they are supplies for the enemy's forces. It is not sufficient that they are capable of being so used. It must be shown that this was in fact their destination at the time of seizure.*'² This statement by Lord Salisbury is in harmony with what is laid down in Holland's *Manual of Naval Prize Law*, issued by the British administration in 1888.

In the war between Russia and Japan, the Russian government issued to its naval officers instructions in which foodstuffs were designated as contraband of war. The British government protested against this prohibition, which included rice and provisions as unconditional contraband, this being regarded as 'inconsistent with the law and policy of nations.' The British government, it was declared, did not contest that, 'in particular circumstances, provisions may acquire a contraband character, as, for instance, if they should be consigned direct to the army or fleet of a belligerent, or to a port where such fleet may be lying'; but it could not admit that 'if such provisions were consigned to the port of a belligerent (even though it should be a port of naval equipment) they should therefore be necessarily regarded as contraband of war.' The true test appeared to be 'whether there are circumstances relating to any particular cargo to show that it is destined for military or naval use.'²

The same position was taken by the United States during the Russian-Japanese War, and the result of the British and American protests was that rice and provisions were regarded as contraband 'if destined for a belligerent government, its administration, army, navy, fortresses, naval ports, or purveyors,' but not if 'addressed to

¹ Article 24. The following articles, susceptible of use in war as well as for purposes of peace, may, without notice, be treated as contraband of war, under the name of conditional contraband: — (1) Foodstuffs. (2) etc.

Article 33. Conditional contraband is liable to capture if it is shown to be destined for the use of the armed forces or of a government department of the enemy State, unless in this latter case the circumstances show that the goods cannot in fact be used for the purposes of the war in progress.

² John Bassett Moore, *Contraband of War*, p. 35.

private individuals.' As to proof of destination, the doctrine of continuous voyage is not applicable to conditional contraband. Such cargoes should therefore not be in jeopardy when sent to a neutral port.

The interpretation of the British government went even further. On the 29th of March, 1909, considerable discussion took place in the House of Commons with reference to the word 'enemy' in Article 34 of the Declaration of London, 1909, Declaration concerning the Laws of Naval War, according to which goods are considered as conditional contraband for the use of the armed forces or for a government of the enemy state if they are consigned to a contractor who supplies articles of this kind to the 'enemy.' On this occasion the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Mackinnon Wood, stated that the word 'contractor' in this article 'cannot possibly apply to a mere merchant who supplies goods to the general public,' and the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Sir Edward Grey, on April 5, 1909, in answer to a question on the divergence between the terms of Article 34 and the General Report, replied as follows: 'For the reasons already given, I cannot admit that there is any ambiguity as to the meaning of Article 34.¹ It is made clear, both by Article 33, on which Article 34 is dependent, and by the

general official report of the Conference, that the word "enemy" in Article 34 can only mean the enemy government. It is evident, however, that if the point had been raised at the time it would have been made perfectly clear in the drafting, and we therefore propose to make a declaration, at the time of the ratification, that the word "enemy" in Article 34 means the *government* of the enemy.'

Notwithstanding those statements, there is no doubt that in the present war the practice of Great Britain is entirely different. Foodstuffs are constantly being seized, on neutral ships, although the neutral flag should be a perfect protection against seizure; and the rules of Articles 33 and 34, qualifying goods as conditional contraband only if their destination is the enemy's government or armed forces, are, by the English starving-out system, as utterly disregarded as the formal declarations of the representatives of the British government and of Sir Edward Grey himself. It is evident how much this method of war interferes with the trade of the small countries, like Norway, Sweden, Holland, Denmark, so dear to the big heart of Great Britain, and with the production and export even of the United States. The author still earnestly hopes that the government of the United States will perceive the great importance of construing its neutrality in the present war as it did during the Russian-Japanese War, not so much in the interest of Germany, which, as has been said, is self-supporting, but because of the danger involved in establishing a different precedent; because thus only can the sanctity and validity of former international practice, and of signed, although not yet ratified, treaties be safeguarded; and because of the immense, just, and material rights of American citizens, which a contrary course so gravely menaces.

¹ The destination referred to in Article 33 is presumed to exist if the goods are consigned to enemy authorities, or to a contractor established in the enemy country who, as a matter of common knowledge, supplies articles of this kind to the enemy. A similar presumption arises if the goods are consigned to a fortified place belonging to the enemy, or other place serving as a base for the armed forces of the enemy. No such presumption, however, arises in the case of a merchant vessel bound for one of these places if it is sought to prove that she herself is contraband. In cases where the above presumptions do not arise, the destination is presumed to be innocent. The presumption set up by this Article may be rebutted.

THE CHIMES OF TERMONDE

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

THE groping spires have lost the sky,
That reach from Termonde town:
There are no bells to travel by,
The minster chimes are down.
It's forth we must, alone, alone,
And try to find the way;
The bells that we have always known,
War broke their hearts to-day.

*They used to call the morning
Along the gilded street,
And then their rhymes were laughter,
And all their notes were sweet.*

I heard them stumble down the air
Like seraphim betrayed;
God must have heard their broken prayer
That made my soul afraid.
The Termonde bells are gone, are gone,
And what is left to say?
It's forth we must, by bitter dawn,
To try to find the way.

*They used to call the children
To go to sleep at night;
And then their songs were tender
And drowsy with delight.*

The wind will look for them in vain
Within the empty tower.

THE CHIMES OF TERMONDE

We shall not hear them sing again
 At dawn or twilight hour.
 It's forth we must, away, away,
 And far from Termonde town,
 But this is all I know to-day —
 The chimes, the chimes are down!

*They used to ring at evening
 To help the people pray,
 Who wander now bewildered
 And cannot find the way.*

THE CHOP OUT OF THE WINDOW

BY FRANKLIN JAMES

THERE is a legend in Rome that an American lady, with that tact which endears us to foreigners, once remarked, 'All you have to do if you want Roman Society to come to you is to hang a chop out of the window.' This may be all very well for a simple little community like Rome, but in New York the problem is more difficult, for both hostess and diner-out. It is as one of the latter that I wish to protest against the way such things are at present conducted, and to enter a plea for social eupepsia.

As for my qualifications, I may preface my discussion with the frank and modest statement that I am an accomplished diner-out, and have practised this art in many climes and for many years. In Arabia I have dined in state with hawk-faced sheiks, expressing my pleasure, in strict accordance with the local etiquette, by eructa-

tions that drew expressions of unstinted admiration from my Syrian dragoon. I have dipped both hands in the common bowl of pilaf, have had goblets of sheep popped into my mouth by aged, dark-brown, crime-stained fingers, and have nozzled my coffee in a way that would draw tears of jealousy from the noisiest geyser.

But enough of these more recondite phases. Let me swoop nearer home and explain the chief difficulty which besets the average diner-out; and after stating the problem, let me offer what I believe to be its triumphant, its only rational, solution.

The problem is this, — and I ask you to consider the folly of society on this point. You get a card from Mrs. Gramercy telling you that she is to be at home on Thursday the seventeenth from half-past four until seven. At the end of the invitation she gives you

some indication of what you are in for: 'Dancing,' or, 'Miss Vesta Tilley will recite.' Mrs. Bronx asks you to come on after dinner, and adds, 'To meet Prince Jinglepencil,' or, 'Auction,' or, again, 'Mr. and Mrs. Castle will dance.' Mrs. Lexington is to be in a hospitable frame of mind Sunday evening at ten, and thoughtfully adds, 'Music.' All these good ladies feel obliged to tell you at the end of engraved or written cards just what wares they are tempting you with. And yet when you are asked to dine, a much more important matter, you have n't the remotest idea what you are going to have to eat. You may, to be sure, be told that the point of the dinner is that you are to meet the Duchess of Axminster. But you can't eat the Duchess of Axminster and probably would n't care to if you could, most great ladies nowadays being, well, far from tender.

I myself seem to be peculiarly unfortunate in this culinary blind-man's-buff. Last Sunday night I dined at the Wainwarings', and the roast was a variety of sheep — *selle d'agneau à la bergère*; Monday, at the Veneerings', we again had sheep — *côtelettes d'agneau aux cèpes*; Tuesday, at the Buntings', of course, *gigot de mouton, sauce aigrelette*. And this will be just my luck the rest of the week. Give it any festal name you please, the fact remains that sheep is sheep, beef is beef, and so on.

Now, to return to my mutton, I really like sheep, but do you suppose for a moment that if, a week before, I had known what was in store for me I should have accepted these three invitations? Not at all: the Sunday one, probably, the Tuesday one, perhaps; but the simplest consideration of eupesia would have made me omit at least the second of the series. Again, I'm dining out Thursday, Friday, and Saturday; now, as I've no idea what I'm to be fed these nights, how, in the

name of reason, can I intelligently order my luncheon down town or at my club for these days? If, let us say Thursday, I order half a grilled chicken, it's a three-to-one shot that Mrs. Popham will give me a chicken Périgord that night at dinner, and I shall have to root out the truffles and confine myself to them.

This it is that drives so many agreeable men to the brink of indigestion, and leads them seriously to contemplate the horrors of a diurnal luncheon of sour milk. Another feature of the whole affair that leads to the same results is the lack of variety in the offerable dinners. For example, if the Pophams are going to give a dinner tomorrow, Popham — who ought to know better — leaves the composition of the *menu* either to Mrs. Popham or to his *chef*, if he has one. Now Mrs. Popham, and here she becomes generic, has usually but one, rarely two, and never three possible dinners in her head, — no woman has, unless she herself knows how to cook. She could plan seven dinners a week for Popham and herself without repeating herself, but when it comes to Dinners with a capital, her reason wobbles and she takes refuge in the conventional. Or suppose the *menu* is left to the chef: the first impulse of every known chef is not to feed the hungry but to 'show off,' and all chefs show off in precisely the same way.

Obviously, then, Popham, who has dined out almost as much as I have, ought to take the culinary helm into his own hands; and I feel sure Popham would do so if he were not always hoping against hope that the next time he went out to dinner he would get something different from his own domestic fare. But he does n't, and I am beginning to notice distinct lines of dyspepsia in Popham's puzzled face.

Well, here is the only really rational

solution of it all, and it came to me some years ago when I was once inveigled into spending a month in a small settlement on Buzzards Bay. There was a good inn there, and the summer residents had built a pleasant little casino; one saw everybody else several times a day, either at the casino or at the village post-office, and life was a simple, friendly, informal affair. As I was supposed to be writing a book, and as the colonists were chiefly Bostonians, every one of whom had an uncle, cousin, or brother who had done the same thing, I found myself in a very hospitable society. On the last day but one of my visit, Mrs. Faneuil, at the casino, fixed me with a genial eye and asked me if I would dine with her that evening.

'With great pleasure,' I replied haltingly, 'but on one condition, — that you don't have chicken!'

'Well, I like that,' exclaimed Mrs. Faneuil, — 'making conditions! And, as a matter of fact, I was going to have chicken. Consider the invitation withdrawn temporarily, and explain.'

'Dear Mrs. Faneuil,' I replied as cheerfully as I could, 'I have been here now thirty days at the inn. Thanks to the wholly delightful hospitality of you all, which has left its permanent mark on my heart — and, I fear, on my digestive organs — I have been asked out to dinner twenty-four times. At twenty-one of these dinners chicken was the main feature. I also struck chicken at two of my six dinners at the inn. This makes the ghastly total of chicken twenty-three nights out of a possible thirty. It's all very well to have a chicken course every night in France, for they always give you another roast besides. But nothing *but* chicken for a mildly carnivorous man is awful. Each morning when I get up now, I have to check a constantly growing impulse to cluck violently.'

Hysterical sympathy by this time had suffused Mrs. Faneuil's pink, sunburned face. 'It's all the local butcher's fault,' she gasped, 'it's almost the only decent thing we can get here, and when we have guests, of course we want to do the best we can for them, and without realizing it we all tragically offer the same thing. I never thought of it before but I know now how dreadfully you feel. Just wait a minute!' And she rushed off, rippling, '*Toujours perdrix!*' as an ecstatic war-cry.

In five minutes she came out of the casino and rushed past me, dropping a little note in my lap. Here it is:—

'DEAR MR. JAMES,

'Won't you dine with us to-night at eight? We should so like to have you, your last evening here. As the time is so short, pray don't trouble to answer this, for I quite count on your coming.

'Very sincerely yours,

'NINA FANEUIL.'

'*Corned Beef.*'

It was a perfectly bully dinner, and after all these years I still treasure her note, — a note which, it seems to me, solves one of the great problems of life triumphantly. In making this simple solution public, I feel that I am conferring a real boon on a large and harassed proportion of social mankind.

The moment society adopts my proposal, and puts down the simple magic word, 'Beef,' 'Mutton,' or the like, at the end of dinner-invitations, two things will happen. First, a man going through his invitations will be able to map out a dietetic programme which will be at once agreeable and eupeptic. Second, society will suddenly realize how restricted is the variety of food offered on what should be festive occasions, and will slowly make little experiments which I am sure will turn out delightfully.

I was discussing just this point last night with a friend of mine who is a poet of high distinction. 'Good heavens! what a blessing you are suggesting,' he exclaimed. 'Just think of it, — I have never been to a dinner party where the chief dish was roast pork. I *adore* roast pork, and I think I'd accept an invitation from the richest Philistines I know if such a bait were offered.'

So, too, with the exception of Mrs. Faneuil's charming little concession to eupepsia, I have never been to a dinner party where corned beef was the *pièce de résistance*. Certain climbers doubtful of their position would of course shrink from offering a viand generally regarded as inexpensive; but if you go to the right predatory butcher you can spend any amount of money — even to mortgaging the old farm — on a costly cut of beef, and then get it salt-petred with a wonderful and special brilliancy. Just as in *Pendennis* Miss Fotheringay, of the Theatres Royal,

Drury Lane and Crow Street, declared she would go anywhere with a gentleman who offered her lobster and champagne with honorable intentions, I myself would go anywhere to a hostess who offered me corned beef, no matter what her intentions.

Then after a while hostesses would begin gradually to learn just who likes what, and on this basis they could gather together little groups of charmingly congenial people. And we should all be in such a well-prepared, receptive state of mind and body. I, for example, having had a luncheon that would not conflict with or impair my enjoyment of Mrs. Midas's dinner, would be in a delightful mood, and the next night Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins would find me even more agreeable than usual.

I do hope this plea of mine will have some effect, for as matters stand now, I shall soon be driven to buying all my own meals, and I cannot contemplate such selfishness with equanimity.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

'ALL MANNER OF MEATS'

THE Head of my House declares that I am an inveterate collector of cook books. On a shelf built for them, they stand in orderly array on my kitchen table — books bound in blue and gold; books practically, and clammily, bound in oilcloth; cardboard-covered books that came with the baking-powder; and paper-covered ones from the Ladies' Aid. There is one whose colors time has dimmed beyond all guessing, but whose century-old recipe for rose-leaf salve stands true.

Once upon a time I read in the Contributors' Club an appreciation of cook books. Their literary charm was tenderly acknowledged by a convalescent. I myself had newly recovered from typhoid fever, and his enthusiasm found an echo in my heart. Since that time, I have begun to test the efficiency of cook books as first aids to young housekeepers, and to-day I feel, like Will Wimble, that 'much might be said on both sides.'

My first experiences were with a volume of many alluring pages, compiled by a Virginia housekeeper whose

own table 'would tempt a dying anachorite to eat.' The directions seemed clear, but the proportions were not for families of two. The first Christmas in our own home suggested to our minds a modest glass of egg-nog. We looked for the Virginia recipe. I have never read it all. The first line says, 'Take three gallons of whiskey and one of rum.' That led us to the purchase of hand-books on catering for small families. Most of these I have found exact, exacting, and exasperating. They are of the 'take-a-clean-dish' type. I am told in which hand to take the measuring-cup, in which the spoon. They produce the state of mind the Toad produced in the Centipede, who was happy quite, —

Until the Toad in fun,
Said, 'Pray, which leg comes after which?'
Which wrought her mind to such a pitch,
She lay distracted in a ditch,
Considering how to run.

I turned to another of the Southern group. Here at least I was not surfeited with detail. The rule for boiling a leg of mutton reads: 'Take a leg of mutton of the right size, the larger the better, put it over the fire in a sufficient quantity of water early in the morning and boil till dinner-time.'

Disheartened again by the phrase, 'the larger the better,' I made a brief sortie into the field of the economical use of left-overs, — this is the subject, not the title, of the book. These rules were easy to follow, being briefly, 'Take what you have in the house, sprinkle sparingly with butter and liberally with bread crumbs, and bake in a slow oven.' I abandoned this line when everything cooked according to direction seemed unwholesome. I was reminded of an aphorism of a family servant, 'Po' white folks' cookin' always colics quality folks.'

A natural reaction led me to hand-books of the scientific type. One of

these emphasizes, appetizingly, the food value of butter, cream, and prime cuts of meat by insisting upon the importance of 'buying the best.' Accuracy is insisted upon. 'The recipes, if strictly followed, cannot fail.' I read the motto hopefully and with faith. For that matter, I always believe, till the blow falls, that my cooking 'cannot fail.' My scientific guide gives explicit directions as to ingredients and mixing, and airily remarks as the conclusion of the whole matter, 'Success depends upon having the oven just right.'

'Having the oven just right.' Must it be quick, or slow, or moderate? And when is an oven this, that, or the other? The eldest of the Ruggleses was not more harrowed by her mother's rule of social conduct, that she must 'get up to go once in so often.' I have gathered more reliable information from the instructions of an old Negro servant, whose method was undeniably impressionistic.

'You want me to tell you how I makes my batter bread?' Aunt Mattie repeated; 'why, honey, you jus' takes what you needs of your 'gregiences, all 'cep'n' your cornmeal. You mus'n't take but mighty little of that. But take the right amount of everything else an' a few mo' aigs.'

Any Southern housekeeper will testify to the value of this recipe. A light hand with the meal and a heavy one with the eggs is a safe guide.

Aunt Mattie's light bread will always be in our family the standard of perfection. Her instructions to me on this point were these: 'The principal thing is not to forget none of your 'gregiences. But ef you don't forget none of your 'gregiences, all you got to do is to handle it twell it feels right.'

It was easy to glean from books the names of the 'gregiences.' 'Handling it till it feels right' has made my bread a success.

The crowning pleasure of every meal at the home of a friend was a cup of Aunt Charity's coffee. We begged her to tell us her secret and she did it willingly. 'Why, chil'ren,' she said, 'all you got to do is to take your coffee 'cordin' to your family and den jus' pour in water twell it feels kinder heavy in your han'.'

While I cavil at cook books, I am humbled by a memory.

All, save the very newest, brides and grooms who have been to New Orleans on their wedding journey must recall Bégué's, — the smoke, the sanded floor, the smell of garlic, the taste of *finer herbes*; and Madame Bégué limping about the table, offering her cook book for sale. When my turn came I bought one eagerly. Never had I tasted a breakfast as savory as Bégué's. The old woman slipped the coin I gave her in a huge apron pocket and handed me the gayly printed book. 'Take it, my daughter,' she said. 'It will do you no earthly good. Everything is in the hand of the cook.'

THE RIVER

It is never supposed to be by chance that cities so often establish themselves on the banks of rivers. Their practical purpose in doing so is obvious enough. But practical purposes are frequently blinds, used to hoodwink a shallow world which does not care for ultimate reasons. Or, to put the matter another way, they are baits of expediency, laid to entrap careless mankind into a greater good. People may think they know why they build cities beside rivers, but the wise heavens must often smile at the reasons they give.

To connect them with other cities, forsooth; to promote their commerce; to bring them the material supplies on which they depend? Yes, all these reasons are cogent enough; but under-

neath them is the reason of reasons: that life's diversity and tumult must ever seek to found itself on eternity's repose.

Symbols are all but realities. They are nearer reality than anything that ever tries to express itself directly in this baffled and baffling world. A river flowing toward the sea is so significant of the sure, unhurried progress of our human destiny that, standing beside it, one feels his own fretful, hampered life escape from its artificial hindrances and slip smoothly, grandly, to regain its peace. Cities are, of course, the most complicated of all the artificial hindrances which man is inexplicably impelled to create for himself. It is well that they should have ever before their eyes the correcting vision of untroubled freedom.

One wonders sometimes how the rivers themselves feel about the alliance which they are obliged to maintain with man's partial, restless ways. Take our own Hudson. No nobler, more typical stream is there in all the world. It rises among the distant, silent hills, cradled in the very peace which it sets forth to seek. The woods and the fields hallow it, the stars consecrate it. Nevertheless, it must seek that wider, deeper peace which it divines beyond, that peace which can only come from the utter giving of itself. So it starts out very purposefully, striving and hurrying at first, then going more gravely as it better understands the greatness of the consummation that lies before it. Between the purple hills, underneath the watchful sun and stars, it goes surely on its way, deepening and widening, a majestic presence. The sea draws it, draws it, as God draws the soul.

Is there not now a certain sense of pity — worse, of profanation — in the fact that, as it approaches its great end, its privacy is more and more encroached

upon? Towns spring up on its banks, bridges and ferries span it, railroads shriek beside it, and boats crowd its quiet breast. Must it not long for solitude, as at last it comes in sight of the goal that has allured it through all these miles, as it feels the first brackish tidal thrust that tells it the sea is nigh? But there before it the city waits, the hardest, busiest, most restless city in the whole world; and under the city's unsympathetic eyes the holy death and re-birth must be consummated. Alas! one could weep for the river.

It does not, however, weep for itself. Indeed, no! Its purpose is deeper than any faint-hearted human intentions of ours that have to be encouraged by circumstance; its peace is beyond any thwarting. The city need not flatter itself that the river regards it at all, thinks any more of the boats and the bridges than it thought of the fallen trees and the rocks up among the hills. The sea: that is all its concern, and to that it gives itself in the face of the universe. Let the proud ships and the squat ferryboats witness the surrender if they will. It knows no hesitation.

And yet, after all, one does sometimes hope that the river regards the city a little and is tender toward it. Not down where it actually meets the sea, — that would be asking too much of it, — but farther up where it first begins to skirt the troubled streets. It sweeps down upon them so grandly, curving between its two headlands, as if it surely had seen them and understood them and were coming straight to their rescue. A strong soul with an absolute purpose might be able to minister to another's need without impeding its own invincible progress.

Certainly it seems to linger when it finds itself opposite the rows of houses, the canyoned streets. The soul of the city comes out to meet it and makes an unconscious appeal. What is here?

What strange clamor? What uncertainty? What conflicting purposes? Does it not know what it wants, then, the city? But how should any created thing fail to know what it wants? Must the river stop and tell it? Well, it cannot stop; but it does its best, in passing, to share its certainty.

'It is all quite simple. I want the sea, and you want God,' it says patiently over and over to the impatient streets.

How gentle it is in its bearing, almost wistful, as if for the first time in its life it found itself not quite sure of its environment. The strange appeal of the city troubles it a little. It gathers its dreams about it, partly because it divines them its best offering, partly because they suddenly seem under a threat. Misty, shimmering, opalescent, it steals through the dawn and the sunset, veiled in mystery.

'Oh, hush! Oh, hush!' it says to the city. 'See how beautiful everything is, how quiet and safe. There is no need of making such a to-do.'

Its very industry — the business which is more and more thrust upon it — is a lesson to the rushing traffic of the streets. Every craft which invades it catches something of the grandeur of its motion, and bears itself with a certain inscrutable composure. Even the coal-barges. One has but to watch them dreaming along on their way downstream — their beautiful, warm, faded reds accenting the blue-gray and silver of their surroundings — to realize that, after all, the practical world makes a less strenuous demand than one had supposed. As for the sailboats, the sight of one of the great, serene, gray birds standing slowly in from the sea, is enough to arrest the busiest footsteps, call a halt to the processes of the most distracted brain. The rapt, mystical passing is like a prayer.

'Thus and thus,' says the river, 'you should go about your business, bearing it all with you on your way into eternity. Confusion is only a hindrance and waste. Can you not understand?'

Can the city ever understand? Surely, it must, in time. Understanding is its desire and destiny. Its turbulence is so artificial that it would seem to have taken distraction on itself as a paradoxical means of realizing repose. It values peace too highly to be willing to accept it ready-made, but must work it out, prove it, win it. The river's methods are much the same. It turned its back on its natal peace in the hope of something better. The river's strife is less than the city's. Perhaps that is only because its ultimate peace is less profound.

Meanwhile, its quiet presence, so near the rapture of its consummation, is a blessing and help to the city. It hushes it, frees it, admonishes it. As a child to its mother's side, the complaining city clings to the banks of its river.

'ALPS ON ALPS ARISE'

FROM the inquisitive elder Disraeli I learned that Lope de Vega was a poet from his cradle, and I learned it bitterly, for I was sixteen, and my poetic April lingered. There was great solace in Keats, who had begun to be a poet at an age which gave me still two years to falter in. But what of these cradle rhymes of the Spaniard? What of the numerous lisping of Pope to nurse and bottle? What of the spines of satire Bryant put out at three-and-ten, or the *Blossomes* Cowley bore midway his second decade? And Chatterton!

Never mind Pascal and his conic sections, precocious Pliny, or the well-stuffed Hermogenes — monsters, not poets! But to see the years slip by and real virtues hidden still under a cloud

of youth, was a trial which set me brooding, full of anger, over the hours I had wasted in play before I had grown conscious of an imperative function. No honorable poet could weigh pleasure against the duty to be great. For all her tricky record, Fortune had never behaved so ill as when she cheated me of my destiny by fifteen years' stark ignorance of it. In the thought that most forward poets had been early at their calling, lay a dim consolation which darkened when I feared that their greener majority may have meant a more genuine summons.

Nor could I be much heartened by the spectacle of those who had come late into self-knowledge. Wandering in the wilderness palled no less because of the tribes who shared it with me. The dying, I felt, might lie down comforted that patriarchs, kings, even the wise and good, were bedfellows; but the hot thrust of those who looked toward birth wanted none of the cool medicine which encourages death. We who had to be about Father Apollo's business had little time for beds.

And yet, strenuous as I was for the bright reward, I gave hours to becoming a specialist in the youth of poets. Like a man sick with some lingering disease, I ransacked annals for cases like my own, mad after a sign which would point to an end for my sullen malady of prose. I could tell you at a question when my poets had assumed the *toga poetica*, from Tennyson, covering his slate with blank verse at six or seven, up through Goldsmith, who scarcely touched pen to verse on the poetical side of thirty, to Cowper, who, at fifty, a few cheerful bagatelles aside, had only just begun to be a poet. From this learning of mine, more truly a scholar than I knew, I took examples, despair, and vindications. When I thought of poets I thought of a thin

line marching fierily down through all the ages, endless, quenchless, and myself waiting unsuspected in a prairie village for the tongue of flame which should mark me of their company. When I thought how much I lacked their art and scope, I despaired; but whenever despair had a little numbed, I vindicated myself against the precocious poets by instancing those who had slept late in the shell.

Thus, year by year, I pushed back the age at which I must come into my powers and fame. By the precedent of Bryant, I should have written some new *Thanatopsis* at seventeen, but I had only heartache from that precedent. With what a thrill, then, I learned that he had made the poem over in riper years. Eighteen was harder for me to endure. *Poems by Two Brothers*, Poe's *Tamerlane*, *The Blessed Damosel* (unanswerable challenge), drove me ashamed and passionate to my rhyming. But once again I found out a defense. If Pope's *Ode on Solitude*, written at twelve for lasting honor, was a prank of genius, why not *The Blessed Damosel*? And who would contend with ghosts? Yet I could not remember this assurance when, that year, I found Chatterton's bitter, proud will, and thought of the career which had led so straight toward it.

Some years were kinder, or at least my ignorance saved me, for at nineteen and twenty I kept my courage well. But twenty-one threatened me to the very teeth. Drake's *Culprit Fay* mocked me; Holmes's *Old Ironsides* roared at me; Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope* enticed me; Milton's *Nativity* ode submerged and cowed me. 'No, no,' I cried, as I read again these resonant strophes, 'I will be a minor poet and never strive with Milton.'

Later, by a strange reversal, I consoled myself with proofs that the great poet must come slowly to his height,

and I lived for cheerful months on the surpassing badness of Shelley's work before *Alastor*, fruit of twenty-three.

But the years would not cease, nor would they bring my summons. At twenty-two I thought of *Götz von Berlichingen* and thrust my boundary back. Twenty-three taunted me with *Paracelsus* and *Endymion* and Milton's wistful *On his Being Arrived to the Age of Twenty-three*. I passed twenty-four sickly conscious of *The Defence of Guenevere* and *Tamburlaine* and those cantos of *Childe Harold* which, already two years out of the pen, made Byron splendid in a night. Keats, dying glorious at twenty-five, made my year desolate. To be twenty-six was to remember *The Ancient Mariner*, Collins's pure *Odes*, and youth's dreamland, the fair, the fragrant, the unforgettable *Arcadia*. Nor was twenty-seven better: what could my numbness say to *The Strayed Reveller*, *The Shepherdes' Calendar*, and *Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*? With twenty-eight, *The Lyrical Ballads* and *Atalanta in Calydon* saw my hopes begin a slow decline, which dropped off; the next year, amid contracting ardor, past Johnson's *London*, Crabbe's *Village*, Clough's hospitable *Bothie*, into thirty's hopeless wilderness. After thirty poets are not made. And I am thirty.

Tall Alp after tall Alp behind me, I see before me only a world of foothills. Yet my journey was passionate. Now the work I have done is dead leaves, my energy all burned grass, my aspirations dust. And dry and bitter in my mouth is the reflection that the summons may have missed my ear while I watched my fellows. Did zeal overreach me, some hidden jealousy undo me? What grief and rebellion to know one's self cause, agent, and penalty of one's own ruin! O black decades to come!

Scott found himself at thirty-four.